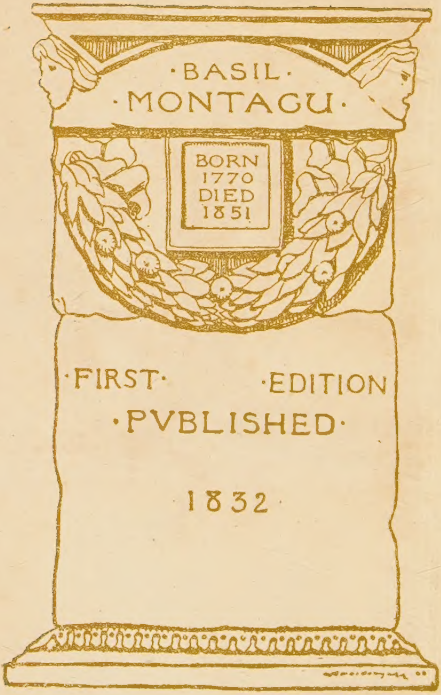
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THE TEMPLE CLASSICS

Edited by

ISRAEL GOLLANCZ M.A.

METHODUS MAGISTER MEMORIÆ
THOMAS FULLER S.T.D.
ÆTAT. 53. 1661.
D. Loggan sculp.
The Graver here hath well thy Face design'd.
But no hand FULLER can expresse thy Mind
For That a RESURRECTION gives to those
Whom Silent Monuments did long enclose.

THOUGHTS of DIVINES & PHILOSOPHERS

SELECTED BY BASIL MONTAGU

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PREFACE TO THE FIRST EDITION

Engaged in the completion of a laborious digest of a small section of the Laws of England, I have passed some of my hours of recreation amidst the works of a few favourite authors, to which, from my residence in the University, I have had easy access. From these works this Selection is made. It is published partly with the conviction that every lesson of such teachers of truth has a tendency to meliorate our general taste, and our taste for moral beauty; but chiefly with the hope that I may induce some of my contemporaries, not accustomed to this train of reading, to extend their researches to these repositories of science. I please myself with thinking that this little volume will contain "the slip for use, and part of the root for growth."

I subjoin in this preface an extract containing some account of Bishop Taylor, from the sermon preached at his funeral by his successor, George Rust, bishop of Dromore:

"He was born at Cambridge, and brought up in the free-school there, and was ripe for the university before custom would allow of his admittance; but by that time he was thirteen years old, he was entered into Caius College; and as soon as he was graduate, he was chosen fellow.

"He was a man long before he was of age; and

knew little more of the state of childhood than its innocency and pleasantness. From the university, by that time he was master of arts, he removed to London, and became public lecturer in the church of St Paul's; where he preached to the admiration and astonishment of his auditory; and by his florid and youthful beauty, and sweet and pleasant air, and sublime and raised discourses, he made his hearers take him for some young angel, newly descended from the visions of glory. The fame of this new star, that outshone all the rest of the firmament, quickly came to the notice of the great archbishop [Laud] of Canterbury, who would needs have him preach before him; which he performed not less to his wonder than satisfaction. His discourse was beyond exception and beyond imitation: yet the wise prelate thought him too young; but the great youth humbly begged his grace to pardon that fault, and promised, if he lived, he would mend it. However, the grand patron of learning and ingenuity thought it for the advantage of the world, that such mighty parts should be afforded better opportunities of study and improvement, than a course of constant preaching would allow of; and to that purpose he placed him in his own college of All Souls in Oxford; where love and admiration still waited upon him: which, so long as there is any spark of ingenuity in the breasts of men, must needs be the inseparable attendants of so extraordinary a worth and sweetness. He had not been long here, before my lord of Canterbury bestowed upon him the rectory of Uphingham in Rutlandshire, and soon after preferred him to be chaplain to king Charles the Martyr, of blessed and immortal memory.

"This great man had no sooner launched into the world, but a fearful tempest arose, and a barbarous and unnatural war disturbed a long and uninterrupted peace and tranquility, and brought all things into disorder and confusion; but his religion taught him to be loyal, and engaged him on his prince's side, whose cause and quarrel he always owned and maintained with a great courage and constancy; till at last, he and his little fortune were shipwreck'd in that great hurricane that overturned both church and state. This fatal storm cast him ashore in a private corner of the world, and a tender providence shrouded him under her wings, and the prophet was fed in the wilderness; and his great worthiness procured him friends, that supplied him with bread and necessaries. In this solitude he began to write those excellent discourses, which are enough of themselves to furnish a library, and will be famous to all succeeding generations for their greatness of wit, and profoundness of judgment, and richness of fancy, and clearness of expression, and copiousness of invention, and general usefulness to all the purposes of a Christian: and by these he soon got a great reputation among all persons of judgment and indifferency, and his name will grow greater still, as the world grows better and wiser.

"When he had spent some years in this retirement, it pleased God to visit his family with sickness, and to take to himself the dear pledges of his favour, three sons of great hopes and expectations, within the space of two or three months: and though he had learnt a quiet submission unto the divine will, yet the affliction touched him so sensibly, that it made him desirous to leave the country; and going

to London, he there met my lord Conway, a person of great honour and generosity; who making him a kind proffer, the good man embraced it, and that brought him over into Ireland, and settled him at Portmore, a place made for study and contemplation, which he therefore dearly loved; and here he wrote his Cases of Conscience, a book that is able alone to give its author immortality.

"By this time the wheel of providence brought about the king's happy restoration, and there began a new world, and the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters, and out of a confused chaos brought forth beauty and order, and all the three nations were inspired with a new life, and became drunk with an excess of joy! Among the rest, this loyal subject went over to congratulate the prince and people's happiness, and bear a part in the universal triumph.

"It was not long ere his sacred majesty began the settlement of the church, and the great doctor Jeremy Taylor was resolved upon for the bishopric of Down and Connor; and, not long after, Dromore was added to it: and it was but reasonable that the king and church should consider their champion, and reward the pains and sufferings he underwent in the defence of their cause and honour. With what care and faithfulness he discharged his office, we are all his witnesses; what good rules and directions he gave his clergy, and how he taught us the practise of them by his own example. Upon his coming over bishop, he was made a privy-counsellor; and the University of Dublin gave him their testimony, by recommending him for their vice-chancellor; which honourable office he kept to his dying day.

"Nature had befriended him much in his constitution, for he was a person of a most sweet and obliging humour, of great candour and ingenuity; and there was so much of salt and fineness of wit, and prettiness of address in his familiar discourses as made his conversation have all the pleasantness of a comedy, and all the usefulness of a sermon. His soul was made up of harmony; and he never spake but he charmed his hearer, not only with the clearness of his reason, but all his words, and his very tone and cadencies were strangely musical.

"But, that which did most of all captivate and enravish, was the gaiety and richness of his fancy: for he had much in him of that natural enthusiasm that inspires all great poets and orators; and there was a generous ferment in his blood and spirits, that set his fancy bravely to work, and made it swell, and teem, and become pregnant to such degrees of luxuriancy, as nothing but the greatness of his wit and judgment could have kept it within due bounds and measures.

"And indeed it was a rare mixture, and a single instance, hardly to be found in an age: for the great trier of wits has told us, that there is a peculiar and several complexion required for wit, and judgment, and fancy; and yet you might have found all these in this great personage, in their eminency and perfection. But that which made his wit and judgment so considerable, was the largeness and freedom of his spirit, for truth is plain and easy to a mind disentangled from superstition and prejudice; he was one of the Εκλεκτικοι, a sort of brave philosophers that Laërtius speaks of, that did not addict themselves to any particular sect, but ingeniously sought for Truth among all the wrangling schools; and they

found her miserably torn and rent to pieces, and parcelled into rags, by the several contending parties, and so disfigured and misshapen, that it was hard to know her; but they made a shift to gather up her scattered limbs, which, as soon as they came together, by a strange sympathy and connaturalness, presently united into a lovely and beautiful body. This was the spirit of this great man: he weighed men's reasons, and not their names, and was not scared with the ugly visors men usually put upon persons they hate, and opinions they dislike; not affrighted with the anathemas and execrations of an infallible chair, which he looked upon only as bugbears to terrify weak and childish minds. He considered that it is not likely any party should wholly engross truth to themselves; that obedience is the only way to true knowledge; that God always, and only, teaches docible and ingenious minds that are willing to hear, and ready to obey according to their light; that it is impossible a pure, humbled, resigned, god-like soul should be kept out of heaven, whatever mistakes it might be subject to in this state of mortality; that the design of heaven is not to fill men's heads and feed their curiosities, but to better their hearts and mend their lives. Such considerations as these made him impartial in his disquisitions, and gave a due allowance to the reasons of his adversary, and contended for truth, and not for victory.

"And now you will easily believe that an ordinary diligence would be able to make great improvements upon such a stock of parts and endowments. But to these advantages of nature, and excellency of his spirit, he added an indefatig-

able industry, and God gave a plentiful benediction; for there were very few kinds of learning but he was a great master in them. He was a rare humanist, and hugely versed in all the polite parts of learning: and had thoroughly concocted all the ancient moralists, Greek and Roman, poets and orators; and was not unacquainted with the refined wits of the later ages, whether French or Italian.

"But he had not only the accomplishments of a gentleman, but so universal were his parts, that they were proportioned to everything; and though his spirit and humour were made up of smoothness and gentleness, yet he could bear with the harshness and roughness of the schools, and was not unseen in their subtleties and spinosities, and upon occasion could make them serve his purpose.

"His skill was great, both in the civil and canon law, and casuistical divinity; and he was a rare conductor of souls, and knew how to counsel and to advise; to solve difficulties, and determine cases, and quiet consciences. He understood what the several parties in Christendom had to say for themselves, and could plead their cause to better advantage than any advocate of their tribe; and when he had done, he could confute them too; and show, that better arguments than ever they could produce for themselves, would afford no sufficient ground for their fond opinions.

"It would be too great a task to pursue his accomplishments through the various kinds of literature: I shall content myself to add only his great acquaintance with the fathers and ecclesiastical writers, and the doctors of the first and purest ages both of the Greek and Latin church; which

he has made use of against the Romanists, to vindicate the church of England from the challenge of innovation, and prove her to be truly ancient, catholic, and apostolical.

"But religion and virtue is the crown of all other accomplishments; and it was the glory of this great man, to be thought a christian, and whatever you added to it, he looked upon as a term of diminution; and yet he was a zealous son of the church of England; but that was because he judged her (and with great reason) a church the most purely christian of any in the world. In his younger years he met with some assaults from popery; and the high pretensions of their religious orders were very accommodate to his devotional temper: but he was always so much master of himself, that he would never be governed by anything but reason, and the evidence of truth, which engaged him in the study of those controversies; and to how good purpose, the world is by this time a sufficient witness.

"He was a person of great humility; and, notwithstanding his stupendous parts, and learning, and eminency of place, he had nothing in him of pride and humour, but was courteous and affable, and of easy access, and would lend a ready ear to the complaints, yea to the impertinencies, of the meanest persons. His humility was coupled with an extraordinary piety; and I believe, he spent the greatest part of his time in heaven; his solemn hours of prayer took up a considerable portion of his life; and, we are not to doubt, but he had learned of St Paul to pray continually; and that occasional ejaculations, and frequent aspirations and emigra-

tions of his soul after God, made up the best part of his devotions. But he was not only a good man God-ward, but he was come to the top of St Peter's gradation, and to all his other virtues added a large and diffusive charity; and whoever compares his plentiful incomes with the inconsiderable estate he left at his death, will be easily convinced that charity was steward for a great portion of his revenue. But the hungry that he fed, and the naked that he clothed, and the distressed that he supplied, and the fatherless that he provided for; the poor children that he put to apprentice, and brought up at school, and maintained at the university, will now sound a trumpet to that charity which he dispersed with his right hand, but would not suffer his left hand to have any knowledge of it."

PREFACE TO THE SECOND EDITION

The motives by which I was induced to publish these Selections are explained in the annexed Preface to the first edition of this work.—It was prepared in the retirement of the University, as a relaxation from severe studies, and to cherish the taste and genius that blessed the sweet charities of private life by which I was then surrounded.

> But pleasures are like poppies spread,
> You seize the flower, its bloom is shed:
> Or like the snow-fall in the river,
> A moment white—then melts for ever.

This second edition is published with the ardent hope that it may, in some sort, contribute to teach affliction how to direct its sorrows, and to turn its grief into virtues and advantages: that it may speak peace "when our eyelids are loosed with sickness, and our bread is dipped in tears, and all the daughters of music are brought low;"—that, from the labours of these philosophers, prosperity may remember that "a man is what he knows; that of created beings the most excellent are those who are intelligent, and who steadily employ their gift of reason for the glory of the Creator and the relief of man's estate."

PREFACE TO THE THIRD EDITION[1]

The first edition of these Selections was published in the year 1805; the second in 1807. They have been for some years out of print;—but my engagements during the last twenty years have been so incessant, that, with every anxiety to assist in extending to others the blessings with which the works of these holy men abound, I have only occasionally, and not without difficulty, been able to appropriate a few moments to this labour of love. I trust that it will not have been in vain. "The delivery of knowledge is as of fair bodies of trees; if you mean to use the shoot, as the builder doth, it is no matter for the roots; but if you mean it to grow, as the planter doth, look you well that the slip has part of the root."[2] I

[1] Published in 1829. [2] Lord Bacon.

please myself with thinking that some of these Selections cannot but give immediate delight: and often, in my solitary walks through this noble city, more quiet to me than the retirement of academic bowers, I shall indulge the hope that this volume may, perchance, be opened by some young man who, at his entrance into life, is meditating upon that "suavissima vita indies sentire se fieri meliorem." May this little spark of holy fire direct him to the place where the star appears, and point to the very house where the babe lies. In the works of these ancient writers, which as so many lights shine before us, he will find what is better than rubies and gold, yea, than fine gold. He will learn not to be misled by the transient pleasures of life; but to seek for permanent happiness, where it can alone be found in knowledge, in piety, and in charity.

The present issue of BASIL MONTAGUE'S "Selections" *has been reprinted from Pickering's "fifth edition." It is to be hoped that the volume may find a place beside the kindred* "Specimens of the Elizabethan Dramatists" *prepared by* BASIL MONTAGUE'S *great contemporary and inspirer.*

I. G.

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SELECTIONS

SECTION I

BISHOP TAYLOR

If these little sparks of holy fire which I have heaped together do not give life to your prepared and already enkindled spirit, yet they will sometimes help to entertain a thought, to actuate a passion, to employ and hallow a fancy. *Epistle Dedicatory to Taylor's Life of Christ.*

On Prayer

Prayer is the peace of our spirit, the stillness of our thoughts, the evenness of recollection, the seat of meditation, the rest of our cares, and the calm of our tempest; prayer is the issue of a quiet mind, of untroubled thoughts, it is the daughter of charity, and the sister of meekness; and he that prays to God with an angry, that is, with a troubled and discomposed spirit, is like him that retires into a battle to meditate, and sets up his closet in the out-quarters of an army. Anger is a perfect alienation of the mind from prayer, and therefore is contrary to that attention, which presents our prayers in a right line to God. For so have I seen a lark rising from his bed of grass, and soaring upwards singing as he rises, and hopes to get to heaven, and climb above the clouds; but the poor bird was beaten back with the loud sighings of an eastern wind, and his motion made irregular and unconstant, descend-

On Prayer

ing more at every breath of the tempest, than it could recover by the libration and frequent weighing of his wings; till the little creature was forced to sit down and pant, and stay till the storm was over, and then it made a prosperous flight, and did rise and sing as if it had learned musick and motion from an angel, as he passed sometimes through the air about his ministries here below: so is the prayer of a good man, &c.[1]

Prayers are but the body of the bird; desires are its angel's wings.[2]

. . .

Education

Otherwise do fathers, and otherwise do mothers handle their children. These soften them with kisses and imperfect noises, with the pap and breast-milk of soft endearments; they rescue them from tutors, and snatch them from discipline; they desire to keep them fat and warm, and their feet dry, and their bellies full; and then the children govern, and cry, and prove fools and troublesome, so long as the feminine republic does endure. But fathers, because they design to have their children wise and valiant, apt for counsel or for arms, send them to severe governments, and tie them to study, to hard labour, and afflictive contingencies. They rejoice when the bold boy strikes a lion with his hunting spear, and shrinks not when the beast comes to affright his early courage. Softness is for slaves and beasts, for minstrels and useless persons, for such who cannot ascend higher than the state of a fair ox, or a servant entertained for vainer offices; but the man that designs his son for nobler

[1] The Return of Prayers, Serm. v. p. 33.
[2] Worthy Communicant, sec. 4.

employments,—to honours and to triumphs, to consular dignities, and presidencies of councils, loves to see him pale with study, or panting with labour, hardened with sufferings, or eminent by dangers.[1] Education

. . .

We must not think that the life of a man begins when he can feed himself or walk alone, when he can fight or beget his like, for so he is contemporary with a camel or a cow; but he is first a man when he comes to a certain steady use of reason, according to his proportion; and when that is, all the world of men cannot tell precisely. Some are called at age at fourteen, some at one-and-twenty, some never; but all men late enough; for the life of a man comes upon him slowly and insensibly. But as when the sun approaching towards the gates of the morning, he first opens a little eye of heaven, and sends away the spirits of darkness, and gives light to a cock, and calls up the lark to mattins, and by and by gilds the fringes of a cloud, and peeps over the eastern hills, thrusting out his golden horns like those which decked the brows of Moses when he was forced to wear a veil because himself had seen the face of God; and still, while a man tells the story, the sun gets up higher, till he shows a fair face and a full light, and then he shines one whole day, under a cloud often, and sometimes weeping great and little showers, and sets quickly. So is a man's reason and his life. He first begins to perceive himself, to see or taste, making little reflections upon his actions of sense, and can discourse of flies and dogs, shells and play, horses and liberty: but Age of Reason and Discretion

[1] Holy Dying, ch. iii.

Age of Reason and Discretion

when he is strong enough to enter into arts and little institutions, he is at first entertained with trifles and impertinent things, not because he needs them, but because his understanding is no bigger, and little images of things are laid before him, like a cock-boat to a whale, only to play withal: but before a man comes to be wise, he is half dead with gouts and consumption, with catarrhs and aches, with sore eyes and a worn-out body. So that, if we must not reckon the life of a man but by the accounts of his reason, he is long before his soul be dressed; and he is not to be called a man without a wise and an adorned soul, a soul at least furnished with what is necessary towards his well-being.

And now let us consider what that thing is which we call years of discretion. The young man is passed his tutors, and arrived at the bondage of a caitiff spirit; he is run from discipline, and is let loose to passion. The man by this time hath wit enough to choose his vice, to act his lust, to court his mistress, to talk confidently, and ignorantly, and perpetually: to despise his betters, to deny nothing to his appetite, to do things that when he is indeed a man he must for ever be ashamed of: for this is all the discretion that most men show in the first stage of their manhood. They can discern good from evil; and they prove their skill by leaving all that is good, and wallowing in the evils of folly and an unbridled appetite. And by this time the young man hath contracted vicious habits, and is a beast in manners, and therefore it will not be fitting to reckon the beginning of his life: he is a fool in his understanding, and that is a sad death, &c.[1]

[1] Holy Dying, ch. i.

I SHALL entertain you in a charnel house, and carry your meditation awhile into the chambers of death, where you shall find the rooms dressed up with melancholick arts, and fit to converse with your most retired thoughts, which begin with a sigh, and proceed in deep consideration, and end in a holy resolution. It is necessary to present these bundles of cypress.[1] **On Death**

The autumn with its fruits provides disorders for us, and the winter's cold turns them into sharp diseases, and the spring brings flowers to strew our hearse, and the summer gives green turf and brambles to bind upon our graves.[2]

It is a mighty change that is made by the death of every person, and it is visible to us who are alive. Reckon but from the spritefulness of youth and the fair cheeks and the full eyes of childhood, from the vigorousness and strong flexture of the joints of five-and-twenty to the hollowness and dead paleness, to the loathsomeness and horror of a three days burial, and we shall perceive the distance to be very great and very strange. But so I have seen a rose newly springing from the clefts of its hood, and at first it was fair as the morning, and full with the dew of heaven, as a lamb's fleece : but when a ruder breath had forced open its virgin modesty, and dismantled its too youthful and unripe retirements, it began to put on darkness, and to decline to softness and the symptoms of a sickly age; it bowed the head, and broke its stalk ; and at night, having lost some of its leaves and all its beauty, it fell, &c.

[1] Dedication to Holy Dying. [2] Holy Dying.

On Death

The wild fellow in Petronius that escaped upon a broken table from the furies of a shipwreck, as he was sunning himself upon the rocky shore, espied a man rolled upon his floating bed of waves,[1] ballasted with sand in the folds of his garment, and carried by his civil enemy the sea towards the shore to find a grave: and it cast him into some sad thoughts: that peradventure this man's wife in some part of the continent, safe and warm, looks next month for the good man's return; or it may be his son know nothing of the tempest; or his father thinks of that affectionate kiss which still is warm upon the good old man's cheek ever since he took a kind farewell, and he weeps with joy to think how blessed he shall be when his beloved boy returns into the circle of his father's arms. These are the thoughts of mortals, this is the end and sum of all their designs: a dark night and an ill guide, a boisterous sea and a broken cable, a hard rock and a rough wind, dashed in pieces the fortune of a whole family, and they that shall weep loudest for the accident are not yet entered into the storm, and yet have suffered shipwreck. Then looking upon the carcase, he knew it, and found it to be the master of the ship, who the day before cast up the accounts of his patrimony and his trade, and named the day when he thought to be at home. See how the man swims who was so angry two days since; his passions are becalmed with the storm, his accounts cast up, his cares at an end, his voyage done, and his gains are the strange events of death.

[1] ——— Like a common-weed,
The sea-swell took her hair.—KEATS.

On Death

Of all the evils of the world which are reproached with an evil character, death is the most innocent of its accusation.[1]

[1] To the same effect Bishop Taylor says, in another part of his Holy Dying,—"Take away but the pomps of death, the disguises, and solemn bug-bears, and the actings by candlelight, and proper and phantastick ceremonies, the minstrels and the noise-makers, the women and the weepers, the swoonings and the shriekings, the nurses and the physicians, the dark room and the ministers, the kindred and the watches, and then to die is easy, ready, and quitted from its troublesome circumstances. It is the same harmless thing that a poor shepherd suffered yesterday, or a maid-servant to-day; and at the same time in which you die, in that very night a thousand creatures die with you, some wise men and many fools; and the wisdom of the first will not quit him, and the folly of the latter does not make him unable to die." And in an essay ascribed (erroneously,) I think, to Lord Bacon, he says, "I have often thought of death, and I find it the least of all evils." But in the same essay the author says, "Death arrives gracious only to such as sit in darkness, or lie heavy burthened with grief and irons; to the poor Christian that sits bound in the galley; to despairful widows, pensive prisoners, and deposed kings: to them whose fortune runs back, and whose spirits mutiny; unto such death is a redeemer, and the grave a place for retiredness and rest. These wait upon the shore of death, and waft unto him to draw near, wishing above all others to see his star, that they might be led to his place, wooing the remorseless sisters to wind down the watch of their life, and to break them off before the hour."

One of the sweetest of our modern poets says,—

> And hark! the nightingale begins its song,
> 'Most musical, most melancholy' bird!
> A melancholy bird? Oh, idle thought!
> In nature there is nothing melancholy.

So sings the sweet poet. Are these the mere fancies of the brain, illusions of the imagination, or does philosophy echo what the poet sings? Let us try this by seeing

Immoderate Grief

SOLEMN and appointed mournings are good expressions of our dearness to the departed soul, and of his worth, and our value of him; and it hath its praise in nature, and in manners, and public

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whether in death, which is as natural as life, there is not something melancholy? Is there nothing melancholy in a death-bed; in the agony and last contentions of the soul; the reluctancies and unwillingnesses of the body; the forehead washed with a new baptism, besmeared with a cold sweat, tenacious and clammy, apt to make it cleave to the roof of the coffin; the nose cold and undiscerning; the eyes dim as a sullied mirror; the feet cold; the hands stiff? How many of us have contemplated with admiration the graceful motion of the female form; the eye sparkling with intelligence; the countenance enlivened by wit, or animated or soothed by feeling? Is there nothing sad in the consciousness that in a few short years, perhaps in the next moment, sensation and motion will cease; the body lose its warmth, the eyes their lustre, and the lips and cheeks become livid? Is there nothing melancholy in the consciousness that these are but preludes to other changes? Will the poet still say,

> Oh, idle thought!
> In nature there is nothing melancholy?

And will philosophy echo what the poet sings?

It certainly is true that this is no new song of the poets. Bacon (whether truly or not is the question) says,—Knowledge mitigates the fear of death; for, if a man be deeply imbued with the contemplation of mortality and the corruptible nature of all things, he will easily concur with Epictetus, who went forth one day, and saw a woman weeping for her pitcher of earth that was broken; and went forth the next day, and saw a woman weeping for her son that was dead; and therefore said, "Heri vidi fragilem frangi; hodie vidi mortalem mori." And therefore Virgil did excellently and profoundly couple the knowledge of causes and the conquest of all fears as concomitant:

customs. Something is to be given to custom, something to fame, to nature, and to civilities, and to the honour of the deceased friends; for that man is esteemed to die miserable, for whom no friend or relative sheds a tear, or pays a solemn sigh. Some

Immoderate Grief

Felix, qui potuit rerum cognoscere causas,
Atque metus omnes et inexorabile fatum
Subjecit pedibus, strepitumque Acherontis avari!

If any of my readers is desirous to discover the portion of truth and of error which these opinions of poets and philosophers contain, it is necessary to proceed with caution, and separately to examine the different causes which compose the painful associations with which death is accompanied: consisting, as it does, of a complication of terrors, aiding each other, and becoming formidable by their united operation, let him read Tucker's valuable Essay on Death, in vol. vii. of his admirable work on the Light of Nature; and let him remember that Lord Bacon, in his Doctrine of all the Motions in Nature, says, 'The political motion is that by which the parts of a body are restrained from their own immediate appetites or tendencies, to unite in such a state as may preserve the existence of the whole body. Thus the spirit, which exists in all living bodies, keeps all the parts in due subjection; when it escapes, the body decomposes, or the similar parts unite —as metals rust, fluids turn sour: and in animals, when the spirit which held the parts together escapes, all things are dissolved and return to their own natures or principles: the oily parts to themselves, the aqueous to themselves, &c., upon which necessarily ensues that confusion of parts, observable in putrefaction.' So true it is, that in nature all is beauty! that notwithstanding our partial views, and distressing associations, the forms of death, misshapen as we suppose them, are but the tendencies to union in similar natures.

In this spirit was the inscription written which is now on the monument of Lord Bacon. He died in the year 1626; and, according to his wish, is buried in the same grave with his mother. Near to him lies his faithful secretary; and although only a few letters of his name,

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showers sprinkled upon my grave would do well and comely.

But that which is to be faulted in this particular is, when the grief is immoderate and unreasonable: and Paula Romana deserved to have felt the weight of St. Hierom's severe reproof, when at the death of every of her children she almost wept herself into her grave.[1]

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scarcely legible, can now be traced, he will ever be remembered for his affectionate attachment to his master and friend. Upon the monument which he raised to Lord Bacon, who appears, sitting in deep but tranquil thought, he has inscribed this epitaph:—

FRANCISCUS BACON BARO DE VERULAMS: ALBANI VICmes
SEU NOTORIBUS TITULIS
SCIENTIARUM LUMEN, FACUNDIÆ LEX
SIC SEDEBAT:
QUI POSTQUAM OMNIA NATURALIS SAPIENTIÆ
ET CIVILIS ARCANA EVOLVISSET
NATURÆ DECRETUM EXPLEVIT
COMPOSITA SOLVANTUR.

Is not decomposition, in the sight of omniscience, as beautiful as union?

[1] Ought we in our grief for the loss of each other, to murmur at the order of nature, at the dispensations of Providence, or ought we to remember that—

. . . . . They are not lost
Who leave their parents for the calm of heaven.
. . . . . I know well
That they who love their friends most tenderly
Still bear their loss the best. There is in love
A consecrated power, that seems to wake
Only at the touch of death from its repose,
In the profoundest depths of thinking souls,
Superior to the outward signs of grief,
Sighing or tears,—when these have past away,
It rises calm and beautiful, like the moon,
Saddening the solemn night, yet with that sadness
Mingling the breath of undisturbed peace.

CITY OF THE PLAGUE.

Immoderate Grief

And it hath been observed, that those greater and stormy passions do so spend the whole stock of grief, that they presently admit a comfort and contrary affection; while a sorrow that is even and temperate goes on to its period with expectation and the distances of a just time. The Ephesian woman that the soldier told of in Petronius was the talk of all the town, and the rarest example of a dear affection to her husband. She descended with the corpse into the vault, and there being attended with her maiden, resolved to weep to death, or die with famine or a distempered sorrow: from which resolution, nor his nor her friends, nor the reverence of the principal citizens, who used the intreaties of their charity and their power, could persuade her. But a soldier that watched seven dead bodies hanging upon trees just over against this monument, crept in, and a while stared upon the silent and comely disorders of the sorrow: and having let the wonder awhile breathe out at each other's eyes, at last he fetched his supper and a bottle of wine, with purpose to eat and drink, and still to feed himself with that sad prettiness. His pity and first draught of wine made him bold and curious to try if the maid would drink; who, having many hours since felt her resolution faint as her wearied body, took his kindness, and the light returned into her eyes, and danced like boys in a festival: and fearing lest the pertinaciousness of her mistress' sorrows should cause her evil to revert, or her shame to approach, assayed whether she would endure to hear an argument to persuade her to drink and live. The violent passion had laid all her spirits in wildness

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and dissolution, and the maid found them willing to be gathered into order at the arrest of any new object, being weary of the first, of which like leeches they had sucked their fill till they fell down and burst. The weeping woman took her cordial, and was not angry with her maid, and heard the soldier talk. And he was so pleased with the change, that he, who at first loved the silence of the sorrow, was more in love with the musick of her returning voice, especially which himself had strung and put in tune: and the man began to talk amorously, and the woman's weak head and heart were soon possessed with a little wine, and grew gay, and talked, and fell in love; and that very night, in the morning of her passion, in the grave of her husband, in the pomps of mourning, and in her funeral garments, married her new and stranger guest.[1]

* * * *

The Power of Prayer

Prayer can obtain every thing, it can open the windows of heaven, and shut the gates of hell; it can put a holy constraint upon God, and detain an angel till he leave a blessing; it can open the treasures of rain, and soften the iron ribs of rocks, till they melt into tears and a flowing river: prayer can unclasp the girdles of the north, saying to a mountain of ice, Be thou removed hence, and cast into the bottom of the sea; it can arrest the sun in the midst of his course, and send the swift-winged winds upon our errand; and all those strange things, and secret decrees, and unrevealed

[1] Holy Dying.

transactions which are above the clouds, and far beyond the regions of the stars, shall combine in ministry and advantages for the praying man.[1] The Power of Prayer

. . .

As the sun sends forth a benign and gentle influence on the seed of plants, that it may invite forth the active and plastick power from its recess and secrecy, that by rising into the tallness and dimensions of a tree it may still receive a greater and more refreshing influence from its foster father, the prince of all the bodies of light; and in all these emanations the sun itself receives no advantage but the honour of doing benefits: so doth the Almighty father of all the creatures; he at first sends forth his blessings upon us, that we by using them aright should make ourselves capable of greater; while the giving glory to God, and doing homage to him, are nothing for his advantage, but only for ours; our duties towards him being like vapours ascending from the earth, not at all to refresh the region of the clouds, but to return back in a fruitful and refreshing shower; and God created us, not that we can increase his felicity, but that he might have a subject receptive of felicity from him. On the Goodness of the Almighty

Does not God send his angels to keep thee in all thy ways? are not they ministering spirits sent forth to wait upon thee as they guard? art not thou kept from drowning, from fracture of bones, from madness, from deformities, by the riches of the divine goodness? Tell the joints of thy body, doest thou want a finger? and if thou doest not understand how

[1] Worthy Communicant.

On the Goodness of the Almighty

great a blessing that is, do but remember how ill thou canst spare the use of it when thou hast but a thorn in it. The very privative blessings, the blessings of immunity, safeguard, and integrity which we all enjoy, deserve a thanksgiving of a whole life. If God should send a cancer upon thy face, or a wolf into thy breast, if he should spread a crust of leprosy upon thy skin, what wouldest thou give to be but as now thou art?[1]

* * *

Lukewarmness and Zeal

He that is warm to-day and cold to-morrow, zealous in his resolution and weary in his practices, fierce in the beginning, and slack and easy in his progress, hath not yet well chosen what side he will be of. For religion cannot change, though we do; and, if we do, we have left God; and whither he can go that goes from God, his own sorrows will soon enough instruct him. This fire must never go out; but it must be like the fire of heaven; it must shine like the stars, though sometimes covered with a cloud, or obscured by a greater light; yet they dwell for ever in their orbs, and walk in their circles, and observe their circumstances; but go not out by day nor night, and set not when kings die, nor are extinguished when nations change their government. So must the zeal of a Christian be, a constant incentive of his duty; and though sometimes his hand is drawn back by violence or need, and his prayers shortened by the importunity of business, and some parts omitted by necessities and just compliances; yet still the fire is kept alive, it

[1] Mercy of the Divine Judgments. Serm. xii. p. 286. 8. 95.

burns within when the light breaks not forth, and is eternal as the orb of fire, or the embers of the altar of incense. Lukewarmness and Zeal

In every action of religion God expects such a warmth, and a holy fire to go along, that it may be able to enkindle the wood upon the altar, and consume the sacrifice; but God hates an indifferent spirit. Earnestness and vivacity; quickness and delight, perfect choice of the service, and a delight in the prosecution, is all that the spirit of a man can yield towards his religion: the outward work is the effect of the body; but if a man does it heartily and with all his mind, then religion hath wings, and moves upon wheels of fire.

However it be very easy to have our thoughts wander, yet it is our indifferency and lukewarmness that makes it so natural; and you may observe it, that so long as the light shines bright, and the fires of devotion and desires flame out, so long the mind of a man stands close to the altar and waits upon the sacrifice; but as the fires die and desires decay, so the mind steals away and walks abroad, to see the little images of beauty and pleasure which it beholds in the falling stars and little glowworms of the world. The river that runs slow and creeps by the banks, and begs leave of every turf to let it pass, is drawn into little hollownesses, and spends itself in smaller portions, and dies with diversion; but when it runs with vigorousness and a full stream, and breaks down every obstacle, making it even as its own brow, it stays not to be tempted with little avocations, and to creep into holes, but runs into the sea through full and useful channels: so is a man's prayer; if it moves upon the feet of

Lukewarmness and Zeal

an abated appetite, it wanders into the society of every trifling accident, and stays at the corners of the fancy, and talks with every object it meets, and cannot arrive at heaven; but when it is carried upon the wings of passion and strong desires, a swift motion and a hungry appetite, it passes on through all the intermedial regions of clouds, and stays not till it dwells at the foot of the throne, where Mercy sits, and thence sends holy showers of refreshments.[1]

Toleration

Any zeal is proper for religion, but the zeal of the sword and the zeal of anger; this is *the bitterness of zeal*, and it is a certain temptation to every man against his duty; for if the sword turns preacher, and dictates propositions by empire instead of arguments, and engraves them in men's hearts with a poniard, that it shall be death to believe what I innocently and ignorantly am persuaded of, it must needs be unsafe to *try the spirits*, to *try all things*, to make inquiry; and yet, without this liberty, no man can justify himself before God or man, nor confidently say that his religion is best. This is *inordination* of *zeal*; for Christ, by reproving *St. Peter* drawing his sword even in the cause of Christ, for his sacred and yet injured person, teaches us not to use the sword, though in the cause of God, or for God himself.

When Abraham sat at his tent door, according to his custom, waiting to entertain strangers, he espied an old man, stooping and leaning on his staff, weary with age and travail, coming towards

[1] On Lukewarmness and Fear. Serm. xii. part 2.

him, who was a hundred years of age. He received him kindly, washed his feet, provided supper, caused him to sit down; but observing that the old man ate, and prayed not, nor begged for a blessing on his meat, he asked him why he did not worship the God of heaven. The old man told him, that he worshipped the fire only, and acknowledged no other God. At which answer Abraham grew so zealously angry, that he thrust the old man out of his tent, and exposed him to all the evils of the night, and an unguarded condition. When the old man was gone, God called to Abraham, and asked him where the stranger was? He replied, I thrust him away because he did not worship thee. God answered him, I have suffered him these hundred years, although he dishonoured me; and could'st not thou endure him one night?[1] Toleration

. . .

Hope is like the wing of an angel soaring up to heaven, and bears our prayers to the throne of God. On Hope

The Hopes of Man.

As a worm creepeth with her belly on the ground, with her portion and share of Adam's curse, lifts up its head to partake a little of the blessings of the air, and opens the junctures of her imperfect body, and curls her little rings into knots and combinations, drawing up her tail to a neighbourhood of the head's pleasure and motion; but still it must return to abide the fate of its own nature, and dwell and sleep upon the dust: so are the hopes of a mortal man; he

[1] Liberty of Prophesying.

On Hope opens his eyes and looks upon fine things at distance, and shuts them again with weakness, because they are too glorious to behold; and the man rejoices because he hopes fine things are staying for him; but his heart aches, because he knows there are a thousand ways to fail and miss of those glories; and though he hopes, yet he enjoys not; he longs, but he possesses not, and must be content with his portion *of dust*; and being a *worm and no man*, must die down in this portion, before he can receive the end of his hopes, the salvation of his soul in the resurrection of the dead.[1]

. . .

On Marriage *From Sermon,*[2] *entitled 'The Marriage Ring.'*

1. *Marriage compared with single life.*
2. *Marriage considered by itself.*

1st. *As it relates equally to husband and wife.*
1. Caution requisite in marrying:—2. They ought, when newly married, to avoid offending each other:—3. They should be careful to avoid little vexations:—4. They should abstain from those things from which they are respectively averse:—5. They should avoid nice distinctions of mine and thine.

2dly. *As it relates to the husband and wife separately; and,* 1*st, To the husband.*—Nature of his power;—His love;—He should set a good example to his wife;—His chastity should be unspotted. 2*dly, To the wife.*—Obedience;—Compliance.

[1] Funeral Sermon on the Archbishop of Armagh.
[2] Sermon xvii. p. 122.

Marriage compared with Single Life. On Marriage

MARRIAGE is a school and exercise of virtue; and though marriage hath cares, yet the single life hath desires, which are more troublesome and more dangerous, and often end in sin; while the cares are but instances of duty, and exercises of piety; and therefore if single life hath more privacy of devotion, yet marriage hath more necessities and more variety of it, and is an exercise of more graces.

Marriage is the proper scene of piety and patience, of the duty of parents and the charity of relations; here kindness is spread abroad, and love is united and made firm as a centre; marriage is the nursery of heaven. The virgin sends prayers to God; but she carries but one soul to him: but the state of marriage fills up the numbers of the elect, and hath in it the labour of love, and the delicacies of friendship, the blessing of society, and the union of hands and hearts. It hath in it less of beauty, but more of safety than the single life; it hath more care, but less danger; it is more merry, and more sad; is fuller of sorrows, and fuller of joys: it lies under more burdens, but is supported by all the strengths of love and charity, and those burdens are delightful.

Marriage is the mother of the world, and preserves kingdoms, and fills cities, and churches, and heaven itself. Celibate, like the fly in the heart of an apple, dwells in a perpetual sweetness; but sits alone, and is confined and dies in singularity; but marriage, like the useful bee, builds a house and gathers sweetness from every flower, and labours and unites into societies and republics, and sends out colonies, and feeds the world with delicacies,

On Marriage

and obeys their king, and keeps order, and exercises many virtues, and promotes the interest of mankind, and is that state of good things to which God hath designed the present constitution of the world.

Caution requisite in Marrying.

They that enter into the state of marriage cast a die of the greatest contingency, and yet of the greatest interest in the world, next to the last throw for eternity. Life or death, felicity or a lasting sorrow, are in the power of marriage. A woman, indeed, ventures most, for she hath no sanctuary to retire to from an evil husband; she must dwell upon her sorrow, and hatch the eggs which her own folly or infelicity hath produced; and she is more under it because her tormentor hath a warrant of prerogative, and the woman may complain to God as subjects do of tyrant princes; but otherwise she hath no appeal in the causes of unkindness. And though the man can run from many hours of his sadness, yet he must return to it again; and when he sits among his neighbours, he remembers the objection that is in his bosom, and he sighs deeply. The boys, and the pedlars, and the fruiterers, shall tell of this man when he is carried to his grave, that he lived and died a poor wretched person.

The stags in the Greek epigram, whose knees were clogged with frozen snow upon the mountains, came down to the brooks of the valleys, hoping to thaw their joints with the waters of the stream; but there the frost overtook them, and bound them fast in ice, till the young herdsmen took them in their

stranger snare. It is the unhappy chance of many men, finding many inconveniences upon the mountains of single life, they descend into the valleys of marriage to refresh their troubles; and there they enter into fetters, and are bound to sorrow by the cords of a man's or woman's peevishness. On Marriage

As the Indian women enter into folly for the price of an elephant, and think their crime warrantable, so do men and women change their liberty for a rich fortune (like Eriphile the Argive; she preferred gold before a good man), and show themselves to be less than money, by overvaluing that to all the content and wise felicity of their lives; and when they have counted the money and their sorrows together, how willingly would they buy, with the loss of all that money, modesty, or sweet nature to their relative!

As very a fool is he that chooses for beauty principally: — "Cui sunt eruditi oculi et stulta mens," (as one said,) whose eyes are witty and their souls sensual: it is an ill band of affections to tie two hearts together by a little thread of red and white: and they can love no longer but until the next ague comes; and they are fond of each other but at the chance of fancy, or the small-pox, or child-bearing, or care, or time, or any thing that can destroy a pretty flower.

They ought, when newly married, to avoid offending each other.

Man and wife are equally concerned to avoid all offences of each other in the beginning of their conversation: every little thing can blast an infant blossom; and the breath of the south can shake the

On Marriage

little rings of the vine, when first they begin to curl like the locks of a new-weaned boy: but when by age and consolidation they stiffen into the hardness of a stem, and have, by the warm embraces of the sun and the kisses of heaven, brought forth their clusters, they can endure the storms of the north, and the loud noises of a tempest, and yet never be broken: so are the early unions of an unfixed marriage; watchful and observant, jealous and busy, inquisitive and careful, and apt to take alarm at every unkind word. After the hearts of the man and the wife are endeared and hardened by a mutual confidence and experience, longer than artifice and pretence can last, there are a great many remembrances, and some things present that dash all little unkindnesses in pieces.

They should carefully avoid Little Vexations.

Let man and wife be careful to stifle little things, that as fast as they spring they be cut down and trod upon; for if they be suffered to grow by numbers, they make the spirit peevish, and the society troublesome, and the affections loose and easy by an habitual aversation. Some men are more vexed with a fly than with a wound; and when the gnats disturb our sleep, and the reason is disquieted, but not perfectly awakened, it is often seen that he is fuller of trouble than if, in the daylight of his reason, he were to contest with a potent enemy. In the frequent little accidents of a family, a man's reason cannot always be awake; and, when the discourses are imperfect, and a trifling trouble makes him yet more restless, he is soon betrayed to the violence of passion.

They should abstain from those things from which they are respectively averse. On Marriage

Let them be sure to abstain from all those things which, by experience and observation, they find to be contrary to each other. They that govern elephants never appear before them in white.

They should avoid nice Distinctions of Mine and Thine.

Let the husband and wife infinitely avoid a curious distinction of mine and thine; for this hath caused all the laws, and all the suits, and all the wars in the world. Let them who have but one person, have also but one interest. As the earth, the mother of all creatures here below, sends up all its vapours and proper emissions at the command of the sun, and yet requires them again to refresh her own needs, and they are deposited between them both in the bosom of a cloud, as a common receptacle, that they may cool his flames, and yet descend to make her fruitful: so are the proprieties of a wife to be disposed of by her lord; and yet all are for her provisions, it being a part of his need to refresh and supply hers; and it serves the interest of both while it serves the necessities of either.

These are the duties of them both, which have common regards and equal necessities and obligations; and indeed there is scarce any matter of duty but it concerns them both alike, and is only distinguished by names, and hath its variety by circumstances and little accidents; and what in one is called *love*, in the other is called *reverence*; and what in the wife is *obedience*, the same in the man is *duty*. He provides and she dispenses; he gives

On Marriage

commandments and she rules by them; he rules her by authority, and she rules him by love; she ought by all means to please him, and he must by no means displease her. For as the heart is set in the midst of the body, and though it strikes to one side by the prerogative of nature, yet those throbs and constant motions are felt on the other side also, and the influence is equal to both: so it is in conjugal duties, some motions are to the one side more than to the other; but the interest is on both, and the duty is equal in the several instances.

The Duty and Power of the Man.

The next inquiry is more particular, and considers the power and duty of the man: 'Let every one of you so love his wife even as himself.' Thou art to be a father and a mother to her, and a brother; and great reason, unless the state of marriage should be no better, than the condition of an orphan. For she that is bound to leave father, and mother, and brother for thee, either is miserable like a poor fatherless child, or else ought to find all these, and more, in thee.

His Love.

There is nothing can please a man without love; and if a man be weary of the wise discourses of the apostles, and of the innocency of an even and private fortune, or hates peace or a fruitful year, he hath reaped thorns and thistles from the choicest flowers of paradise: for nothing can sweeten felicity itself but love. No man can tell but he that loves his children how many delicious accents makes a man's heart dance in the pretty conversation of

those dear pledges: their childishness, their stammering, their little angers, their innocence, their imperfections, their necessities, are so many little emanations of joy and comfort to him that delights in their persons and society; [1] but he that loves not his wife and children feeds a lioness at home, and broods a nest of sorrows; and blessing itself cannot make him happy: so that all the commandments of God enjoining a man to love his wife are nothing but so many necessities and capacities of joy. She that is loved is safe, and he that loves is joyful.

He should set a Good Example to his Wife.

Ulysses was a prudent man, and a wary counsellor, sober and severe; and he efformed his wife into such imagery as he desired; and she was chaste as the snows upon the mountains: diligent as the fatal sisters; always busy and always faithful, she had a lazy tongue, and a busy hand.

[1] Gentle Shepherd, Scene 2.

I shall ha'e delight
To hear their little plaints, and keep them right.
Can greater pleasure be
Than sic wee tots toolying at your knee;
When a' they ettle at—their greatest wish
Is to be made of, and obtain a kiss?

See also *Burns' Cottar's Saturday Night*, where the children are so beautifully described:—

At length his lonely cot appears in view,
Beneath the shelter of an aged tree;
Th' expectant *wee-things*, toddlin' stacher thro'
To meet their dad, wi' flichterin noise an' glee.
His wee bit ingle, blinkin bonnily,
His clean hearth-stane, his thrifty *wifie's* smile,
The lisping infant prattling on his knee,
Does a' his weary carking cares beguile,
An' makes him quite forget his labour an' his toil.

On Marriage

His Chastity should be Unspotted.

Above all the instances of love, let him preserve towards her an inviolable faith and an unspotted chastity, for this is the 'Marriage Ring:' it ties two hearts by an eternal band; it is like the cherubim's flaming sword, set for the guard of paradise; for he that passes into that garden, now that it is immured by Christ and the church, enters into the shades of death.

Now, in this grace, it is fit that the wisdom and severity of the man should hold forth a pure taper, that his wife may, by seeing the beauties and transparency of that crystal, dress her mind and her body by the light of so pure reflections. These are the little lines of a *man's duty*, which, like threads of light from the body of the sun, do clearly describe all the regions of his proper obligations. Now, concerning the *woman's duty*, although it consists in doing whatsoever her husband commands, and so receives measures from the rules of his government; yet there are also some lines of life depicted upon her hands, by which she may read and know how to proportion out her duty to her husband:—

Obedience.

The wife can be no ways happy unless she be governed by a prudent lord, whose commands are sober counsels, whose authority is paternal, whose orders are provisions, and whose sentences are charity.

Compliance.

To partake secretly, and in her heart, of all his joys and sorrows, to believe him comely and fair, though the sun hath drawn a cypress over him,

(for as marriages are not to be contracted by the hands and eyes, but with reason and the heart; so are these judgments to be made by the mind, not by the sight:) and diamonds cannot make the woman virtuous, nor him to value her who sees her put them off then, when chastity and modesty are her brightest ornament. Indeed the outward ornament is fit to take fools; but they are not worth the taking. But she that hath a wise husband, must entice him to an eternal dearness, by the veil of modesty, and the grave robes of chastity, the ornament of meekness, and the jewels of faith and charity; her brightness must be purity, and she must shine round about with sweetnesses and friendship, and she shall be pleasant while she lives, and desired when she dies. On Marriage

Conclusion.

Remember the days of darkness, for they are many; the joys of the bridal chamber are quickly past, and the remaining portion of the state is a dull progress, without variety of joys, but not without the change of sorrows; but that portion that shall enter into the grave must be eternal. It is fit that I should infuse a bunch of myrrh into the festival goblet; and, after the Egyptian manner, serve up a dead man's bones at a feast. I will only show it and take it away again; it will make the wine bitter, but wholesome.

. . .

Jesus entered into the world with all the circumstances of poverty. He had a star to illustrate his birth; but a stable for his bedchamber and a manger for his cradle. The angels sang hymns On Christianity

On Christianity

when He was born; but he was cold, and cried, uneasy and unprovided.

All that Christ came for was, or was mingled with sufferings: for all those little joys which God sent, either to recreate his person, or to illustrate his office, were abated or attended with afflictions; God being more careful to establish in him the covenant of sufferings, than to refresh his sorrows. Presently after the angels had finished their hallelujahs, he was forced to fly to save his life, and the air became full of shrieks of the desolate mothers of Bethlehem for their dying babes. God had no sooner made him illustrious with a voice from heaven, and the descent of the Holy Ghost upon him in the waters of baptism, but he was delivered over to be tempted and assaulted by the devil in the wilderness. His transfiguration was a bright ray of glory; but then also he entered into a cloud, and was told a sad story what he was to suffer at Jerusalem. And upon Palm Sunday, when he rode triumphantly into Jerusalem, and was adorned with the acclamations of a king and a god, he wet the palms with his tears, sweeter than the drops of manna, or the little pearls of heaven that descended upon Mount Hermon; weeping in the midst of this triumph over obstinate, perishing, and malicious Jerusalem.

They that had overcome the world could not strangle christianity. But so have I seen the sun with a little ray of distant light challenge all the power of darkness, and without violence and noise climbing up the hill, hath made night so to retire, that its memory was lost in the joys and sprightfulness of the morning: and christianity without

violence or armies, without resistance and self-preservation, without strength or human eloquence, without challenging of privileges or fighting against tyranny, without alteration of government and scandal of princes, with its humility and meekness, with toleration and patience, with obedience and charity, with praying and dying, did insensibly turn the world into christian, and persecution into victory.[1] On Christianity

I have often seen young and unskilful persons sitting in a little boat, when every little wave

[1] *The following Extract is from the 9th of Sherlock's Discourses.* Go to your Natural Religion: lay before her Mahomet and his disciples arrayed in armour and in blood, riding in triumph over the spoils of thousands and tens of thousands who fell by his victorious sword: shew her the cities which he set in flames, the countries which he ravaged and destroyed, and the miserable distress of all the inhabitants of the earth. When she has viewed him in this scene, carry her into his retirements: shew her the prophet's chamber, his concubines and wives; let her see his adultery, and hear him allege revelation and his divine commission to justify his lust and his oppression. When she is tired with this prospect, then shew her the blessed Jesus, humble and meek, doing good to all the sons of men, patiently instructing both the ignorant and the perverse: let her see him in his most retired privacies: let her follow him to the mount, and hear his devotions and supplications to God: carry her to his table to view his poor fare, and hear his heavenly discourse: let her see him injured, but not provoked: let her attend him to the tribunal, and consider the patience with which he endured the scoffs and reproaches of his enemies: lead her to the cross, and let her view him in the agony of death, and hear his last prayer for his persecutors: "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do!"

When Natural Religion has viewed both, ask, *Which is the prophet of God?*

On Christianity

sporting about the sides of the vessel, and every motion and dancing of the barge seemed a danger, and made them cling fast upon their fellows; and yet all the while they were as safe as if they sate under a tree, while a gentle wind shaked the leaves into a refreshment and a cooling shade. And the unskilful, unexperienced Christian shrieks out when ever his vessel shakes, thinking it always a danger, that the watery pavement is not stable and resident like a rock; and yet all his danger is in himself, none at all from without; for he is indeed moving upon the waters, but fastened to a rock; faith is his foundation, and hope is his anchor, and death is his arbour, and Christ is his pilot, and heaven is his country; and all the evils of poverty, or affronts of tribunals and evil judges, of fears and sadder apprehensions, are but like the loud wind blowing from the right point, they make a noise and drive faster to the harbour; and if we do not leave the ship, and leap into the sea; quit the interest of religion, and run to the securities of the world; cut our cables, and dissolve our hopes; grow impatient, and hug a wave, and die in its embraces; we are as safe at sea, safer in the storm which God sends us, than in a calm when we are befriended with the world.[1]

Presently it came to pass that men were no longer ashamed of the cross, but it was worn upon breasts, printed in the air,[2] drawn upon foreheads,

[1] The Faith and Patience of the Saints; Serm. ix. and xi.

[2] Bacon, in his New Atlantis, says:—

"About twenty years after the ascension of our Saviour "it came to pass, that there was seen by the people of Ren-

carried upon banners, put upon crowns imperial— presently it came to pass that the religion of the despised Jesus did infinitely prevail: a religion that taught men to be meek and humble, apt to receive injuries, but unapt to do any; a religion that gave

On Christianity

"fusa, a city upon the eastern coast of our island, within "night, the night was cloudy and calm, as it might be "some mile into the sea, a great pillar of light; not sharp, "but in form of a column or cylinder rising from the sea, a "great way up towards heaven: and on the top of it was "seen a large cross of light, more bright and resplendent "than the body of the pillar. Upon which so strange a "spectacle, the people of the city gathered apace together "upon the sands to wonder; and so after put themselves "into a number of small boats, to go nearer to this mar- "vellous sight. But when the boats were come within "about sixty yards of the pillar, they found themselves all "bound, and could go no further, yet so as they might "move to go about, but might not approach nearer: so as "the boats stood all as in a theatre, beholding this light as "a heavenly sign. It so fell out, that there was in one of "the boats one of the wise men of the society of Solomon's "house, which house or college, my good brethren, is the "very eye of this kingdom: who having awhile attentively "and devoutly viewed and contemplated this pillar and "cross, fell down upon his face; and then raised himself "upon his knees, and lifting up his hands to heaven, made "his prayers.

"When he had made his prayer, he presently found the "boat he was in moveable and unbound; whereas all the "rest remained still fast; and taking that for an assurance "of leave to approach, he caused the boat to be softly and "with silence rowed towards the pillar. But ere he came "near it, the pillar and cross of light brake up, and cast "itself abroad, as it were into a firmament of many stars; "which also vanished soon after; and there was nothing "left to be seen but a small ark or chest of cedar, dry, and "not wet at all with water, though it swam. And in the "fore-end of it, which was towards him, grew a small "green branch of palm."

On Christianity

countenance to the poor and pitiful, in a time when riches were adored, and ambition and pleasure had possessed the heart of all mankind: a religion that would change the face of things, and the hearts of men, and break vile habits into gentleness and counsel. That such a religion, in such a time, by the sermons and conduct of fishermen, men of mean breeding and illiberal arts, should so speedily triumph over the philosophy of the world, and the arguments of the subtle, and the sermons of the eloquent; the power of princes and the interests of states, the inclinations of nature and the blindness of zeal, the force of custom and the solicitation of passions, the pleasures of sin and the busy arts of the devil; that is against wit and power, superstition and wilfulness, fame and money, nature and empire, which are all the causes in this world that can make a thing impossible; this, this is to be ascribed to the power of God, and is the great demonstration of the resurrection of Jesus. Every thing was an argument for it, and improved it: no objection could hinder it, no enemies destroy it, whatsoever was for them, it made the religion to increase; whatsoever was against them, made it to increase; sun-shine and storms, fair weather or foul, it was all one as to the event of things: for they were instruments in the hands of God, who could make what himself should choose to be the product of any cause; so that if the christians had peace, they went abroad and brought in converts; if they had no peace, but persecution, the converts came in to them. In prosperity they allured and enticed the world by the beauty of holiness; in affliction and trouble they amazed all men with the splendour of their innocence

On Christianity

and the glories of their patience; and quickly it was that the world became disciple to the glorious Nazarene, and men could no longer doubt of the resurrection of Jesus, when it became so demonstrated by the certainty of them that saw it, and the courage of them that died for it, and the multitude of them that believed it; who by their sermons and their actions, by their public offices and discourses, by festivals and eucharists, by arguments of experience and sense, by reason and religion, by persuading rational men, and establishing believing christians, by their living in the obedience of Jesus, and dying for the testimony of Jesus, have greatly advanced his kingdom, and his power, and his glory, into which he entered after his resurrection from the dead.[1]

. . .

Of True and of Mock Religion

I HAVE seen a female religion that wholly dwelt upon the face and tongue; that like a wanton and an undressed tree spends all its juice in suckers and irregular branches, in leaves and gum, and after all such goodly outsides you should never eat an apple, or be delighted with the beauties, or the perfumes of a hopeful blossom. But the religion of this excellent lady was of another constitution; it took root downward in humility, and brought forth fruit upward in the substantial graces of a christian, in charity and justice, in chastity and modesty, in fair friendships and sweetness of society: she had not very much of the forms and outsides of godliness, but she was hugely careful for the power of it, for the moral, essential, and useful parts: such

[1] Sermon preached at the Funeral of the Lord Primate.

Of True and of Mock Religion

which would make her be, not seem to be, religious.

In all her religion, and in all her actions of relation towards God, she had a strange evenness and untroubled passage, sliding toward her ocean of God and of infinity with a certain and silent motion. So have I seen a river deep and smooth passing with a still foot and a sober face, and paying to the Fiscus, the great exchequer of the sea, the prince of all the watery bodies, a tribute large and full: and hard by it a little brook skipping and making a noise upon its unequal and neighbour bottom; and after all its talking and bragged motion, it payed to its common audit no more than the revenues of a little cloud, or a contemptible vessel: so have I sometimes compared the issues of her religion to the solemnities and famed outsides of another's piety. It dwelt upon her spirit, and was incorporated with the periodical work of every day: she did not believe that religion was intended to minister to fame and reputation, but to pardon of sins, to the pleasure of God, and the salvation of souls. For religion is like the breath of heaven; if it goes abroad into the open air, it scatters and dissolves.

. . .

The Danger of Prosperity

As long as the waters of persecutions are upon the earth, so long we dwell in the ark; but where the land is dry, the dove itself will be tempted to a wandering course of life, and never to return to the house of her safety.[1]

Many are not able to suffer and endure prosperity; it is like the light of the sun to a weak

[1] The Faith and Patience of the Saints; Serm. x. 272.

eye,—glorious indeed in itself, but not proportioned to such an instrument.[1]

The Danger of Prosperity

In the tomb of Terentia certain lamps burned under ground many ages together; but as soon as ever they were brought into the air, and saw a bigger light, they went out, never to be re-enkindled. So long as we are in the retirements of sorrow, of want, of fear, of sickness, or of any sad accident, we are burning and shining lamps: but when God comes with his ανοχη, with his forbearance, and lifts us up from the gates of death, and carries us abroad into the open air, that we converse with prosperity and temptation, we go out in darkness; and we cannot be preserved in heat and light, but by still dwelling in the regions of sorrow.[2]

If God suffers men to go on in sins, and punishes them not, it is not a mercy, it is not a forbearance; it is a hardening them, a consigning them to ruin and reprobation: and themselves give the best argument to prove it; for they continue in their sin, they multiply their iniquity, and every day grow more enemy to God; and that is no mercy that increases their hostility and enmity with God. A prosperous iniquity is the most unprosperous condition in the whole world. When he slew them, they sought him and turned them early, and enquired after God; but as long as they prevailed upon their enemies, they forgat that God was their

[1] The Mercy of the Divine Judgments; Serm. xii. 290. "We are as safe at sea, safer in the storm which God sends us, than in a calm when we are befriended with the world."

[2] The Mercy of the Divine Judgments; Serm. xii. 292.

The Danger of Prosperity

strength, and the high God was their redeemer. It was well observed by the Persian ambassador of old; when he was telling the king a sad story of the overthrow of all his army by the Athenians, he adds this of his own; that the day before the fight, the young Persian gallants, being confident they should destroy their enemies, were drinking drunk, and railing at the timorousness and fears of religion, and against all their gods, saying, there were no such things, and that all things came by chance and industry, nothing by the providence of the supreme power. But the next day, when they had fought unprosperously, and, flying from their enemies, who were eager in their pursuit, they came to the river Strymon, which was so frozen that their boats could not launch, and yet it began to thaw, so that they feared the ice would not bear them; then you should see the bold gallants, that the day before said there was no God, most timorously and superstitiously fall upon their faces, and beg of God that the river Strymon might bear them over from their enemies. What wisdom and philosophy, and perpetual experience, and revelation, and promises, and blessings cannot do, a mighty fear can; it can allay the confidences of bold lust and imperious sin, and soften our spirit into the lowness of a child, our revenge into charity of prayers, our impudence into the blushings of a chidden girl; and therefore God hath taken a course proportionable; for he is not so unmercifully merciful as to give milk to an infirm lust, and hatch the egg to the bigness of a cockatrice. And therefore observe how it is that God's mercy prevails over all his works; it is even then when nothing can be discerned but his judg-

ments, for as when a famine had been in Israel in the days of Ahab for three years and a half, when the angry prophet Elijah met the king, and presently a great wind arose, and the dust blew into the eyes of them that walked abroad, and the face of the heavens was black and all tempest, yet then the prophet was most gentle, and God began to forgive, and the heavens were more beautiful than when the sun puts on the brightest ornaments of a bridegroom, going from his chambers of the east. So it is in the economy of the divine mercy: when God makes our faces black, and the winds blow so loud till the cordage cracks, and our gay fortunes split, and our houses are dressed with cypress and hew, and the mourners go about the streets, this is nothing but the *pompa misericordiæ*, this is the funeral of our sins, dressed indeed with emblems of mourning, and proclaimed with sad accents of death; but the sight is refreshing, as the beauties of the field which God had blessed, and the sounds are healthful as the noise of a physician.[1] The Danger of Prosperity

The caresses of a pleasant fortune are apt to swell into extravagances of spirit, and burst into the dissolution of manners; and unmixt joy is dangerous: but if in our fairest flowers we spy a locust, or feel the uneasiness of a sackcloth under our fine linen, or our purple be tied with an uneven and a rude cord; any little trouble, but to correct our wildnesses, though it be but a death's-head served up at our feasts, it will make our tables fuller of health, and freer from snare, it will allay our

[1] The Mercy of the Divine Judgments; Serm. xii. pages 286, 288, 295.

The Danger of Prosperity

spirits, making them to retire from the weakness of dispersion, to the union and strength of a sober recollection.

. . .

On Passion and Reason

Truth enters into the heart of man when it is empty, and clean, and still; but when the mind is shaken with passion as with a storm, you can never hear the *voice of the charmer though he charm ever so wisely:* and you will very hardly sheathe a sword when it is held by a loose and a paralytic arm.[1]

. . .

The Prostitute

They pay their souls down for the bread they eat, buying this day's meal with the price of the last night's sin.[2]

. . .

On Anger

In contentions be always passive, never active upon the defensive, not the assaulting part; and then also give a gentle answer, receiving the furies and indiscretions of the other like a stone into a bed of moss and soft compliance;[3] and you shall find it

[1] Sermon preached to the University of Dublin.

[2] Holy Dying, ch. i.

[3] When Sir Matthew Hale dismissed the jury because he was convinced that it had been illegally selected, to favour the Protector, Cromwell was highly displeased with him, and at his return from the circuit, he told him in anger he was not fit to be a judge, to which all the answer he made was, that it was very true.

Abou Hanifah fut le chef des Hanifites. Ce Socrate Musulman donnoit a sa secte des leçons et des exemples. Un brutal lui ayant donné un soufflet ce Mahometan répondit ces paroles dignes d' un Chretien: "si j' etois vindicatif, je vous rendrois outrage pour outrage; si j' etois un délateur je vous accuserois devant le Calife: mais j' aime mieux démander a Dieu, qu'au jour du jugement il me fasse entrer au ciel avec vous."

sit down quietly: whereas anger and violence make the contention loud and long, and injurious to both the parties. **On Anger**

Consider that anger is a professed enemy to counsel; it is a direct storm, in which no man can be heard to speak or call from without: for if you counsel gently, you are despised; if you urge it and be vehement, you provoke it more. Be careful therefore to lay up before-hand a great stock of reason and prudent consideration, that like a besieged town, you may be provided for, and be defensible from within, since you are not likely to be relieved from without. Anger is not to be suppressed but by something that is as inward as itself and more habitual. To which purpose add, that of all passions it endeavours most to make reason useless: that it is a universal poison, of an infinite object; for no man was ever so amorous as to love a toad, none so envious as to repine at the condition of the miserable, no man so timorous as to fear a dead bee; but anger is troubled at every thing, and every man, and every accident, and therefore unless it be suppressed, it will make a man's condition restless. If it proceeds from a great cause, it turns to fury; if from a small cause, it is peevishness; and so is always either terrible or ridiculous. It makes a man's body monstrous, deformed, and contemptible, the voice horrid, the eyes cruel, the face pale or fiery, the gait fierce, the speech clamorous and loud. It is neither manly nor ingenuous. It proceeds from softness of spirit and pusillanimity; which makes that women are more angry than men, sick persons more than healthful, old men more than young, unprosperous and calamitous people than the

On Anger

blessed and fortunate.[1] It is a passion fitter for flies and insects than for persons professing nobleness and bounty. It is troublesome not only to those that suffer it, but to them that behold it; there being no greater incivility of entertainment than for the cook's fault, or the negligence of the servants, to be cruel, or outrageous, or unpleasant in the presence of the guests. It makes marriage to be a necessary and unavoidable trouble; friendships, and societies, and familiarities to be intolerable. It multiplies the evils of drunkenness, and makes the levities of wine to run into madness. It makes innocent jesting to be the beginning of tragedies. It turns friendship into hatred: it makes a man lose himself and his reason and his argument in disputation. It turns the desires of knowledge into an itch of wrangling. It adds insolency to power. It turns justice into cruelty, and judgment into oppression. It changes discipline into tediousness and hatred of liberal institution. It makes a prosperous man to be envied, and the unfortunate to be unpitied. It is a confluence of all the irregular passions: there is in it envy and sorrow, fear and scorn, pride and prejudice, rashness and inconsideration, rejoicing in evil and a desire to inflict it, self-love, impatience, and curiosity. And lastly, though it be very troublesome to others, yet it is most troublesome to him that hath it.

Only observe that such an anger alone is criminal which is against charity to myself or my neighbour; but anger against sin is a holy zeal, and an effect of love to God and my brother, for whose interest I am passionate, like a concerned person: and, if I

[1] See Bacon's Essay on Anger.

take care that my anger makes no reflection of scorn or cruelty upon the offender, or of pride and violence, or transportation to myself, anger becomes charity and duty.[1] And when one commended Charilaus, the king of Sparta, for a gentle, a good, and a meek prince, his colleague said well, "How can he be good, who is not an enemy even to vicious persons?"[2] On Anger

. . .

At the first address and presence of sickness *stand still and arrest thy spirit*, that it may without amazement or affright consider that this was that thou lookedst for, and wert always certain should happen, and that now thou art to enter into the actions of a new religion, the agony of a strange constitution: but at no hand suffer thy spirits to be dispersed with fear, or wildness of thought, but stay their looseness and dispersion by a serious consideration of the present and future employment. For so doth the Libyan lion,[3] spying the fierce huntsman, he first beats himself with the strokes of his tail, and curls up his spirits, making them strong with union and recollection; till, being struck with a Mauritanian spear, he rushes forth into his defence and noblest contention; and either scapes into the secrets of his own dwelling, or else dies the bravest of the forest. On Sickness

In sickness the soul begins to dress herself for immortality. And first, she unties the strings of

[1] Hooker's Anger is said to have been like a vial of clear water, which, when shook, beads at the top, but instantly, subsides, without any soil or sediment of uncharitableness.

[2] Holy Living, chap. iv. sect. 8.

[3] See Theocritus, Idyll 25, line 230.

On Sickness

vanity that made her upper garment cleave to the world and sit uneasy. First she puts off the light and fantastic summer-robe of lust and wanton appetite.

Next to this, the soul by the help of sickness knocks off the fetters of pride, and vainer complacencies. Then she draws the curtains, and stops the light from coming in, and takes the pictures down, those fantastic images of self-love, and gay remembrances of vain opinion, and popular noises. Then the spirit stoops into the sobrieties of humble thoughts, and feels corruption chiding the forwardness of fancy and allaying the vapours of conceit and factious opinions.

Next to these, as the soul is still undressing, she shakes off the roughness of her great and little angers and animosities, and receives the oil of mercies and smooth forgiveness, fair interpretations and gentle answers, designs of reconcilement and christian atonement, in their places.

The temptations of this state, such I mean which are proper to it, are little and inconsiderable; the man is apt to chide a servant too bitterly, and to be discontented with his nurse, or not satisfied with his physician, and he rests uneasily, and (poor man!) nothing can please him: and indeed these little undecencies must be cured and stopped, lest they run into an inconvenience. But sickness is in this particular a little image of the state of blessed souls, or of Adam's early morning in paradise, free from the troubles of lust, and violences of anger, and the intricacies of ambition, or the restlessness of covetousness. For though a man may carry all these along with him into his sickness, yet there he will

not find them; and in despite of all his own malice, his soul shall find some rest from labouring in the galleys and baser captivity of sin.[1] On Sickness

. . .

I HAVE seen the little purls of a spring sweat through the bottom of a bank, and intenerate the stubborn pavement, till it hath made it fit for the impression of a child's foot; and it was despised, like the descending pearls of a misty morning, till it had opened its way and made a stream large enough to carry away the ruins of the undermined strand, and to invade the neighbouring gardens: but then the despised drops were grown into an artificial river, and an intolerable mischief. So are the first entrances of sin, stopped with the antidotes of a hearty prayer, and checked into sobriety by the eye of a reverend man, or the counsels of a single sermon: but when such beginnings are neglected, and our religion hath not in it so much philosophy as to think any thing evil as long as we can endure it, they grow up to ulcers, and pestilential evils: they destroy the soul by their abode, who at their first entry might have been killed with the pressure of a little finger. The Progress of Sin

He that hath past many stages of a good life, to prevent his being tempted to a single sin, must be very careful that he never entertain his spirit with the remembrances of his past sin, nor amuse it with the fantastic apprehensions of the present. When the Israelites fancied the sapidness and relish of the flesh-pots, they longed to taste and to return.

So when a Libyan tiger drawn from his wilder

[1] Holy Dying, ch. iv. sect. 1, and ch. iii. sect. 6.

The Progress of Sin

foragings is shut up and taught to eat civil meat, and suffer the authority of a man, he sits down tamely in his prison, and pays to his keeper fear and reverence for his meat; but if he chance to come again, and taste a draught of warm blood, he presently leaps into his natural cruelty.

> Admonitæque tument gustato sanguine fauces:
> Fervet, et à trepido vix abstinet ira magistro.

He scarce abstains from eating those hands that brought him discipline and food. So is the nature of a man made tame and gentle by the grace of God, and reduced to reason, and kept in awe by religion and laws, and by an awful virtue is taught to forget those alluring and sottish relishes of sin; but if he diverts from his path, and snatches handfuls from the wanton vineyards, and remembers the lasciviousness of his unwholesome food that pleased his childish palate; then he grows sick again, and hungry after unwholesome diet, and longs for the apples of Sodom.

The Pannonian bears, when they have clasped a dart in the region of their liver, wheel themselves upon the wound, and with anger and malicious revenge strike the deadly barb deeper, and cannot be quit from that fatal steel, but in flying bear along that which themselves make the instrument of a more hasty death; so is every vicious person struck with a deadly wound, and his own hands force it into the entertainments of the heart; and because it is painful to draw it forth by a sharp and salutary repentance, he still rolls and turns upon his wound, and carries his death in his bowels, where it first

entered by choice, and then dwelt by love, and at last shall finish the tragedy by divine judgments and an unalterable decree.[1] The Progress of Sin

. . .

Formidable is the state of an intemperate man, whose sin begins with sensuality and grows up in folly and weak discourses, and is fed by violence, and applauded by fools and parasites, full bellies and empty heads, servants and flatterers, whose hands are full of flesh and blood, and their hearts empty of pity and natural compassion; where religion cannot inhabit, and the love of God must needs be a stranger; whose talk is loud and trifling, injurious and impertinent, and whose employment is the same with the work of the sheep or the calf, always to eat.[2] The Golden Calf

. . .

If I shall describe a living man, a man that hath that life that distinguishes him from a fowl or a bird, that which gives him a capacity next to angels; we shall find that even a good man lives not long, because it is long before he is born to this life, and longer yet before he hath a man's growth. "He[3] that can look upon death, and see its face with the same countenance with which he hears its story; that can endure all the labours of his life with his soul supporting his body; that can equally despise riches when he hath them, and The Virtuous Mind

[1] Of Growth in Sin; Serm. xvii. part 2.
[2] Sermons, xv. and xvi.
[3] Seneca, De Vita Beata, cap. 20.

The Virtuous Mind

when he hath them not; that is not sadder if they lie in his neighbour's trunks, nor more brag if they shine round about his own walls; he that is neither moved with good fortune coming to him, nor going from him; that can look upon another man's lands evenly and pleasedly as if they were his own, and yet look upon his own and use them too, just as if they were another man's; that neither spends his goods prodigally, and like a fool, nor yet keeps them avariciously and like a wretch; that weighs not benefits by weight and number, but by the mind and circumstances of him that gives them; that never thinks his charity expensive if a worthy person be the receiver; he that does nothing for opinion's sake, but every thing for conscience, being as curious of his thoughts as of his actings in markets and theatres, and is as much in awe of himself as of a whole assembly: he that knows God looks on, and contrives his secret affairs as in the presence of God and his holy angels; that eats and drinks because he needs it, not that he may serve a lust or load his belly; he that is bountiful and cheerful to his friends, and charitable and apt to forgive his enemies; that loves his country and obeys his prince, and desires and endeavours nothing more than that they may do honour to God:" this person may reckon his life to be the life of a man, and compute his months, not by the course of the sun, but the zodiac and circle of his virtues: because these are such things which fools and children, and birds, and beasts, cannot have: these are therefore the actions of life, because they are the seeds of immortality. That day in which we have done some excellent thing, we may as truly

reckon to be added to our life, as were the fifteen years to the days of Hezekiah.[1] **The Virtuous Mind**

. . .

I HAVE seen a fair structure begun with art and care, and raised to half its stature, and then it stood still by the misfortune or negligence of the owner; and the rain descended and dwelt in its joints, and supplanted the contexture of its pillars, **Human Resolutions**[2]

[1] Holy Dying, ch. 1.

I add the following extract from the Epistles of Seneca:—"I have applied myself to liberal studies, though both the poverty of my condition, and my own reason, might rather have put me upon the making of my fortune. I have given proof that all minds are capable of goodness; and I have illustrated the obscurity of my family by the eminency of my virtue. I have preserved my faith in all extremities, and I have ventured my life for it. I have never spoken one word contrary to my conscience, and I have been more solicitous for my friend, than for myself: I never made any base submission to any man; and I have never done any thing unworthy of a resolute and of an honest man. My mind is raised so much above all dangers, that I have mastered all hazards; and I bless myself in the providence which gave me that experiment of my virtue: for it was not fit, methought, that so great glory should come cheap. Nay, I did not so much as deliberate, whether good faith should suffer for me, or I for it. I stood my ground without, laying violent hands upon myself to escape the rage of the powerful; though under Caliguia I saw cruelties, to such a degree, that to be killed outright was accounted a mercy. And yet I persisted in my honesty, to shew that I was ready to do more than die for it. My mind was never corrupted with gifts; and when the humour of avarice was at the height, I never laid my hand upon any unlawful gain; I have been temperate in my diet; modest in my discourse; courteous and affable to my inferiors; and have ever paid a respect, and reverence to my betters."

[2] Sermon on Lukewarmness and Zeal; Serm. xiii. part 2.

Human Resolutions

and, having stood awhile, like the antiquated temple of a deceased oracle, it fell into a hasty age, and sunk upon its own knees, and so descended into ruin: so is the imperfect, unfinished spirit of man; it lays the foundation of a holy resolution, and strengthens it with vows and arts of persecution! it raises up the walls, sacraments, and prayers, reading, and holy ordinances; and holy actions begin with a slow motion, and the building stays, and the spirit is weary, and the soul is naked and exposed to temptation, and in the days of storm takes in every thing that can do it mischief; and it is faint and sick, listless and tired, and it stands till its own weight wearies the foundation, and then declines to death and sad disorder.

. . .

Pleasures of Understanding[1]

It is not the eye that sees the beauties of the heaven, nor the ear that hears the sweetness of music, or the glad tidings of a prosperous accident, but the soul that perceives all the relishes of sensual and intellectual perfections; and the more noble and excellent the soul is, the greater and more savory are its perceptions. And if a child beholds the rich ermine, or the diamonds of a starry night, or the order of the world, or hears the discourses of an apostle, he makes no reflex acts upon himself.

It is a great disreputation to the understanding of a man, to be so cozened and deceived, as to choose money before a moral virtue; to please that which is common to him and beasts, rather than that part which is a communication of the divine nature; to see him run after a bubble which himself hath made

[1] See note (I.) at the end.

and the sun hath particoloured, and to despise a treasure which is offered to him to call him off from pursuing that emptiness and nothing. But so does every vicious person, feeds upon husks, and loaths manna.[1] **Pleasures of Understanding**

* * *

God is every where present by his power. He rolls the orbs of heaven with his hand, he fixes the earth with his foot, he guides all the creatures with his eye, and refreshes them with his influence: he makes the powers of hell to shake with his terrors, and binds the devils with his word, and throws them out with his command, and sends the angels on embassies with his decrees: he hardens the joints of infants, and confirms the bones when they are fashioned beneath secretly in the earth. He it is that assists at the numerous productions of fishes, and there is not one hollowness in the bottom of the sea, but he shews himself to be lord of it, by sustaining there the creatures that come to dwell in it: and in the wilderness the bittern and the stork, the dragon and the satyr, the unicorn and the elk, live upon his provisions, and revere his power, and feel the force of his almightiness. **On the Presence of God**

Let every thing you see represent to your spirit the presence, the excellency, and the power of God, and let your conversation with the creatures lead you unto the Creator, for so shall your actions be done more frequently with an actual eye to God's presence, by your often seeing him in the glass of the creation. In the face of the sun you may see God's beauty; in the fire you may feel his heat

[1] Holy Living, chap. i. sec. 3.

On the Presence of God

warming; in the water his gentleness to refresh you: it is the dew of heaven that makes your field give you bread.[1]

. . .

The Resurrection of Sinners

So have we seen a poor condemned criminal, the weight of whose sorrows sitting heavily upon his soul, hath benumbed him into a deep sleep till he hath forgotten his groans, and laid aside his deep sighings; but on a sudden comes the messenger of death, and unbinds the poppy garland, scatters the heavy cloud that encircled his miserable head, and makes him return to acts of life, that he may quickly descend into death, and be no more. So is every sinner that lies down in shame, and makes his grave with the wicked; he shall indeed rise again, and be called upon by the voice of the archangel; but then he shall descend into sorrows greater than the reason and the patience of a man, weeping and shrieking louder than the groans of the miserable children in the valley of Hinnom.[2]

. . .

The Day of Judgment

"For we must all appear before the Judgment-seat of Christ, that every one may receive the things done in his body, according to that he hath done, whether it be good or bad."—2 Cor. v. 10.

Virtue and vice are so essentially distinguished and the distinction is so necessary to be observed in order to the well-being of men in private and in societies, that to divide them in themselves, and to separate them by sufficient notices, and to distinguish them by rewards, hath been designed by all laws, by the sayings of wise men, by the orde

[1] Holy Living, chap. i. sec. 3. See Psalm 139—Whithe shall I go from thy presence, &c.

[2] Sermon preached at the Funeral of the Lord Primate.

of things, by their proportions to good or evil; and the expectations of men have been framed accordingly: that virtue may have a proper seat in the will and in the affections, and may become amiable by its own excellency and its apparent blessing; and that vice may be as natural an enemy to a man as a wolf to the lamb, and as darkness to light; destructive of its being, and a contradiction of its nature. But it is not enough that all the world hath armed itself against vice, and, by all that is wise and sober among men, hath taken the part of virtue adorning it with glorious appellatives, encouraging it by rewards, entertaining it with sweetness, and commanding it by edicts, fortifying it with defensatives, and twining with it in all artificial compliances: all this is short of man's necessity; for this will in all modest men secure their actions in theatres and high ways, in markets and churches, before the eye of judges, and in the society of witnesses: but the actions of closets and chambers, the designs and thoughts of men, their discourses in dark places, and the actions of retirements and of the night are left indifferent to virtue or to vice; and of these, as man can take no cognizance, so he can make no coercitive; and therefore above one-half of human actions is by the laws of man left unregarded and unprovided for. And besides this, there are some men who are bigger than laws, and some are bigger than judges, and some judges have lessened themselves by fear and cowardice, by bribery and flattery, by iniquity and compliance: and where they have not, yet they have notices but of few causes: and there are some sins so popular and universal, that to punish them is either impossible or

The Day of Judgment

The Day of Judgment

intolerable; and to question such would betray the weakness of the public rods and axes, and represent the sinner to be stronger than the power that is appointed to be his bridle. And after all this we find sinners so prosperous that they escape, so potent that they fear not; and sin is made safe when it grows great—

> ———Facere omnia sævè
> Non impunè licet, nisi dum facis——

and innocence is oppressed, and the poor cries, and he hath no helper; and he is oppressed, and he wants a patron. And for these and many other concurrent causes, if you reckon all the causes that come before all the judicatories of the world, though the litigious are too many, and the matters of instance are intricate and numerous, yet the personal and criminal are so few, that of two thousand sins that cry aloud to God for vengeance, scarce two are noted by the public eye, and chastised by the hand of justice. It must follow from hence, that it is but reasonable for the interest of virtue, and the necessities of the world, that the private should be judged, and virtue should be tied upon the spirit, and the poor should be relieved, and the oppressed should appeal, and the noise of widows should be heard, and the saints should stand upright, and the cause that was ill judged should be judged over again, and tyrants should be called to account, and our thoughts should be examined, and our secret actions viewed on all sides, and the infinite number of sins which escape here should not escape finally. And therefore God hath so ordained it, that there shall be a day of doom, wherein all that are let alone by men shall be questioned by God, and every word,

and every action shall receive its just recompense of reward. "For we must all appear before the judgment-seat of Christ, that every one may receive the things done in his body, according to that he hath done, whether it be good or bad." The Day of Judgment

At the day of judgment every man's fear shall be increased by his neighbour's shrieks, and the amazement that all the world shall be in, shall unite as the sparks of a raging furnace into a globe of fire, and roll upon its own principle, and increase by direct appearances, and intolerable reflections. He that stands in a churchyard in the time of a great plague, and hears the passing-bell perpetually telling the sad stories of death, and sees crowds of infected bodies pressing to their graves, and others sick and tremulous, and death dressed up in all the images of sorrow round about him, is not supported in his spirit by the variety of his sorrow: and at doomsday, when the terrors are universal, besides that it is in itself so much greater, because it can affright the whole world, it is also made greater by communication and a sorrowful influence; grief being then strongly infectious, when there is no variety of state but an entire kingdom of fear; and amazement is the king of all our passions, and all the world its subjects; and that shriek must needs be terrible, when millions of men and women at the same instant shall fearfully cry out, and the noise shall mingle with the trumpet of the archangel, with the thunders of the dying and groaning heavens, and the crack of the dissolving world, when the whole fabric of nature shall shake into dissolution and eternal ashes. But this general consideration may be heightened with four or five circumstances.

The Day of Judgment

Consider what an infinite multitude of angels and men and women shall then appear.

In this great multitude we shall meet all those, who by their example and their holy precepts have, like tapers, enkindled with a beam of the sun of righteousness, enlightened us, and taught us to walk in the paths of justice.

There shall appear the men of Capernaum, and the queen of the south, and the men of Berea, and the first-fruits of the christian church, and the holy martyrs, and shall proclaim to all the world, that it was not impossible to do the work of grace in the midst of all our weaknesses, and accidental disadvantages: and that the obedience of faith, and the labour of love, and the contentions of chastity, and the severities of temperance and self-denial, are not such insuperable mountains, but that an honest and sober person may perform them in acceptable degrees if he have but a ready ear, and a willing mind, and an honest heart.

There men shall meet the partners of their sins, and them that drank the round when they crowned their heads with folly and forgetfulness, and their cups with wine and noises. There shall ye see that poor perishing soul, whom thou didst tempt to adultery and wantonness, to drunkenness or perjury, to rebellion or an evil interest, by power or craft, by witty discourses or deep dissembling, by scandal or a snare, by evil example or pernicious counsel, by malice or unwariness.

That soul that cries to those rocks to cover her, if it had not been for thy perpetual temptations, might have followed the lamb in a white robe; and that poor man, that is clothed with shame and

flames of fire, would have shined in glory, but that thou didst force him to be partner of the baseness.

The Day of Judgment

The majesty of the judge and the terrors of the judgment shall be spoken aloud by the immediate forerunning accidents, which shall be so great violences to the old constitutions of nature, that it shall break her very bones, and disorder her till she be destroyed.

The sea (they say) shall rise fifteen cubits above the highest mountains, and thence descend into hollowness and a prodigious drought; and when they are reduced again to their usual proportions, then all the beasts and creeping things, the monsters and the usual inhabitants of the sea shall be gathered together, and make fearful noises to distract mankind: the birds shall mourn and change their songs into threnes and sad accents: rivers of fire shall rise from the east to west, and the stars shall be rent into threads of light, and scatter like the beards of comets; then shall be fearful earthquakes, and the rocks shall rend in pieces, the trees shall distil blood, and the mountains and fairest structures shall return to their primitive dust; the wild beasts shall leave their dens, and come into the companies of men, so that you shall hardly tell how to call them, *herds of men*, or *congregations of beasts*; then shall the graves open, and give up their dead, and those which are alive in nature and dead in fear, shall be forced from the rocks whither they went to hide them, and from the caverns of the earth, where they would fain have been concealed; because their retirements are dismantled, and their rocks are broken into wider ruptures, and admit a strange light into their secret

The Day of Judgment

bowels; and the men being forced abroad into the theatre of mighty horrors, shall run up and down distracted, and at their wits end.

"The earth shall tremble, and the powers of the heavens shall be shaken, the sun shall be turned into darkness, and the moon into blood, the rocks shall rend, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat. The heavens shall be rolled up like a parchment, the earth shall be burned with fire, the hills shall be like wax, for there shall go a fire before him, and a mighty tempest shall be stirred round about him." [1]

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On Friendship and General Benevolence

In a Discourse of the Nature, Offices, and Measures of Friendship, with rules of conducting it: in a Letter to the most ingenious and excellent Mrs Catharine Philips, inquiring, 'how far a dear and perfect friendship is authorised by the principles of Christianity.'

The word friend is of a large signification; and means all relations and societies, and whatsoever is not enemy. But by friendships, I suppose you mean the greatest love, and the greatest usefulness, and the most open communication, and the noblest sufferings, and the most exemplar faithfulness, and the severest truth, and the heartiest counsel, and the greatest union of minds, of which brave men and women are capable.

Christian charity is friendship to all the world; and when friendships were the noblest things in the world, charity was little, like the sun drawn in at a chink, or his beams drawn into the centre of a

[1] From Sermon entitled "Christ's Advent to Judgment:" which is the first in his Collection of Sermons.

burning-glass; but christian charity is friendship expanded like the face of the sun when it mounts above the eastern hills: and I was strangely pleased when I saw something of this in Cicero; for I have been so pushed at by herds and flocks of people that follow any body that whistles to them, or drives them to pasture, that I am grown afraid of any truth that seems chargeable with singularity; but therefore I say, glad I was when I saw Lælius in Cicero discourse thus: 'Amicitia ex infinitate generis humani quam conciliavit ipsa natura, contracta res est, et adducta, in angustum; ut omnis charitas, aut inter duos, aut inter paucos jungeretur.' Nature hath made friendships and societies, relations and endearments; and by something or other we relate to all the world; there is enough in every man that is willing to make him become our friend; but when men contract friendships, they inclose the commons; and what nature intended should be every man's, we make proper to two or three. Friendship is like rivers, and the strands of seas, and the air,—common to all the world: but tyrants, and evil customs, wars and want of love have made them proper and peculiar. But when christianity came to renew our nature, and to restore our laws, and to increase her privileges, and to make her aptness to become religion, then it was declared that our friendships were to be as universal as our conversation; that is, *actual* to all with whom we converse, and *potentially extended* unto those with whom we did not. For he who was to treat his enemies with forgiveness and prayers, and love and beneficence, was indeed to have no enemies, and to have all friends.

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So that to your question, 'how far a dear and perfect friendship is authorised by the principles of christianity,' the answer is ready and easy: It is warranted to extend to all mankind; and the more we love, the better we are; and the greater our friendships are, the dearer we are to God. Let them be as dear, and let them be as perfect, and let them be as many as you can; there is no danger in it; only where the restraint begins, there begins our imperfection. It is not ill that you entertain brave friendships and worthy societies: it were well if you could love and if you could benefit all mankind; for I conceive that is the sum of all friendship.

I confess this is not to be expected of us in this world; but, as all our graces here are but imperfect, that is, at the best they are but tendencies to glory, so our friendships are imperfect too, and but beginnings of a celestial friendship by which we shall love every one as much as they can be loved. But then so we must here in our proportion; and indeed that is it that can make the difference; we must be friends to all, that is, apt to do good, loving them really, and doing to them all the benefits which we can, and which they are capable of. The friendship is equal to all the world, and of itself hath no difference; but is differenced only by accidents, and by the capacity or incapacity of them that receive it.

For thus the sun is the eye of the world; and he is indifferent to the Negro, or the cold Russian, to them that dwell under the line, and them that stand near the tropics, the scalded Indian, or the poor boy that shakes at the foot of the Riphean

hills. But the fluxures of the heaven and the earth, the conveniency of abode, and the approaches to the north or south respectively change the emanations of his beams; not that they do not pass always from him, but that they are not equally received below, but by periods and changes, by little inlets and reflections, they receive what they can. And some have only a dark day and a long night from him, snows and white cattle, a miserable life, and a perpetual harvest of catarrhs and consumptions, apoplexies and dead palsies. But some have splendid fires and aromatick spices, rich wines and well digested fruits, great wit and great courage; because they dwell in his eye, and look in his face, and are the courtiers of the sun, and wait upon him in his chambers of the east. Just so is it in friendships; some are worthy, and some are necessary; some dwell hard by and are fitted for converse; nature joins some to us, and religion combines us with others; society and accidents, parity of fortune, and equal dispositions do actuate our friendships: which of themselves and in their prime disposition are prepared for all mankind according as any one can receive them. We see this best exemplified by two instances and expressions of friendship and charity: viz. alms and prayers; every one that needs relief is equally the object of our charity; but though to all mankind in equal needs we ought to be alike in charity, yet we signify this severally and by limits and distinct measures: the poor man that is near me, he whom I meet, he whom I love, he whom I fancy, he who did me benefit, he who relates to my family, he rather than another; because my expressions, being finite and

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narrow, and cannot extend to all in equal significations, must be appropriate to those whose circumstances best fit me: and yet even to all I give my alms, to all the world that needs them: I pray for all mankind, I am grieved at every sad story I hear; I am troubled when I hear of a pretty bride murdered in her bridechamber by an ambitious and enraged rival; I shed a tear when I am told that a brave king was misunderstood, then slandered, then imprisoned, and then put to death by evil men: and I can never read the story of the Parisian massacre, or the Sicilian vespers, but my blood curdles, and I am disordered by two or three affections. A good man is a friend to all the world; and he is not truly charitable that does not wish well, and do good to all mankind in what he can. But though we must pray for all men, yet we say special litanies for brave kings and holy prelates, and the wise guides of souls, for our brethren and relations, our wives and children.

The effect of this consideration is, that the universal friendship of which I speak, must be limited, because we are so. In those things where we stand next to immensity and infinity, as in good wishes and prayers, and a readiness to benefit all mankind, in these our friendships must not be limited; but in other things which pass under our hand and eye, our voices and our material exchanges; our hands can reach no further but to our arms' end, and our voices can but sound till the next air be quiet, and therefore they can have intercourse but within the sphere of their own activity; our needs and our conversations are served by a few, and they cannot reach at all;

where they can, they must; but where it is impossible, it cannot be necessary.[1] It must therefore follow, that our friendships to mankind may admit variety as does our conversation; and as by nature we are made sociable to all, so we are friendly: but as all cannot actually be of our society, so neither can all be admitted to a special, actual friendship. Of some intercourses all men are capable, but not of all; men can pray for one another, and abstain from doing injuries to all the world, and be desirous to do all mankind good, and love all men: now this friendship we must pay to all, because we can; but if we can do no more to all, we must shew our readiness to do more good to all, by actually doing more good to all them to whom we can. On Friendship and General Benevolence

A good man is the best friend, and therefore soonest to be chosen, longer to be retained; and indeed never to be parted with, unless he cease to be that for which he was chosen.

For the good man is a profitable, useful person, and that is the band of an effective friendship. For I do not think that friendships are metaphysical nothings, created for contemplation, or that men or women should stare upon each other's faces and make dialogues of news and prettinesses, and look babies in one another's eyes. Friendship is the allay of our sorrows, the ease of our passions, the discharge of our oppressions, the sanctuary to our calamities, the counsellor of our doubts, the clarity

[1] The evils arising from attempts to act, without limitation, upon a system of general benevolence, are admirably explained in the Tempest, act 2 scene 1: "Had I plantations of this Isle:" and in Joseph Andrews, book iii. c. 3: "This way of life," &c.

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On of our minds, the emission of our thoughts, the exercise and improvement of what we meditate. And although I love my friend because he is worthy, yet he is not worthy if he can do me no good: I do not speak of accidental hinderances and misfortunes by which the bravest man may become unable to help his child; but of the natural and artificial capacities of the man. He only is fit to be chosen for a friend, who can do those offices for which friendship is excellent. For (mistake not) no man can be loved for himself; our perfections in this world cannot reach so high; it is well if we would love God at that rate; and I very much fear that if God did us no good we might admire his beauties, but we should have but a small proportion of love towards him; all his other greatnesses are objects of fear and wonder, it is his goodness that makes him lovely. And so it is in friendships. He only is fit to be chosen for a friend who can give counsel, or defend my cause, or guide me right, or relieve my need, or can and will, when I need it, do me good: only this I add, into the heaps of doing good, I will reckon loving me, for it is a pleasure to be beloved;[1] but when his love signifies nothing

[1] Sweet is the tear that from some Howard's eye
Drops on the cheek of One, he lifts from Earth;
And He, that works me good with unmov'd face,
Does it but half: he chills me while he aids,
My Benefactor, not my Brother Man!
Yet even this, this cold Beneficence
Seizes my Praise, when I reflect on those,
The Sluggard Pity's vision-weaving Tribe!
Who sigh for Wretchedness, yet shun the Wretched,
Nursing in some delicious solitude
Their slothful loves and dainty Sympathies!

COLERIDGE.

but kissing my cheek, or talking kindly, and can go no further, it is a prostitution of the bravery of friendship to spend it upon impertinent people who are (it may be) loads to their families, but can never ease my loads; but my friend is a worthy person when he can become to me instead of God, a guide or a support, an eye or a hand, a staff or a rule. On Friendship and General Benevolence

Can any wise or good man be angry if I say, I chose this man to be my friend, because he is able to give me counsel, to restrain my wanderings, to comfort me in my sorrows; he is pleasant to me in private, and useful in public; he will make my joys double, and divide my grief between himself and me? For what else should I choose? For being a fool, and useless? for a pretty face or a smooth chin? I confess it is possible to be a friend to one that is ignorant, and pitiable, handsome and good for nothing, that eats well, and drinks deep, but he cannot be a friend to me; and I love him with a fondness or a pity, but it cannot be a noble friendship.

But if you yet enquire, further, whether fancy may be an ingredient in your choice? I answer, that fancy may minister to this as to all other actions in which there is a liberty and variety. And we shall find that there may be peculiarities and little partialities, a friendship improperly so called, entering upon accounts of an innocent passion and a pleased fancy; even our blessed Saviour himself loved St. John and Lazarus by a special love, which was signified by special treatments; and of the young man that spake well and wisely to Christ it is affirmed, Jesus

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On loved him, that is, he fancied the man, and his soul had a certain cognation and similitude of temper and inclination. For in all things where there is a latitude, every faculty will endeavour to be pleased, and sometimes the meanest persons in a house have a festival: even sympathies and natural inclinations to some persons, and a conformity of humours, and proportionable loves, and the beauty of the face, and a witty answer may first strike the flint and kindle a spark, which if it falls upon tender and compliant natures may grow into a flame; but this will never be maintained at the rate of friendship, unless it be fed by pure materials, by worthinesses which are the food of friendship: where these are not, men and women may be pleased with one another's company, and lie under the same roof, and make themselves companions of equal prosperities, and humour their friend; but if you call this friendship, you give a sacred name to humour or fancy; for there is a Platonic friendship, as well as a Platonic love; but they being the images of more noble bodies, are but like tinsel dressings, which will shew bravely by candle light, and do excellently in a mask, but are not fit for conversation and the material intercourses of our life. These are the prettinesses of prosperity and good-natured wit; but when we speak of friendship, which is the best thing in the world (for it is love and beneficence, it is charity that is fitted for society), we cannot suppose a brave pile should be built up with nothing; and they that build castles in the air, and look upon friendship as upon a fine romance, a thing that pleases the fancy, but is good for nothing else, will do well

when they are asleep, or when they are come to Elysium; and for aught I know in the mean time may be as much in love with Mandana in the Grand Cyrus, as with the Infanta of Spain, or any of the most perfect beauties and real excellencies of the world: and by dreaming of perfect and abstracted friendships, make them so immaterial that they perish in the handling and become good for nothing. **On Friendship and General Benevolence**

But I know not whither I was going; I did only mean to say that because friendship is that by which the world is most blessed and receives most good, it ought to be chosen amongst the worthiest persons, that is, amongst those that can do greatest benefit to each other. And though in equal worthiness I may choose by my eye, or ear, that is, into the consideration of the essential, I may take in also the accidental and extrinsic worthinesses; yet I ought to give every one their just value: when the internal beauties are equal, these shall help to weigh down the scale, and I will love a worthy friend that can delight me as well as profit me, rather than him who cannot delight me at all, and profit me no more: but yet I will not weigh the gayest flowers, or the wings of butterflies, against wheat; but when I am to choose wheat, I may take that which looks the brightest. I had rather see thyme and roses, marjorum and July flowers that are fair and sweet and medicinal, than the prettiest tulips that are good for nothing: and my sheep and kine are better servants than racehorses and greyhounds. And I shall rather furnish my study with Plutarch and Cicero, with Livy and Polybius, than with

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Cassandra and Ibrahim Bassa; and if I do give an hour to these for divertisement or pleasure, yet I will dwell with them that can instruct me, and make me wise and eloquent, severe and useful to myself and others. I end this with the saying of Lælius in Cicero: "Amicitia non debet consequi utilitatem, sed amicitiam utilitas." When I choose my friend, I will not stay till I have received a kindness: but I will choose such a one that can do me many if I need them: but I mean such kindnesses which make me wiser, and which make me better: that is, I will, when I choose my friend, choose him that is the bravest, the worthiest, and the most excellent person; and then your first question is soon answered. To love such a person, and to contract such friendships, is just so authorised by the principles of Christianity, as it is warranted to love wisdom and virtue, goodness and beneficence, and all the impresses of God upon the spirits of brave men.

He that does a base thing in zeal for his friend, burns the golden thread that ties their hearts together.

If friendship be a charity in society, and is not for contemplation and noise, but for material comforts and noble treatments and usages, this is no peradventure, but that if I buy land I may eat the fruits, and if I take a house I may dwell in it; and if I love a worthy person, I may please myself in his society: and in this there is no exception, unless the friendship be between persons of a different sex; for then not only the interest of their religion and the care of their honour, but the worthiness of their friendship requires that their intercourse be prudent,

and free from suspicion and reproach. And if a friend is obliged to bear a calamity, so he secure the honour of his friend, it will concern him to conduct his intercourse in the lines of a virtuous prudence, so that he shall rather lose much of his own comfort than she anything of her honour; and in this case the noises of people are so to be regarded that, next to innocence, they are the principal. But when by caution and prudence, and severe conduct, a friend hath done all that he or she can to secure fame and honourable reports, after this their noises are to be despised: they must not fright us from our friendships, nor from her fairest intercourses.[1]

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[1] Polemical Discourses.

I venture to subjoin a few remarks upon, 1st, the advantages of friendship,—2dly, the duties.

As to the *advantages*, see Bacon's admirable Essay on Friendship, where they are stated to be,—*Peace in the affections*,—*Counsel in judgment*,—and *Assistance when necessary*: the heart; the head; the hand.

Upon peace in the affections, or the disburthening of grief and the communication of joy, see the 2nd vol. of South's Sermons, sermon 2, on John, chap. xv. ver. 15. In page 71, he says—"The third privilege of friendship is a sympathy in joy and grief. When a man shall have diffused his life, his self, and his whole concernments so far, that he can weep his sorrows with another's eyes! when he has another heart besides his own, both to share, and to support his griefs, and when, if his joys overflow, he can treasure up the overplus and redundancy of them in another breast; so that he can (as it were) shake off the solitude of a single nature, by dwelling in two bodies at once, and living by another's breath; this surely is the height, the very spirit and perfection of all human felicities. It is a true and happy observation of that great philosopher the Lord Verulam, that this is the benefit of communication of our minds to others, that sorrows by being communicated grow less, and joys greater. And indeed, sorrow, like a

On Fear FEAR is the duty we owe to God, as being the God of power and justice, the great judge of heaven and earth, the avenger of the cause of widows, the patron of the poor, and the advocate of the oppressed, a mighty God and terrible. Fear is the great bridle of intemperance, the modesty of the spirit, and the

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stream, loses itself in many channels; and joy, like a ray of the sun, reflects with a greater ardour, and quickness, when it rebounds upon a man from the breast of his friend."

Upon *counsel in judgment*, see also the same sermon, in which he says; "The fifth advantage of friendship is counsel and advice. A man will sometimes need not only another heart, but also another head besides his own. In solitude there is not only discomfort, but weakness also. And that saying of the wise man, Eccles. iv. 10. Woe to him that is alone, is verified upon none so much, as upon the friendless person: when a man shall be perplexed with knots and problems of business and contrary affairs; where the determination is dubious, and both parts of the contrariety seem equally weighty, so that which way soever the choice determines, a man is sure to venture a great concern. How happy then is it to fetch in aid from another person, whose judgment may be greater than my own, and whose concernment is sure not to be less! There are some passages of a man's affairs that would quite break a single understanding. So many intricacies, so many labyrinths are there in them, that the succours of reason fail, the very force and spirit of it being lost in an actual intention scattered upon several clashing objects at once; in which case the interposal of a friend is like the supply of a fresh party to a besieged yielding city." In the conclusion of Bacon's Essay, he says: "After these two noble fruits of friendship, (peace in the affections, and support of the judgment), followeth the last fruit, which is like the pomegranate, full of many kernels; I mean, aid and bearing a part in all actions and occasions. How many things are there which a man cannot with any face, or comeliness, say or do himself? A man can scarce allege his own merits with modesty," &c.

restraint of gaieties and dissolutions; it is the girdle to the soul, and the handmaid to repentance, the arrest of sin; it preserves our apprehensions of the Divine Majesty and hinders our single actions from

On Fear

As to the *duties of friendship*, some of them are
Secrecy, which is the chastity of friendship;—
Patience, with infirmity;—"It endures all things."
Suspension of judgment;—"It hopes all things."
Protection of children after his death.

"*As to patience*:"—"Do not think thou didst contract alliance with an angel, when thou didst take thy friend into thy bosom; he may be weak as well as thou art, and thou mayst need pardon as well as he."

Suspension of judgment: see South's sermon, where he says: "It is an imitation of the charities of heaven, which when the creature lies prostrate in the weakness of sleep, and weariness, spreads the covering night, and darkness over it, to conceal it in that condition; but as soon as our spirits are refreshed, and nature returns to its morning vigour, God then bids the sun rise, and the day shine upon us, both to advance and to shew that activity. It is the ennobling office of the understanding, to correct the fallacious and mistaking reports of sense, and to assure us that the staff in the water is straight, though our eye would tell us it is crooked. So it is the excellency of friendship to rectify, or at least to qualify the malignity of those surmises, that would misrepresent a friend, and traduce him in our thoughts. Am I told that my friend has done me an injury, or that he has committed any undecent action? why the first debt that I both owe to his friendship, and that he may challenge from mine, is rather to question the truth of the report, than presently to believe my friend unworthy. A friend will be sure to act the part of an advocate, before he will assume that of a judge."

"The last and most sacred duty of friendship is after we have stood upon the planks round his grave. When my friend is dead, I will not turn into his grave and be stifled with his earth: but I will mourn for him, and perform his will, and take care of his relatives, and do for him as if he were alive; and thus it is that friendships never die."

On Fear combining to sinful habits; it is the mother of consideration, and the nurse of sober counsels. Fear is the guard of a man in the days of prosperity, and it stands upon the watch-towers and spies the approaching danger, and gives warning to them that laugh loud, and feast in the chambers of rejoicing, where a man cannot consider by reason of the noises of wine, and jest, and music; and if Prudence takes it by the hand and leads it on to duty, it is a state of grace, and a universal instrument to infant-religion, and the only security of the less perfect persons; and in all senses is that homage we owe to God, who sends often to demand it, even then when he speaks in thunder, or smites by a plague, or awakens us by threatenings, or discomposes our easiness by sad thoughts, and tender eyes and fearful hearts, and trembling considerations.

Let the grounds of our actions be noble, beginning upon reason, proceeding with prudence, measured by the common lines of men, and confident upon the expectation of a usual Providence. Let us proceed from causes to effects, from natural means to ordinary events, and believe *felicity* not to be a *chance* but a *choice*; and *evil* to be the daughter of *sin* and the *divine anger*, not of *fortune* and *fancy*. Let us fear God when we have made him angry: and not be afraid of him when we heartily and laboriously do our duty; and then fear shall be a duty, and a rare instrument of many: in all other cases, it is superstition or folly, it is sin or punishment, the ivy of religion, and the misery of an honest and a weak heart; and it is to be cured only by reason and good company, a wise guide and a plain rule, a cheerful spirit and a contented mind,

by joy in God according to the commandments, that is, *a rejoicing evermore.* **On Fear**

The illusions of a weak piety or an unskilful confident soul, fancy to see mountains of difficulty, but touch them and they seem like clouds riding upon the wings of the wind, and put on shapes as we please to dream. He that denies to give alms for the fear of being poor, or to entertain a disciple for fear of being suspected of the party: he that takes part of the intemperance because he dares not displease the company, or in any sense fears the fears of the world and not the fear of God; this man enters into his portion of fears betimes, but it will not be finished to eternal ages. To fear the censures of men when God is your judge; to fear their evil when God is your defence; to fear death when he is the entrance to life and felicity, is unreasonable and pernicious. But if you will turn your passion into duty, and joy and security, fear to offend God, to enter voluntarily into temptation: fear the alluring face of lust, and the smooth entertainments of intemperance: fear the anger of God when you have deserved it; and when you have recovered from the snare, then infinitely fear to return into that condition, in which whosoever dwells is the heir of fear and eternal sorrow.[1]

. . .

I HAVE seen the rays of the sun or moon dash upon a brazen vessel, whose lips kissed the face of those waters that lodged within its bosom; but being turned back and sent off, with its smooth pretences or rougher waftings, it wandered about the room and beat upon the roof, and still doubled its heat **Impatience**

[1] Sermon on Godly Fear; Serm. ix. part 3.

Impatience

and motion. So is sickness and a sorrow entertained by an unquiet and discontented man.

Nothing is more unreasonable than to entangle our spirits in wildness and amazement, like a partridge fluttering in a net, which she breaks not, though she breaks her wings.[1]

. . .

On Content

Since all the evil in the world consists in the disagreeing between the object and the appetite, as when a man hath what he desires not, or desires what he hath not, or desires amiss, he that composes his spirit to the present accident hath variety of instances for his virtue, but none to trouble him, because his desires enlarge not beyond his present fortune: and a wise man is placed in the variety of chances, like the nave or centre of a wheel in the midst of all the circumvolutions and changes of posture, without violence or change, save that it turns gently in compliance with its changed parts, and is indifferent which part is up, and which is down; for there is some virtue or other to be exercised whatever happens—either patience or thanksgiving, love or fear, moderation or humility, charity or contentedness.

It conduces much to our content, if we pass by those things which happen to our trouble, and consider that which is pleasing and prosperous; that by the representation of the better, the worse may be blotted out.

It may be thou art entered into the cloud which will bring a gentle shower to refresh thy sorrows.

I am fallen into the hands of publicans and sequestrators, and they have taken all from me:

[1] Holy Dying, chap. 3.

what now? let me look about me. They have left me the sun and moon, fire and water, a loving wife, and many friends to pity me, and some to relieve me, and I can still discourse; and, unless I list, they have not taken away my merry countenance, and my cheerful spirit, and a good conscience; they still have left me the providence of God, and all the promises of the gospel, and my religion, and my hopes of heaven, and my charity to them too: and still I sleep and digest, I eat and drink, I read and meditate, I can walk in my neighbour's pleasant fields, and see the varieties of natural beauties, and delight in all that in which God delights, that is, in virtue and wisdom, in the whole creation, and in God himself.[1] On Content

If thy coarse robe trouble thee, remember the swaddling-clothes of Jesus: if thy bed be uneasy, yet it is not worse than his manger; and it is no sadness to have a thin table, if thou callest to mind that the king of heaven and earth was fed with a little breast-milk: and yet besides this he suffered all the sorrows which we deserved.

[1] Holy Living, ch. ii. § 6.

Yet nature's charms, the hills and woods,
The sweeping vales, and foaming floods,
Are free alike to all. BURNS.

I care not, Fortune, what you me deny,
You cannot rob me of free nature's grace,
You cannot shut the windows of the sky,
Through which Aurora shews her bright'ning face.
You cannot bar my constant feet to trace
The woods and lawns by living stream at eve;
Let health my nerves and finer fibres brace,
And I their toys to the great children leave,
Of fancy, reason, virtue, nought can me bereave.
THOMSON.

On Content

If God should send a cancer upon thy face, or a wolf into thy side—if he should spread a crust of leprosy upon thy skin, what wouldst thou give to be but as now thou art?

. . .

Lust

Lust is a captivity of the reason, and an enraging of the passions: it wakens every night and rages every day; it desires passionately, and prosecutes violently; it hinders business, and distracts counsel; it brings jealousies, and enkindles wars; it sins against the body, and weakens the soul; [1] it defiles the temple, and drives the holy spirit forth.[2]

. . .

On Sinful Pleasure

Look upon pleasures not upon that side that is next the sun, or where they look beauteously, that is, as they come towards you to be enjoyed, for then they paint and smile, and dress themselves up in tinsel and glass gems and counterfeit imagery; but when thou hast rifled and discomposed them with enjoying their false beauties, and that they begin to go off, then behold them in their nakedness and weariness. See what a sigh and sorrow, what naked unhandsome proportions and a filthy carcass they discover; and the next time they counterfeit, remember what you have already discovered, and be no more abused.[3]

[1] I waive the quantum of the sin,
The hazard of concealing:
But, oh! it hardens all within,
And petrifies the feeling. BURNS.

[2] Sermon on the Flesh and the Spirit, Serm. xi. part 2.
[3] Holy Living, ch. ii. § 1.

. . .

Covetousness swells the principal to no purpose, and lessens the use to all purposes; disturbing the order of nature, and the designs of God; making money not to be the instrument of exchange or charity, nor corn to feed himself or the poor, nor wool to clothe himself or his brother, nor wine to refresh the sadness of the afflicted, nor oil to make his own countenance cheerful; but all these to look upon, and to tell over, and to take accounts by, and make himself considerable, and wondered at by fools, that while he lives he may be called rich, and when he dies may be accounted miserable. It teaches men to be cruel and crafty, industrious and evil, full of care and malice; and, after all this, it is for no good to itself, for it dares not spend those heaps of treasure which it snatched.[1] Covetousness

. . .

It was an exemplar of charity, and reads to us a rule for our deportment towards erring and lapsed persons, that we entreat them with meekness and pity and fear; not hastening their shame, nor provoking their spirit, nor making their remedy desperate by using of them rudely, till there be no worse thing for them to fear if they should be dissolved into all licentiousness. For an open shame is commonly protested unto when it is remediless, and the person either despairs and sinks under the burthen, or else grows impudent and tramples upon it. But the gentleness of a modest and charitable remedy preserves that which is virtue's girdle—fear Christian Censure

[1] Holy Living, ch. iv. § 8. See South's sermon on Covetousness, on Luke, chap. xii. verse 15.

Christian Censure

and blushing; and the beginning of a punishment chides them into the horror of a remembrance and guilt, but preserves their meekness and modesty, because they, not feeling the worst of evils, dare not venture upon the worst of sins.[1]

. . .

The Hospital

If you please in charity to visit an hospital, which is indeed a map of the whole world, there you shall see the effects of Adam's sin, and the ruins of human nature; bodies laid up in heaps, like the bones of a destroyed town, hominis precarii spiritus et male hærentis, men whose souls seem to be borrowed, and are kept there by art and the force of medicine, whose miseries are so great that few people have charity or humanity enough to visit

[1] Brethren, if a man be overtaken in a fault, ye which are spiritual restore such an one in the spirit of meekness; considering thyself, lest thou also be tempted.

Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ. Gal. chap. vi.

Then gently scan your brother man,
Still gentler sister woman;
Tho' they may gang a kennin wrang,
To step aside is human;
One point must still be greatly dark,
The moving *why* they do it:
And just as lamely can ye mark,
How far perhaps they rue it.

Who made the heart, 'tis *he* alone
Decidedly can try us,
He knows each chord its various tone,
Each spring its various bias:
Then at the balance let's be mute,
We never can adjust it;
What's *done* we partly may compute,
But know not what's *resisted.* BURNS

them, fewer have the heart to dress them, and we pity them in civility or with a transient prayer: but we do not feel their sorrows by the mercies of a religious pity; and therefore we leave their sorrows in many degrees unrelieved and uneased. So we contract by our unmercifulness a guilt by which ourselves become liable to the same calamities. Those many that need pity, and those infinities of people that refuse to pity, are miserable upon a several charge, but yet they almost make up all mankind. Abel's blood had a voice, and cried to God; and humanity hath a voice, and cries so loud to God that it pierces the cloud; and so hath every sorrow and every sickness.[1] The Hospital

. . .

The other appendage of her religion, which also was a great ornament to all the parts of her life, was a rare modesty and humility of spirit, a confident despising and undervaluing of herself. For though she had the greatest judgment, and the greatest ex- On Humility

[1] The thoughtless are averse from an interruption of their joy; reflection turns from wretchedness which it is unable to relieve. Can we ask gaiety to exchange its light pleasures for the gloom of a prison? the young tree to leave its flowers and its sweetness, or the olive its good fruit? Can we invite opulence, knowing none but self-created wants, to witness the squalid poverty of him who is bereft of fortune and disowned by friends? The industrious shun him, for he has no industry: the virtuous stand afar off, for he is convicted of crime: and piety, fulfilling all other christian precepts, may forget that he has a brother sick and in prison, and visit him not. *A. M.*

To this general apathy our country affords one glorious exception. "Hearing the cry of the miserable," says Howard, "I devoted my time to their relief, and, in order "to procure it, I made it my business to collect materials, "the authenticity of which could not be doubted. I hope

On Humility

perience of things and persons that I ever yet knew in a person of her youth, and sex, and circumstances; yet, as if she knew nothing of it, she had the meanest opinion of herself; and like a fair taper, when she shined to all the room, yet round about her own station she had cast a shadow and a cloud, and she shined to every body but herself.[1]

It is in some circumstances and from some persons more secure to conceal visions, and those heavenly gifts which create estimations among men, than to publish them, which may possibly minister to vanity; and those exterior graces may do God's work, though no observer note them but the person for whose sake they are sent: like rain falling in uninhabited valleys, where no eye observes showers; yet the valleys laugh and sing to God in their refreshment without a witness.[2]

All the world, all that we are, and all that we have, our bodies and our souls, our actions and our sufferings, our conditions at home, our accidents abroad, our many sins, and our seldom virtues, are

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"not to be entirely deserted in the conflict: if I am the "means of exciting the attention of my countrymen to this "important national concern, of alleviating the distress of "prisoners: of procuring them cleanly and wholesome "abodes: of exterminating the gaol fever; of introducing "a habit of industry; of restraining the shocking de- "bauchery and immorality which prevail in our gaols "and other prisons; if any of these beneficial consequences "shall accrue, I shall be happy in the pleasing reflection, "that I have not lived without doing some good to my "fellow creatures; and I shall think myself abundantly "repaid for all the pains I have taken, the time I have "spent, and the hazards I have encountered."

[1] Sermon on the Death of Lady Carbery.

[2] Life of Christ.

as so many arguments to make our souls dwell low in the deep valleys of humility.[1] On Humility

. . .

From Sermon[2] *entitled* '*The Good and Evil Tongue.*' On Conversation

The following is an Analysis of the Sermon.

I. General Observations.

II. The Vices of Conversation.

- 1. Talking too much.
  - 1. Talking foolishly.
  - 2. Scurrility.
  - 3. Revealing Secrets.
  - 4. Common swearing.
  - 5. Contentious wrangling.
- 2. Slander.
- 3. Flattery.

III. The Virtues of Conversation.

1. Instruction.
2. Comfort.
3. Reproof.

[1] Holy Living; chap. 2, § iv.

Bishop Taylor, in his preface to Holy Dying, says—"I shall measure the success of my labours, not by popular noises, or the sentences of curious persons, but by the advantage which good people may receive. My work here is not to please the speculative part of men, but to minister to practice, to preach to the weary, to comfort the sick, to assist the penitent, to reprove the confident, to strengthen weak hands and feeble knees, having scarce any other possibilities left me of doing alms, or exercising that charity by which we shall be judged at doomsday. It is enough for me to be an under-builder in the house of God, and I glory in the employment. I labour in the foundations; and therefore the work needs no apology for being plain, so it be strong and well laid." And to the same effect Locke in his Epistle to the Reader prefixed to his Essay on the Understanding, says—"The commonwealth of learning is not at this time without master-builders, whose mighty designs, in advancing the sciences, will leave last-

[2] Sermon xxii. p. 161.

On Conversation

General Observations.

By the use of the tongue, God hath distinguished us from beasts, and by the well or ill using it we are distinguished from one another; and therefore though silence be innocent as death, harmless as a rose's breath to a distant passenger, yet it is rather the state of death than life. By voices and homilies, by questions and answers, by narratives and invectives, by counsel and reproof, by praises and hymns, by prayers and glorifications, we serve God's glory, and the necessities of men; and by the tongue our tables are made to differ from mangers, our cities from deserts, our churches from herds of beasts, and flocks of sheep.

Talking too much.

I have heard that all the noises and prating of the pool, the croaking of frogs and toads, is hushed and appeased upon the instant of bringing upon

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ing monuments to the admiration of posterity. But every one must not hope to be a Boyle, or a Sydenham; and in an age that produces such masters, as the great Huygenius, and the incomparable Mr Newton, with some others of that strain; 'tis ambition enough to be employed as an under-labourer in clearing ground a little, and removing some of the rubbish that lies in the way to knowledge." And to the same effect Dr Rawley, speaking of Lord Bacon, in the preface to the Sylva Sylvarum, says—

"I have heard his Lordship speak complainingly; that his Lordship (who thinketh he deserveth to be an architect in this building), should be forced to be a workman and a labourer; and to dig the clay and burn the brick; and more than that (according to the hard condition of the Israelites at the latter end) to gather the straw and stubble, over all the field, to burn the bricks withal. For he knoweth that unless he do it nothing will be done; men are so set to despise the means of their own good."

them the light of a candle or torch. Every beam of reason and ray of knowledge checks the dissolutions of the tongue. But, *ut quisque contemptissimus et maxime ludibrio est, ita solutissimæ linguæ est,* said Seneca: Every man as he is a fool and contemptible, so his tongue is hanged loose, being like a bell, in which there is nothing but tongue and noise.

Talking foolishly.

No prudence is a sufficient guard, or can always stand *in excubiis* still watching, when a man is in perpetual floods of talk; for prudence attends after the manner of an angel's ministry; it is dispatched on messages from God, and drives away enemies, and places guards, and calls upon the man to awake, and bids him send out spies and observers, and then goes about his own ministries above: but an angel does not sit by a man as a nurse by the baby's cradle, watching every motion and the lighting of a fly upon the child's lip: and so is prudence; it gives rules, and proportions out our measures, and prescribes us cautions, and by general influences orders our particulars: but he that is given to talk cannot be secured by all this; the emissions of his tongue are beyond the general figures and lines of rule; and he can no more be wise in every period of a long and running talk, than a lutenist can deliberate and make every motion of his hand by the division of his notes to be chosen and distinctly voluntary.

Scurrility, or Foolish Jesting.

Plaisance, and joy, and a lively spirit, and a pleasant conversation, and the innocent caresses of

On Conversation

a charitable humanity, is not forbidden; *plenum tamen suavitatis et gratiæ sermonem non esse indecorum*, Saint Ambrose affirmed: and here in my text, our conversation is commanded to be such, *ἵνα δῷ χάριν*, that it may minister grace, that is, favour, complacence, cheerfulness; and be acceptable and pleasant to the hearer: and so must be our conversation; it must be as far from sullenness as it ought to be from lightness, and a cheerful spirit is the best convoy for religion; and, though sadness does in some cases become a Christian, as being an index of a pious mind, of compassion, and a wise proper resentment of things, yet it serves but one end, being useful in the only instance of repentance; and hath done its greatest works, not when it weeps and sighs, but when it hates and grows careful against sin. But cheerfulness and a festival spirit fills the soul full of harmony—it composes music for churches and hearts—it makes and publishes glorifications of God—it produces thankfulness and serves the end of charity; and, when the oil of gladness runs over, it makes bright and tall emissions of light and holy fires, reaching up to a cloud, and making joy round about; and, therefore, since it is so innocent, and may be so pious and full of holy advantage, whatsoever can innocently minister to this holy joy does set forward the work of religion and charity. And, indeed, charity itself, which is the vertical top of all religion, is nothing else but a union of joys concentrated in the heart, and reflected from all the angles of our life and intercourse. It is rejoicing in God, a gladness in our neighbour's good, a pleasure in doing good, a rejoicing with him; and without love we cannot

have any joy at all. It is this that makes children to be a pleasure, and friendship to be so noble and divine a thing: and upon this account it is certain that all that which innocently make a man cheerful does also make him charitable; for grief, and age, and sickness, and weariness, these are peevish and troublesome; but mirth and cheerfulness is content, and civil, and compliant, and communicative, and loves to do good, and swells up to felicity only upon the wings of charity. Upon this account here is pleasure enough for a christian at present; and, if a facete discourse, and an amicable friendly mirth can refresh the spirit, and take it off from the vile temptation of peevish, despairing, uncomplying melancholy, it must needs be innocent and commendable. And we may as well be refreshed by a clean and a brisk discourse, as by the air of Campanian wines; and our faces and our heads may as well be anointed and look pleasant with wit and friendly intercourse, as with the fat of the balsam-tree; and such a conversation no wise man ever did or ought to reprove. But when the jest hath teeth and nails, biting or scratching our brother—when it is loose and wanton—when it is unseasonable—and, much or many, when it serves ill purposes, or spends better time, then it is the drunkenness of the soul, and makes the spirit fly away, seeking for a temple where the mirth and the music is solemn and religious. On Conversation

Of Slander.

This crime is a conjugation of evils, and is productive of infinite mischiefs: it undermines peace, and saps the foundation of friendship: it destroys

On Conversation

families, and rends in pieces the very heart and vital parts of charity: it makes an evil man party, and witness, and judge, and executioner of the innocent.

Of Flattery.

He that persuades an ugly deformed man that he is handsome—a short man that he is tall—a bald man that he hath a good head of hair—makes him to become ridiculous and a fool, but does no other mischief. But he that persuades his friend, that is a goat in his manners, that he is a holy and a chaste person, or that his looseness is a sign of a quick spirit, or that it is not dangerous, but easily pardonable, a trick of youth, a habit that old age will lay aside, as a man pares his nails,—this man hath given great advantage to his friend's mischief: he hath made it grow in all the dimensions of the sin, till it grows intolerable, and perhaps unpardonable. And, let it be considered, what a fearful destruction and contradiction of friendship or service it is, so to love myself and my little interest, as to prefer it before the soul of him whom I ought to love.

Of Comforting the Disconsolate.

Certain it is, that as nothing can better do it, so there is nothing greater, for which God made our tongues, next to reciting his praises, than to minister comfort to a weary soul. And what greater measure can we have, than that we should bring joy to our brother, who with his dreary eyes looks to heaven and round about, and cannot find so much rest as to lay his eyelids close together—than that thy tongue should be tuned with heavenly accents, and make the weary soul to listen for light and ease, and,

when he perceives that there is such a thing in the world, and in the order of things, as comfort and joy, to begin to break out from the prison of his sorrows at the door of sighs and tears, and by little and little melt into showers and refreshment? This is glory to thy voice, and employment fit for the brightest angel. But so have I seen the sun kiss the frozen earth, which was bound up with the images of death, and the colder breath of the north; and then the waters break from their enclosures, and melt with joy, and run in useful channels; and the flies do rise again from their little graves in walls, and dance awhile in the air, to tell that there is joy within, and that the great mother of creatures will open the stock of her new refreshment, become useful to mankind, and sing praises to her Redeemer. So is the heart of a sorrowful man under the discourses of a wise comforter; he breaks from the despairs of the grave, and the fetters and chains of sorrow; he blesses God, and he blesses thee, and he feels his life returning; for to be miserable is death, but nothing is life but to be comforted; and God is pleased with no music from below so much as in the thanksgiving songs of relieved widows, of supported orphans, of rejoicing and comforted, and thankful persons.

On Conversation

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The canes of Egypt, when they newly arise from their bed of mud and slime of Nilus, start up into an equal and continual length, and are interrupted but with few knots, and are strong and beauteous with great distances and intervals; but when they are grown to their full length they lessen into the

The Progress of Religious Sentiment

The Progress of Religious Sentiment

point of a pyramis, and multiply their knots and joints, interrupting the fineness and smoothness of its body. So are the steps and declensions of him that does not grow in grace: at first when he springs up from his impurity, by the waters of baptism and repentance, he grows straight and strong, and suffers but few interruptions of piety, and his constant courses of religion are but rarely intermitted, till they ascend up to a full age, or towards the ends of their life; then they are weak, and their devotions often intermitted, and their breaches are frequent, and they seek excuses, and labour for dispensations, and love God and religion less and less, till their old age, instead of a crown of their virtue and perseverance, ends in levity and unprofitable courses; light and useless as the tufted feathers upon the cane, every wind can play with it and abuse it, but no man can make it useful. When, therefore, our piety interrupts its greater and more solemn expressions, and upon the return of the greater offices and bigger solemnities we find them to come upon our spirits like the wave of a tide, which retired only because it was natural so to do, and yet came farther upon the strand at the next rolling; when every new confession—every succeeding communion—every time of separation, far more solemn and intense prayer is better spent, and more affectionate, leaving a greater relish upon the spirit, and possessing greater portions of our affections, our reason, and our choice; then we may give God thanks, who hath given us more grace to use that grace, and a blessing to endeavour our duty, and a blessing upon our endeavour.[1]

[1] Of Growth in Grace; serm. xiv. p. 305.

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Every man hath his indiscretions and infirmities, his arrests and sudden incursions, his neighbourhoods and semblances of sin, his little violences to reason, and peevish melancholy, and humorous fantastic discourses; unaptness to a devout prayer, his fondness to judge favourably in his own cases, little deceptions, and voluntary and involuntary cozenages, ignorances and inadvertences, careless hours, and unwatchful seasons. This happens more frequently in persons of an infant-piety, when the virtue is not corroborated by a long abode, and a confirmed resolution, and an usual victory, and a triumphant grace; and the longer we are accustomed to piety, the more unfrequent will be the little breaches of folly, and a returning to sin. But as the needle of a compass, when it is directed to its beloved star, at the first addresses waves on either side, and seems indifferent in his courtship of the rising or declining sun, and when it seems first determined to the north, stands awhile trembling, as if it suffered inconvenience in the first fruition of its desires, and stands not still in full enjoyment till after first a great variety of motion, and then an undisturbed posture; so is the piety, and so is the conversion of a man, wrought by degrees and several steps of imperfection; and at first our choices are wavering, convinced by the grace of God, and yet not persuaded; and then persuaded, but not resolved; and then resolved, but deferring to begin; and then beginning, but, as all beginnings are, in weakness and uncertainty; and we fly out often into huge indiscretions, and look back to Sodom and long to return to Egypt: and when the storm is quite over, we find little bubblings and unevennesses upon the face of the waters, we often

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weaken our own purposes by the returns of sin: and we do not call ourselves conquerors, till by the long possession of virtues it is a strange and unusual, and therefore an uneasy and unpleasant thing, to act a crime.[1]

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Ambition

I HAVE read of a fair young German gentleman, who living, often refused to be pictured, but put off the importunity of his friends' desire by giving way that after a few days' burial, they might send a painter to his vault, and, if they saw cause for it, draw the image of his death unto the life. They did so, and found his face half eaten, and his midriff and back bone full of serpents; and so he stands pictured among his armed ancestors. So does the fairest beauty change, and it will be as bad with you and me; and then, what servants shall we have to wait upon us in the grave? what friends to visit us? what officious people to cleanse away the moist and unwholesome cloud reflected upon our faces from the sides of the weeping vaults, which are the longest weepers for our funeral.

St. Austin with his mother Monica was led one day by a Roman Prætor to see the tomb of Cæsar. Himself thus describes the corpse, "It looked of a blue mould, the bone of the nose laid bare, the flesh of the nether lip quite fallen off, his mouth full of worms, and in his eye pit a hungry toad feasting upon the remnant portion of flesh and moisture: and so he dwelt in his house of darkness." [2]

[1] Of Growth of Sin; part ii. serm. xvii.

[2] See Tucker's Light of Nature, vol. v. chap. 9, where there is an interesting enquiry upon the distinction between the love of excelling and the love of excellence: where, with his usual ingenuity, he examines the question.

Virtue hath not half so much trouble in it, it sleeps quietly without startings and affrighting fancies, it looks cheerfully, smiles with much serenity, and though it laughs not often, yet it is ever delightful in the apprehensions of some faculty: it fears no man, nor no thing, nor is it discomposed, and hath no concernments in the great alterations of Ambition

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"Nevertheless it will probably be asked, would I then extinguish every spark of vanity in the world? every thirst of fame, of splendour, of magnificence, of show? every desire of excelling or distinguishing one's self above the common herd? what must become of the public services, of sciences, art, commerce, manufactures? the business of life must stagnate. Nobody would spend his youth in fatigues and dangers to qualify himself for a general or an admiral. Nobody would study, and toil, and struggle, and roar out liberty to be a minister."

If Tucker is right, and he generally is right, in his opinions, the love of excelling, although the common motive of action, does not influence the noblest minds; is only a temporary motive, and generates bad passion: but the love of excellence is a powerful motive; is a permanent motive, and generates good feeling; is always ready to forward those abilities which overpower its own. If Tucker's reasoning is not satisfactory, let him consider the words of Lord Bacon.

"We enter into a desire of knowledge sometimes from a natural curiosity and inquisitive appetite; sometimes to entertain our minds with variety and delight; sometimes for ornament and reputation: sometimes to enable us to victory of wit and contradiction, and most times for lucre and profession; and seldom sincerely to give a true account of our gift of reason, for the benefit and use of man:—as if there were sought in knowledge a couch whereupon to rest a searching and restless spirit; or a terrace for a wandering and variable mind to walk up and down, with a fair prospect; or a tower of state for a proud mind to raise itself upon; or a fort or commanding ground for strife and contention; or a shop for profit or sale; and not a rich store-

Ambition the world, and entertains death like a friend, and reckons the issues of it as the greatest of its hopes; but ambition is full of distractions, it teems with stratagems, as Rebecca with struggling twins, and is swelled with expectation as with a tympany, and sleeps sometimes as the wind in a storm, still and

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house for the glory of the Creator and the relief of man's estate."

"For our undertaking, we judge it of such a nature, that it were highly unworthy to pollute it with any degree of ambition or affectation; as it is an unavoidable decree with us ever to retain our native candour and simplicity, and not attempt a passage to truth under the conduct of vanity; for seeking real nature with all her fruits about her, we should think it a betraying of our trust to infect such a subject either with an ambitious, or ignorant, or any other faulty manner of treating it." See Sidney Smith's sermon, vol. ii. page 129, on Vanity.

In Whitaker's History of Craven, when examining the tombs in the church of Skipton, he says: "Here lies the body of George Clifford, third Earl of Cumberland of that family, and knight of the most noble order of the garter, who, by right of inheritance from a long continued descent of ancestors, was Lord Veteripont, Baron Clifford, Westmorland, and Vesey, Lord of the Honour of Skipton in Craven, and Hereditary High Shirieve of Westmorland, and was the last heir male of the Cliffords that rightfully enjoyed those ancient lands of inheritance in Westmorland and in Craven, with the baronies and honours appertaining to them; and lefte but one legitimate child behinde him, his daughter and sole heir, the lady Ann Clifford, now Countesse Dowager of Pembroke, Dorset, and Montgomerie, who in memory of her father, erected this monument in 1653."

The present church of Skipton is a spacious and respectable building, though of very different periods. Perhaps no part of the original structure now remains; but from stone seats, with pointed arches and cylindrical columns, now in the south wall of the nave, it may perhaps be referred

quiet for a minute, that it may burst out into an Ambition
impetuous blast till the cordage of his heart-strings
crack; fears when none is nigh, and prevents things
which never had intention, and falls under the in-
evitability of such accidents which either could not
be foreseen, or not prevented.

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to the earlier part of the thirteenth century. Beneath the altar unusally elevated on that account, is the vault of the Cliffords, the place of their interment from the dissolution of Bolton Priory to the death of the last Earl of Cumberland; which, after having been closed many years, I obtained permission to examine, March 29, 1803; the original vault, intended only for the first Earl and his second lady, had undergone two enlargements; and the bodies having been deposited in chronological order, first, and immediately under his tomb, lay Henry the first Earl; whose lead coffin was much corroded, and exhibited the skeleton of a short and very stout man, with a long head of flazen hair, gathered in a knot behind the skull. The coffin had been closely fitted to the body, and proved him to have been very corpulent as well as muscular. Next lay the remains of Margaret Percy, his second Countess, whose coffin was still entire. She must have been a slender and diminutive woman. The third was 'the lady Eleanor's grave,' whose coffin was decayed, and exhibited the skeleton (as might be expected in a daughter of Charles Brandon and a sister of Henry the VIIIth) of a tall and large limbed female. At her right hand was Henry the second earl, a very tall and rather slender man, whose thin envelope of lead really resembled a winding sheet, and folded like coarse drapery, over the limbs. The head was beaten to the left side; something of the shape of the face might be distinguished, and a long prominent nose was very conspicuous. Next lay Francis, Lord Clifford, a boy. At his right hand was his father George the third earl, whose lead coffin precisely resembled the outer case of an Egyptian mummy, with a rude face, and something female mammæ cast upon it; as were also the letters G. C. 1605. The body was closely wrapped in ten folds of coarse cerecloth, which being re-

On Government and Revolutions

During the civil wars in this country, Bishop Taylor retired into Wales. His dedication to his work on the Liberty of Prophesying, in his Polemical Discourses, begins as follows :—

In this great storm, which hath dashed the vessel of the church all in pieces, I have been cast upon the coast of Wales, and in a little boat thought to have enjoyed that rest and quietness which in England in a greater I could not hope for. Here I cast anchor, and thinking to ride safely, the storm followed me with so much impetuous violence, that it broke a cable, and I lost my anchor; and here again I was exposed to the mercy of the sea, and the gentleness of an element that could neither distinguish things

moved exhibited the face so entire (only turned to copper colour) as plainly to resemble his portraits. All his painters, however, had the complaisance to omit three large warts upon the left cheek. The coffin of earl Francis, who lay next to his brother, was of the modern shape, and alone had an outer shell of wood, which was covered with leather; the soldering had decayed, and nothing appeared but the ordinary skeleton of a tall man. This earl had never been embalmed. Over him lay another coffin, much decayed, which, I suspect, had contained the lady Anne Dacre his mother. Last, lay Henry the fifth earl, in a coffin of the same form with that of his father. Lead not allowing of absorption, or a narrow vault of much evaporation, a good deal of moisture remained in the coffin, and some hair about the skull. Both these coffins had been cut open. Room might have been found for another slender lady; but the countess of Pembroke chose to be buried at Appleby; partly, perhaps, because her beloved mother was interred there, and partly that she might not mingle her ashes with rivals and enemies.

It is curious to contrast with these humiliating relics of departed greatness, the pomp and heraldry, and the pride of genealogy, which are displayed above.

nor persons.[1] And but that he who stilleth the raging of the sea, and the noise of his waves, and the madness of his people, had provided a plank for me, I had been lost to all the opportunities of content or study. But I know not whether I have been more preserved by the courtesies of my friends, or the gentleness and mercies of a noble enemy. Οι γαρ βαρβαροι παρειχον ου την τυχουσαν φιλανθρωπιαν ἡμιν, αναψαντες γαρ πυραν προσελαβοντο παντας ἡμας δια τον ὑετον τον εφεστωτα και δια το ψυχος. And now since I have come ashore, I have been gathering a few sticks to warm me, a few

On Government and Revolutions

[1] The following extract is from an extremely interesting volume, entitled "Peace and Contentment of Mind," by Peter Du Moulin, D.D., Canon of Christ's Church, Canterbury, one of his majesty's chaplains.

"Some years ago being cast by the storm upon a remote coast, and judging that it would have been to no purpose for me to quarrel with the tempest, I sat upon the shore to behold it calmly; taking no other interest in it, but that of my sympathy with those friends whom I saw yet beaten by the wind and the waves. And to that calmness my condition contributed very much, because former tempests had left me little occasion to be much concerned in the present agitation, or to fear much those which might come after.

"There I found myself invited to husband that uncertain interval of unexpected rest, to meditate by what means I might possess every where, and in the very storm, the peace and contentment of my mind; and to try whether I could be so happy while I got peace for myself, to procure it unto others.

"For that contemplation I made use of four books, the half wild country where I found myself affording but few more. The first and chief was the Holy Scripture, the meditation whereof brings that peace which passeth all understanding. My second book was the great volume of Nature. The third was the lessons of Divine Providence. The fourth that which every one carrieth along with himself, and that is man."

On Government and Revolutions

books to entertain my thoughts, and divert them from the perpetual meditation of my private troubles, and the public dyscrasy; but those which I could obtain were so few and so impertinent, and unuseful to any great purposes, that I began to be sad upon a new stock, and full of apprehension that I should live unprofitably, and die obscurely and be forgotten, and my bones thrown into some common charnel-house, without any name or note to distinguish me from those who only served their generation by filling the number of citizens, and who could pretend to no thanks or rewards from the public beyond "jus trium liberorum." While I was troubled with these thoughts, and busy to find an opportunity of doing some good in my small proportion, still the cares of the public did so intervene, that it was as impossible to separate my design from relating to the present, as to exempt myself from the participation of the common calamity; still half my thoughts was (in despite of all my diversions and arts of avocation) fixed upon and mingled with the present concernments; so that besides them I could not go.

In another part of his Polemical Discourses, he says:—

We have not only felt the evils of an intestine war, but God hath smitten us in our spirit. But I delight not to observe the correspondencies of such sad accidents, which, as they may happen upon divers causes, or may be forced violently by the strength of fancy, or driven on by jealousy, and the too fond opinings of troubled hearts and afflicted spirits, so they do but help to vex the offending part, and relieve the afflicted but with a fantastic and

groundless comfort; I will therefore deny leave to my own affections to ease themselves by complaining of others; I shall only crave leave that I may remember Jerusalem, and call to mind the pleasures of the temple, the order of her services, the beauty of her buildings, the sweetness of her songs, the decency of her ministrations, the assiduity and economy of her priests and Levites, the daily sacrifice, and that eternal fire of devotion that went not out by day nor by night; these were the pleasures of our peace; and there is a remanent felicity in the very memory of those spiritual delights which we then enjoyed as antepasts of heaven, and consignations to an immortality of joys. And it may be so again when it shall please God, who hath the hearts of all princes in his hand, and turneth them as the rivers of waters; and when men will consider the invaluable loss that is consequent, and the danger of sin that is appendant, to the destroying such forms of discipline and devotion in which God was purely worshipped, and the church was edified, and the people instructed to great degrees of piety, knowledge, and devotion.[1]

On Government and Revolutions

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On the same Subject. Bacon

In Orpheus's theatre all beasts and birds assembled, and, forgetting their several appetites, some of prey, some of game, some of quarrel, stood all sociably together, listening unto the airs and accords of the harp; the sound whereof no sooner ceased, or was drowned by some louder noise, but every beast returned to his own nature: wherein is aptly described the

[1] Polemical Discourses.

Bacon nature and condition of men, who are full of savage and unreclaimed desires of profit, of lust, of revenge; which as long as they give ear to precepts, to laws, to religion, sweetly touched with eloquence and persuasion of books, of sermons, of harangues, so long is society and peace maintained; but if these instruments be silent, or sedition and tumult make them not audible, all things dissolve into anarchy and confusion.[1]

We see it ever falleth out that the forbidden writing is always thought to be certain sparks of truth, that fly up into the faces of those that seek to choke it, and tread it out; whereas a book authorised is thought to be but "temporis voces," the language of the time.[2]

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Hooker *On the same Subject.*

He that goeth about to persuade a multitude that they are not so well governed as they ought to be, shall never want attentive and favourable hearers; because they know the manifold defects whereunto every kind of regiment is subject. But the secret lets and difficulties, which in public proceedings are innumerable and inevitable, they have not ordinarily the judgment to consider. And because such as openly reprove supposed disorders of state, are taken for principal friends to the common benefit of all, and for men that carry singular freedom of mind; under this fair and plausible colour, whatsoever they utter passeth for good and current. That which wanteth in the weight of their speech is supplied

[1] Advancement of Learning, book i.
[2] Of Church Controversies.

by the aptness of men's minds to accept and believe it. Whereas, on the other side, if we maintain things that are established, we have not only to strive with a number of heavy prejudices deeply rooted in the hearts of men, who think that herein we serve the time and speak in favour of the present state, because thereby we either hold or seek preferment: but also to bear such exceptions, as minds so averted before-hand usually take against that which they are loth should be poured into them.[1] **Hooker**

The stateliness of houses, the goodliness of trees, when we behold them, delighteth the eye: but that foundation which beareth up the one, that root which ministereth unto the other nourishment and life, is in the bosom of the earth concealed: and if there be occasion at any time to search into it, such labour is then more necessary than pleasant, both to them which undertake it, and for the lookers on. In like manner the use and benefit of good laws, all that live under them may enjoy with delight and comfort, albeit the grounds and first original causes from whence they have sprung, be unknown, as to the greatest part of men they are.

Since the time that God did first proclaim the edicts of his law upon the world, heaven and earth have hearkened unto his voice, and their labour hath been to do his will. "He made a law for the rain;" he gave his "decree unto the sea, that the waters should not pass his commandment." Now if nature should intermit her course, and leave, altogether, though it were for awhile, the observation of her own laws, if those principal and

[1] Ecclesiastical Polity, book i. sect. 1.

Hooker mother elements of the world, whereof all things in this lower world are made, should lose the qualities which now they have; if the frame of that heavenly arch erected over our heads, should loosen and dissolve itself; if celestial spheres should forget their wonted motions, and by irregular volubility turn themselves any way as it may happen; if the prince of the lights of heaven, which now, as a giant, doth run his unwearied course, should as it were through a languishing faintness, begin to stand and to rest himself; if the moon should wander from her beaten way, the times and seasons of the year blend themselves by disordered and confused mixture, the winds breathe out their last gasp, the clouds yield no rain, the earth be defeated of heavenly influence, the fruits of the earth pine away, as children at the withered breasts of their mother no longer able to yield them relief; what would become of man himself, whom these things do now all serve? See we not plainly, that obedience of creatures unto the law of nature is the stay of the whole world?[1]

Of Law there can be no less acknowledged than that her seat is in the bosom of God; her voice the harmony of the world; all things in heaven and earth do her homage; the very least as feeling her care, and the greatest as not exempted from her power. Both angels and men, and creatures of what condition soever, though each in different sort and manner, yet all with uniform consent, admiring her as the mother of their peace and joy.[2]

[1] Ecclesiastical Polity, book i. sect. 3.
[2] Ibid. book i. sect. 16.

From Sermon[1] *entitled 'The House of Feasting.'* On Temperance

'Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die.'
1 *Cor.* xv. 32.

1. Plenty, and the pleasures of the world are no proper instruments of felicity.
2. Intemperance is a certain enemy to felicity.
   1st. It is an enemy to health.
   2ndly. Intemperance is an impure fountain of vice, and a direct nurse of uncleanness.
   3rdly. Intemperance is a destruction of wisdom.
   4thly. Intemperance is a dishonour and disreputation to the person and the nature of the man.
3. The rules and measures of temperance.

Plenty and the Pleasures of the World are no proper Instruments of Felicity.

He that cannot be satisfied with common provision, hath a bigger need than he that can; it is harder and more contingent, and more difficult, and more troublesome, for him to be satisfied. Epicurus said, 'I feed sweetly upon bread and water, those sweet and easy provisions of the body, and I defy the pleasures of costly provisions.' And the man was so confident that he had the advantage over wealthy tables, that he thought himself happy as the immortal gods; for these provisions are easy, they are to be gotten without amazing cares. No man needs to flatter, if he can live as nature did intend; "magna pars libertatis est bene moratus venter." He need not swell his accounts, and intricate his spirit with arts of subtilty and contrivance; he can be free from

[1] Sermon xv. and xvi.

On Temperance

fears, and the chances of the world cannot concern him.

All our trouble is from within us; and if a dish of lettuce, and a clear fountain can cool all my heats, so that I shall have neither thirst nor pride, lust nor revenge, envy nor ambition, I am lodged in the bosom of felicity.

Intemperance is an Enemy to Health.

HEALTH is the opportunity of wisdom, the fairest scene of religion, the advantages of the glorifications of God, the charitable ministries to men. It is a state of joy and thanksgiving, and in every of its periods feels a pleasure from the blessed emanations of a merciful providence. The world does not minister—does not feel a greater pleasure, than to be newly delivered from the racks of the gratings of the stone, and the torments and convulsions of a sharp cholic; and no organs, no harp, no lute, can sound out the praises of the Almighty Father so sprightfully as the man that rises from his bed of sorrows, and considers what an excellent difference he feels from the groans and intolerable accents of yesterday.[1]

[1] See the wretch that long has tost
On the thorny bed of pain,
At length regain his vigour lost,
And breathe and walk again,
The meanest flow'ret of the vale,
The simplest note that swells the gale,
The common sun, the air, the skies,
To him are opening paradise. GRAY.

Enfin, il y a des Plaisirs fondés sur des Peines. Lorsqu'on a souffert, la cessation ou la diminution de la douleur est un plaisir, et souvent très-vif. On peut les appeler *Plaisirs du Soulagement* ou *de la Délivrance*. Ils sont susceptibles de la même variété que les peines.—BENTHAM.

On Temperance

When Cyrus had espied Astyages and his fellows coming drunk from a banquet, loaden with variety of follies and filthiness, their legs failing them, their eyes red and staring, cozened with a moist cloud, and abused by a doubled object, their tongues full of sponges, and their heads no wiser, he thought they were poisoned: and he had reason; for what malignant quality can be more venomous and hurtful to a man than the effect of an intemperate goblet and a full stomach? It poisons both the soul and body. He that tempts me to drink beyond my pleasure civilly invites me to a fever, and to lay aside my reason, as the Persian women did their garments and their modesty at the end of feasts; and all the question then will be, which is the worst evil, to refuse your uncivil kindness, or to suffer a violent head-ache, or to lay up heaps big enough for an English *surfeit*. Creon, in the tragedy, said well:—

'It is better for me to grieve thee, O stranger, or to be affronted by thee, than to be tormented by thy kindness the next day and the morrow after.'

A drunkard and a glutton feels the torments of a restless night, although he hath not killed a man: that is, just like murderers and persons of an affrighting conscience. So wakes the glutton, so broken and sick and disorderly are the slumbers of the drunkard: but for the honour of his banquet he hath some ministers attending that he did not dream of, and in the midst of his loud laughter, "Pallor et genæ pendulæ, oculorum ulcera, tremulæ manus, furiales somni, inquies nocturna," as Pliny reckons them: 'Paleness and hanging cheeks, ulcers of the eyes, and trembling hands, dead or distracted sleeps:'

On these speak aloud that to-day you *eat* and *drink*, that *to-morrow you may die*, and die for ever.

Temperance

It is reported concerning Socrates, that when Athens was destroyed by the plague, he, in the midst of all the danger, escaped untouched by sickness, because, by a spare and severe diet, he had within him no tumult of disorderly humours, no factions in his blood, no loads of moisture prepared for charnel-houses, or the sickly hospitals; but a vigorous heat, and a well-proportioned radical moisture; he had enough for *health* and *study*, *philosophy* and *religion*, for the *temples* and the *academy*; but no superfluities to be spent in groans and sickly nights.

Certain it is that no man ever repented that he rose from the table sober, healthful, and with his wits about him: but very many have repented that they sat so long till their bellies swelled, and their *health*, and their *virtue*, and their *God* is departed from them.

Intemperance is the Nurse of Vice.

By faring deliciously every day, men become senseless of the evils of mankind, inapprehensive of the troubles of their brethren, unconcerned in the changes of the world, and the cries of the poor, the hunger of the fatherless, and the thirst of widows.

Intemperance is a perfect Destruction of Wisdom.

A full gorged belly never produced a sprightly mind. When the sun gives the sign to spread the tables, and intemperance brings in the messes, and drunkenness fills the bowls, then the man falls away, and leaves a beast in his room. A full meal is like

Sisera's banquet, at the end of which there is a nail struck into the head. On Temperance

The Rules and Measures of Temperance.

EVERY drunkard clothes his head with a mighty scorn; and makes himself lower at that time than the meanest of his servants; the boys can laugh at him when he is led like a cripple, directed like a blind man, and speaks, like an infant, imperfect noises, lisping with a full and spongy tongue, and an empty head, and a vain and foolish heart; so cheaply does he part with his honour for drink or loads of meat; for which honour he is ready to die rather than hear it to be disparaged by another; when himself destroys it as bubbles perish with the breath of children. Do not the laws of all wise nations mark the drunkard for a fool, with the meanest and most scornful punishment? and is there any thing in the world so foolish as a man that is drunk? but, good God! what an intolerable sorrow hath seized upon great portions of mankind, that this folly and madness should possess the greatest spirits and wittiest men, the best company, the most sensible of the word *honour*, and the most jealous of losing the *shadow*, and the most careless of the *thing!* Is it not a horrid thing, that a wise or a crafty, a learned or a noble person should dishonour himself as a fool, destroy his body as a murderer, lessen his estate as a prodigal, disgrace every good cause that he can pretend to by his relation, and become an appellative of scorn, a scene of laughter or derision,—*and all* for the reward of forgetfulness and madness? for there are in immoderate drinking no other pleasures.

On Temperance

I end with the saying of a wise man:—"He is fit to sit at the table of the Lord, and to feast with saints, who moderately uses the creatures which God hath given him; but he that despises even lawful pleasures, shall not only sit and feast with God, but reign together with him, and partake of his glorious kingdom."

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The Sacrament

We sometimes espy a bright cloud formed into an irregular figure; when it is observed by unskilful and fantastic travellers, it looks like a Centaur to some, and as a castle to others; some tell that they saw an army with banners, and it signifies war: but another, wiser than his fellow, says, it looks for all the world like a flock of sheep, and foretells plenty: and all the while it is nothing but a shining cloud, by its own mobility, and the activity of a wind cast into a contingent and inartificial shape. So it is in this great mystery of our religion, in which some espy strange things which God intended not, and others see not what God hath plainly told; some call that part of it a mystery which is none; and others think all of it nothing but a mere ceremony, and a sign; some say it signifies, and some say it effects; some say it is a sacrifice, and others call it a sacrament; some schools of learning make it the instrument in the hand of God: others say that it is God himself in that instrument of grace.[1]

Since all societies of Christians pretend to the greatest esteem of this, above all the rights or external parts and ministeries of religion, it cannot be otherwise but that they will all speak honourable

[1] Worthy Communicant, p. 6.

things of it, and suppose holy things to be in it, and great blessings one way or other to come by it; and it is contemptible only among the profane and the atheistical; all the innumerable differences which are in the discourses, and consequent practices relating to it, proceed from some common truths, and universal notions, and mysterious or inexplicable words, and tend all to reverential thoughts, and pious treatment of these rights and holy offices; and therefore it will not be impossible to find honey or wholesome dews upon all this variety of plants.[1] The Sacrament

. . .

Nothing makes societies so fair and lasting as the mutual endearment of each other by good offices; and never any man did a good turn to his brother, but one time or other himself did eat the fruit of it. The good man in the Greek epigram, that found a dead man's skull unburied, in kindness digging a grave for it, opened the inclosures of a treasure; and we read in the *Annals* of *France*, that when *Gontran* king of *Burgundy* was sleeping by the murmurs of a little brook, his servant espied a lizard coming from his master's head, and essaying to pass the water, but seeming troubled because it could not, he laid his sword over the brook, and made an iron bridge for the little beast, who passing, entered into the earth, and speedily returned back to the king, and disturbed him, (as it is supposed) into a dream, in which he saw an iron bridge, which landed him at the foot of the mountain, where if he did dig, he should find a great heap of gold. The Return of Kindness

[1] Worthy Communicant, p. 8.

Return of Kindness

servant expounded his master's dream, and shewed him the iron bridge; and they digged where the lizard had entered, where they found indeed a treasure; and that the servant's piety was rewarded upon his lord's head, and procured wealth to one, and honour to the other. There is in human nature a strange kind of nobleness and love to return and exchange good offices; but because there are some dogs who bite your hand when you reach them bread, God by the ministry of his little creatures tells, that if we do not, yet he will certainly recompense every act of piety and charity we do one to another.[1]

. . .

Real and Apparent Happiness

If we should look under the skirt of the prosperous and prevailing tyrant, we should find even in the days of his joys, such allays and abatements of his pleasure, as may serve to represent him presently miserable, besides his final infelicities. For I have seen a young and healthful person warm and ruddy under a poor and a thin garment, when at the same time an old rich person hath been cold and paralytic under a load of sables, and the skins of foxes. It is the body that makes the clothes warm, not the clothes the body;[2] and the spirit of a man makes

[1] Worthy Communicant, p. 191.

[2] See Darwin's Zoonomia Diseases of Volition, 8vo. edition, vol. 4, p. 68, and see the anecdote in Wordsworth's Lyrical Ballads.

She prayed, her withered hand uprearing,
While Harry held her by the arm—
"God! who art never out of hearing,
O may he never more be warm!"
The cold, cold moon above her head,
And icy cold he turned away.

felicity and content, not any spoils of a rich fortune wrapt about a sickly and an uneasy soul. Apollodorus was a traitor and a tyrant, and the world wondered to see a bad man have so good a fortune; but knew not that he nourished scorpions in his breast, and that his liver and his heart were eaten up with spectres and images of death; his thoughts were full of interruptions, his dreams of illusions:[1] his fancy was abused with real troubles and fantastic images, imagining that he saw the Scythians flaying him alive, his daughters like pillars of fire, dancing round about a cauldron in which himself was boiling, and that his heart accused itself to be the cause of all these evils. Real and Apparent Happiness

Does he not drink more sweetly that takes his beverage in an earthen vessel, than he that looks and searches into his golden chalices, for fear of poison, and looks pale at every sudden noise, and sleeps in armour, and trusts no body, and does not trust God for his safety.

Can a man bind a thought with chains, or carry imaginations in the palm of his hand? can the beauty of the peacock's train, or the ostrich plume, be delicious to the palate and the throat? does the hand intermeddle with the joys of the heart? or

[1] See Dr Franklin's letter upon the art of procuring pleasant dreams, which thus concludes,—These are the rules of the art that, though they generally prove effectual in producing the end intended, there is a case in which the most punctual observance of them will be totally fruitless. I need not mention the case to you, my dear friend; but my account of the art would be imperfect without it. The case is, when the person who desires to have pleasant dreams has not taken care to preserve, what is necessary above all things—*A good conscience.*

Real and Apparent Happiness

darkness, that hides the naked, make him warm? does the body live, as does the spirit? or can the body of Christ be like to common food? indeed the sun shines upon the good and bad; and the vines give wine to the drunkard, as well as to the sober man; pirates have fair winds, and a calm sea, at the same time when the just and peaceful merchant-man hath them. But although the things of this world are common to good and bad, yet sacraments and spiritual joys, the food of the soul, and the blessing of Christ, are the peculiar right of saints.

. . .

On Superstition

I HAVE seen a harmless dove made dark with an artificial night, and her eyes sealed and locked up with a little quill, soaring upward and flying with amazement, fear, and an undiscerning wing; she made towards heaven, but knew not that she was made a train and an instrument, to teach her enemy to prevail upon her and all her defenceless kindred. So is a superstitious man, jealous and blind, forward and mistaken; he runs towards heaven as he thinks, but he chooses foolish paths, and out of fear takes any thing that he is told; or fancies and guesses concerning God, by measures taken from his own diseases and imperfections.[1]

. . .

Adversity[2]

ALL is well as long as the sun shines, and the fair breath of heaven gently wafts us to our own purposes. But if you will try the excellency, and feel

[1] Sermon on Godly Fear: Serm. ix. part 3.

[2] . . . . . In the reproof of chance
Lies the true proof of men. The sea being smooth,
How many shallow bauble boats dare sail
Upon her patient breast, making their way
With those of nobler bulk!

the work of faith, place the man in a persecution; let him ride in a storm, let his bones be broken with sorrow, and his eyelids loosed with sickness, let his bread be dipped with tears, and all the daughters of music be brought low; let us come to sit upon the margent of our grave, and let a tyrant lean hard upon our fortunes, and dwell upon our wrong; let the storm arise, and the keels toss till the cordage crack, or that all our hopes bulge under us, and descend into the hollowness of sad misfortunes. Adversity

. . .

How few men in the world are prosperous! What an infinite number of slaves and beggars, of persecuted and oppressed people, fill all corners of the earth with groans, and heaven itself with weeping, prayers, and sad remembrances! How many provinces and kingdoms are afflicted by a violent war, or made desolate by popular diseases! Some whole countries are remarked with fatal evils, or On the Miseries of Man's Life

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But let the ruffian Boreas once enrage
The gentle Thetis, and anon, behold
The strong-ribb'd bark through liquid mountains cuts,
Bounding between the two moist elements,
Like Perseus' horse; where's then the saucy boat,
Whose weak untimber'd sides but even now
Co-rival'd greatness? TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

See Bacon's beautiful Essay on Adversity, where he says—"But to speak in a mean, the virtue of prosperity is temperance, the virtue of adversity is fortitude, which in morals is the more heroical virtue. Prosperity is the blessing of the Old Testament, Adversity is the blessing of the new, which carrieth the greater benediction, and the clearer revelation of God's favour. Yet even in the Old Testament, if you listen to David's harp, you shall hear as many hearse-like airs as carols."

On the Miseries of Man's Life

periodical sicknesses. Grand Cairo in Egypt feels the plague every three years returning like a quartan ague, and destroying many thousand of persons. All the inhabitants of Arabia the desart are in continual fear of being buried in huge heaps of sand, and therefore dwell in tents and ambulatory houses, or retire to unfruitful mountains, to prolong an uneasy and wilder life. And all the countries round about the Adriatic sea feel such violent convulsions, by tempests and intolerable earthquakes, that sometimes whole cities find a tomb, and every man sinks with his own house, made ready to become his monument, and his bed is crushed into the disorders of a grave.

It were too sad if I should tell how many persons are afflicted with evil spirits, with spectres and illusions of the night.

He that is no fool, but can consider wisely, if he be in love with this world, we need not despair but that a witty man might reconcile him with tortures, and make him think charitably of the rack, and be brought to dwell with vipers and dragons, and entertain his guests with the shrieks of mandrakes, cats, and screech-owls, with the filing of iron and the harshness of rending of silk, or to admire the harmony that is made by a herd of evening wolves, when they miss their draught of blood in their midnight revels. The groans of a man in a fit of the stone are worse than all these; and the distractions of a troubled conscience are worse than those groans; and yet a merry careless sinner is worse than all that. But if we could, from one of the battlements of heaven, espy how many men and women at this time lie fainting and

dying for want of bread; how many young men are hewn down by the sword of war; how many poor orphans are now weeping over the graves of their father, by whose life they were enabled to eat; if we could but hear how mariners and passengers are at this present in a storm, and shriek out because their keel dashes against a rock or bulges under them; how many people there are that weep with want, and are mad with oppression, or are desperate by too quick a sense of a constant infelicity; in all reason we should be glad to be out of the noise and participation of so many evils. This is a place of sorrows and tears, of so great evils and a constant calamity: let us remove from hence, at least, in affections and preparation of mind.[1]

On the Miseries of Man's Life

[1] Holy Dying, ch. 1.

From the place of my birth I shall only desire to remember the goodness of the Lord who hath caused my lot to fall in a good ground; who hath fed me in a pleasant pasture, where the well springs of life flow to all that desire to drink them. And this is no small favour if I consider how many poor people perish among the heathen, where they never hear the name of Christ; how many poor christians spring up in countries enslaved by Turkish and Anti-christian tyrants, whose souls and bodies languish under miserable slavery. None knows what mercy 'tis to live under a good and wholesome law, that have not considered the sad condition of being subject to the will of an unlimited man.

Nor is the *place* only but the *time* of my coming into the world a considerable mercy to me. It was not in the midnight of popery, nor in the dawn of the gospel restored day, when light and shades were blended and almost undistinguished, but when the sun of truth was exalted in his progress and hastening towards a meridian glory.

The next blessing I have to consider in my nativity is my parents, both of them pious and virtuous in their own

On Idle Curiosity

Commonly curious persons, or (as the apostle's phrase is) busy-bodies, are not solicitous or inquisitive into the beauty and order of a well

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conversation, and careful instructors of my youth, not only by precept, but example, &c.—*Hutchinson's Memoirs.*

Such are Mrs Hutchinson's effusions of gratitude. The same sentiment is expressed by Gibbon, who says, "My lot might have been that of a slave, a savage, or a peasant; nor can I reflect without pleasure on the bounty of nature, which cast my birth in a free and civilized country, in an age of science and philosophy, in a family of honourable rank, and decently endowed with the gifts of fortune."

Gibbon's Memoirs.

Coleridge in the introduction to his Lay Sermons, page x. says, "Few are sufficiently aware how much reason most of us have, even as common moral livers, to thank God for being Englishmen. It would furnish grounds both for humility towards Providence and for increased attachment to our country, if each individual could but see and feel, how large a part of his innocence he owes to his birth, breeding, and residence in Great Britain. The administration of the laws; the almost continued preaching of moral prudence; the number and respectability of our sects; the pressure of our ranks on each other, with the consequent reserve and watchfulness of demeanour in the superior ranks, and the emulation in the subordinate; the vast depth, expansion, and systematic movements of our trade; and the consequent interdependence, the arterial or nerve-like *net-work* of property, which make every deviation from outward integrity a calculable loss to the offending individual himself from its mere effects, as obstruction and irregularity; and lastly, the naturalness of doing as others do;—these and the like influences, peculiar, some in the kind and all in the degree, to this privileged island, are the buttresses, on which our foundationlesss well-doing is upheld even as a house of cards, the architecture of our infancy, in which each is supported by all.

TO BRITAIN.

I love thee, O my native Isle!
Dear as my mother's earliest smile,

governed family, or after the virtues of an excellent person: but if there be any thing for which men keep locks and bars and porters, things that

On Idle Curiosity

Sweet as my father's voice to me,
Is all I hear, and all I see;
When glancing o'er thy beauteous land,
In view thy *Public Virtues* stand,
The guardian-angels of thy coast,
To watch the dear *domestic Host*,
The *Heart's affections*, pleased to roam
Around the quiet heaven of Home.

I love Thee,—when I mark thy soil
Flourish beneath the Peasant's toil,
And from its lap of verdure throw
Treasures which neither Indies know.

I love Thee,—when I hear around
Thy looms, and wheels, and anvils sound,
Thine Engines heaving all their force,
Thy waters labouring on their course,
And Arts, and Industry, and Wealth,
Exulting in the joys of Health.

I love Thee,—when I trace thy tale
To the dim point where records fail;
Thy deeds of old renown inspire
My bosom with our fathers' fire;
A proud inheritance I claim
In all their sufferings, all their fame:
Nor less delighted when I stray
Down History's lengthening, widening way,
And hail thee in thy present hour,
From the meridian arch of power,
Shedding the lustre of thy reign,
Like sunshine over land and main.

I love Thee,—when I read the lays
Of British Bards in elder days,
Till rapt on visionary wings,
High o'er thy cliffs my Spirit sings;
For I, amidst thy living choir,
I too, can touch the sacred lyre.

On Idle Curiosity

blush to see the light, and either are shameful in manners, or private in nature, these things are their care and their business. But if great things will

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I love Thee,—when I contemplate
The full-orb'd grandeur of thy state:
Thy laws and liberties, that rise,
Man's noblest works beneath the skies,
To which the Pyramids are tame,
And Grecian Temples bow their fame;
These, thine immortal sages wrought
Out of the deepest mines of thought;
These, on the scaffold, in the field,
Thy Warriors won, thy Patriot's seal'd
These, at the parricidal pyre,
Thy Martyrs sanctified in fire.

I love Thee,—when thy Sabbath dawns
O'er woods and mountains, dales and lawns,
And streams that sparkle while they run,
As if their fountain were the Sun:
When hand in hand, thy tribes repair,
Each to their chosen House of Prayer,
And all in peace and freedom call
On Him, who is the Lord of all.[1]

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[1] From Bolton's old monastic tower
The bells ring loud with gladsome power;
Of lasses and of shepherd grooms,
That down the steep hills force their way.
Like cattle through the budded brooms;
Path or no path, what care they?
And thus in joyous mood they hie
To Bolton's mouldering Priory.
That sumptuous Pile, with all its peers,
Too harshly hath been doom'd to taste
The bitterness of wrong and waste:
Its courts are ravaged; but the tower
Is standing with a voice of power,
That ancient voice which wont to call
To mass or some high festival;

satisfy our inquiry,—the course of the sun and moon, the spots in their faces, the firmament of heaven and the supposed orbs, the ebbing and

On Idle Curiosity

I love Thee,—when my Soul can feel
The Seraph ardours of thy zeal;
Thy Charities, to none confined,
Bless, like the sun, the rain, the wind;
Thy schools the human brute shall raise,
Guide erring Youth in Wisdom's ways,
And leave, when we are turn'd to dust,
A generation of the Just.

I love Thee,—when I see thee stand,
The Hope of every other land:
A sea-mark in the tide of Time,
Rearing to heaven thy brow sublime.

I love Thee, when I hear thy voice
Bid a despairing world rejoice,
And loud from shore to shore proclaim,
In every tongue, Messiah's name.
That name at which, from sea to sea,
All nations *yet* shall bow the knee.

I love Thee,—Next to Heaven above,
Land of my Fathers! *thee* I love;
And rail thy Slanderers as they will,
"With all thy *faults* I love thee" still.

MONTGOMERY.

And in the shatter'd fabric's heart
Remaineth one protected part;
A rural chapel, neatly drest,
In covert like a little nest;
The sun is bright; the fields are gay
With people in their best array
Of stole and doublet, hood and scarf,
Along the banks of the crystal Wharf,
Through the Vale retired and lowly
Trooping to that summons holy.
And, up among the moorlands, see
What sprinklings of blithe company!

On Idle Curiosity

flowing of the sea, are work enough for us; or, if this be not, let him tell me whether the number of the stars be even or odd, and when they began

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And thither young and old repair
This Sabbath day, for praise and prayer.
WORDSWORTH'S WHITE DOE OF RYLSTONE.

Oh! brethren, I have seen sabbath sights, and joined in sabbath worships, which took the heart with their simplicity, and ravished it with sublime emotions. I have crossed the hills in the sober and contemplative autumn, to reach the retired lonely church betimes, and as I descended towards the simple edifice, whitherto every heart and every foot directed itself from the country round, on the sabbath morn, we beheld issuing from the vales and mountain glens, the little train of worshippers coming up to the congregation of the Lord's house, around which the bones of their fathers reposed, and near to which reposed the bones of one who had in cold blood fallen for his God, at the hands of that wretched man, the hero of our northern romances: bones oft visited by pious feet, and covered on the hill side where they lie with a stone bearing an inscription not to be paralleled in our noble mausoleum. which containeth the ashes of those whom the nation delighteth to honour. In so holy a place, the people assembled under a roof where ye of the plentiful south would not have lodged the porter of your gate. But under that roof the people sat and sang their Maker's praise, "tuning their hearts by far the noblest aim," and the pastor poured forth to God the simple wants of the people, and poured into their attentive ears the scope of christian doctrine and duty, and having filled the hearts of his flock with his consolations, parted with them after much blessing and mutual congratulation, and the people went on their way rejoicing. Oh! what meaning there was in the whole! what piety! what intelligence! what simplicity! The men were shepherds and came up in their shepherd's guise, and the very brute, the shepherd's servant and companion, rejoiced to come at his feet. Oh! it was a sabbath! a sabbath of rest!

From a Sermon of Edward Irving.

to be so. If these be too troublesome, search lower, and tell me why this turf this year brings forth a daisy, and the next year a plantane: why the apple bears his seed in his heart and wheat bears it in his head: let him tell why a graft taking nourishment from a crabstock shall have a fruit more noble than its nurse and parent: let him say why the best of oil is at the top, the best of wine in the middle, and the best of honey at the bottom. But these things are not such as please busy-bodies; they must feed upon tragedies, and stories of misfortunes and crimes.[1] **On Idle Curiosity**

. . .

If you do but see a maiden carried to her grave a little before her intended marriage, or an infant die before the birth of reason, nature hath taught us to **On Mercy**

[1] There is (for life is too short to be wasted on fruitless speculations) scarcely any subject of more importance than idle curiosity; or, to speak more correctly, (as all knowledge contains something good, all dross some pure metal), curiosity in things of little use. "Be not curious," says the preacher, "in unnecessary matters, for more things are shewed unto thee than men understand." "We spend our days," says the philosopher, "in unprofitable questions and disputations, intricate subtleties, de lana caprina, about moonshine in the water.

> Truths, that the learn'd pursue with eager thought,
> Are not important always as dear bought,
> Proving at last, though told in pompous strains,
> A childish waste of philosophic pains;
> But truths, on which depend our main concern,
> That 'tis our shame and mis'ry not to learn,
> Shine by the side of ev'ry path we tread,
> With such a lustre, he that runs may read.

See the conclusion of this note, in note II. at the end of the volume.

On Mercy

pay a tributary tear. Alas! your eyes will behold the ruin of many families, which though they sadly have deserved, yet mercy is not delighted with the spectacle; and therefore God places a watery cloud in the eye, that when the light of heaven shines upon it, it may produce a rainbow to be a sacrament and a memorial that God and the sons of God do not love to see a man perish.[1]

As contrary as cruelty is to mercy, as tyranny to charity, so is war and bloodshed to the meekness and gentleness of Christian religion: and, however, there are some exterminating spirits who think God to delight in human sacrifices, as if that Oracle—Καὶ κεφαλὰς ἄδη καὶ τῷ πάτρι πέμπετε φῶτα, had come from the Father of Spirit, yet if they were capable of cool and tame homilies, or would hear men of other opinions give a quiet account without invincible resolutions never to alter their persuasions, I am very much persuaded it would not be very hard to dispute such men into mercies and compliances, and tolerations mutual, such I say, who are zealous for Jesus Christ, than whose doctrine never was any thing more merciful and humane, whose lessons were softer than nard, or the juice of the Candian olive.

. . .

Conclusion

I HAVE followed the design of Scripture, and have given milk for babes, and for stronger men stronger meat; and in all I have despised my own reputation, by so striving to make it useful, that I was less careful to make it strict in retired senses, and embossed[2] with unnecessary but graceful ornaments.

[1] Sermon at the Opening of the Parliament.
[2] Query inlaid.

I pray God this may go forth into a blessing to all that shall use it, and reflect blessings upon me all the way, that my spark may grow greater by kindling my brother's taper, and God may be glorified in us both.[1] Conclusion

SECTION II.

BISHOP LATIMER.

My father was a yeoman, and had no lands of his own, only he had a farm of three or four pounds by the year at the utmost, and hereupon he tilled so much as kept half a dozen men. He had walk for a hundred sheep; and my mother milked thirty kine. He was able, and did find the king a harness, with himself and his horse, whilst he came to the place that he should receive the king's wages. I can remember that I buckled his harness when he went to Blackheath field. He kept me to school, or else I had not been able to have preached before the king's majesty now.

Sermon preached before the King, vol. i. 79.

Here I have occasion to tell you a story which happened at Cambridge. Master Bilney, or rather Saint Bilney, that suffered death for God's word sake, the same Bilney was the instrument whereby God called me to knowledge, for I may thank him, next to God, for that knowledge that I have in the word of God. For I was as obstinate a papist as any was in England, insomuch that when I should be made Bachelor of Divinity, my whole oration went against Philip Melancthon and against his opinions. Bilney heard me at that time and perceived that I was zealous without knowledge; he Hasty Judgment

[1] Preface to Life of Christ.

Hasty Judgment

came to me afterward in my study and desired me for God's sake to hear his confession: I did so, and, to say the very truth, by his confession I learned more than before in many years; so from that time forward I began to smell the word of God, and forsook the school-doctors and such fooleries.

Now after I had been acquainted with him, I went with him to visit the prisoners in the tower at Cambridge, for he was ever visiting prisoners and sick folk. So we went together, and exhorted them as well as we were able to do; minding them to patience, and to acknowledge their faults. Among other prisoners, there was a woman which was accused that she had killed her child, which act she plainly and steadfastly denied, and could not be brought to confess the act; which denying gave us occasion to search for the matter, and so we did, and at length we found that her husband loved her not, and therefore he sought means to make her out of the way. The matter was thus:

A child of hers had been sick by the space of a year, and so decayed as it were in a consumption. At length it died in harvest time; she went to her neighbours and other friends to desire their help to prepare the child for burial; but there was nobody at home, every man was in the field. The woman, in a heaviness of trouble and spirit, went, and being herself alone, prepared the child for burial. Her husband coming home, not having great love towards her, accused her of the murder, and so she was taken and brought to Cambridge. But as far forth as I could learn, through earnest inquisition, I thought in my conscience the woman was not guilty, all the circumstances well considered.

Jmmediately after this, I was called to preach before the king, which was my first Sermon that I made before his majesty, and it was done at Windsor; where his majesty after the sermon was done did most familiarly talk with me in a gallery. Now when I saw my time, I kneeled down before his majesty, opening the whole matter, and afterwards most humbly desired his majesty to pardon that woman. For I thought in my conscience she was not guilty, or else I would not for all the world sue for a murderer. The king most graciously heard my humble request, insomuch that I had a pardon ready for her at my returning homeward. In the mean season, that woman was delivered of a child in the tower of Cambridge, whose godfather I was, and Mrs Cheek was godmother. But all that time I hid my pardon, and told her nothing of it, only exhorting her to confess the truth. At the length the time came when she looked to suffer; I came as I was wont to do, to instruct her; she made great moan to me. So we travailed with this woman till we brought her to a good opinion; and at length showed her the king's pardon, and let her go.

Hasty Judgment

This tale I told you by this occasion, that though some women be very unnatural, and forget their children, yet when we hear any body so report, we should not be too hasty in believing the tale, but rather suspend our judgments till we know the truth.[1]

. . .

Here now I remember an argument of Master More's, which he bringeth in a book that he made against Bilney, and here by the way I will tell

Cause and Effect

[1] Serm. xvi. vol. 1, 326, ed. 1758.

Cause and Effect

you a merry toy. Master More was once sent in commission into Kent, to help to try out, if it might be, what was the cause of Goodwin sands and the shelf that stopped up Sandwich haven. Thither cometh Master More, and calleth the country before him, such as were thought to be men of experience, and men that could of likelihood best certify him of that matter concerning the stopping of Sandwich haven. Among others came in before him an old man with a white head, and one that was thought to be little less than a hundred years old. When Master More saw this aged man, he thought it expedient to hear him say his mind in this matter, for, being so old a man, it was likely that he knew most of any man in that presence and company. So Master More called this old aged man unto him, and said, father, tell me, if ye can, what is the cause of this great rising of the sands and shelves here about this haven, the which stop it up, so that no ships can arrive here? Ye are the eldest man that I can espy in all this company, so that if any man can tell any cause of it, ye of likelihood can say most of it, or at leastwise more than any man here assembled. Yea, forsooth, good Master, quoth this old man, for I am well nigh a hundred years old, and no man here in this company any thing near unto my age. Well then, quoth Master More, how say you in this matter? What think ye to be the cause of these shelves and flats that stop up Sandwich haven? Forsooth, sir, quoth he, I am an old man; I think that Tenderden-steeple is the cause of Goodwin sands; for I am an old man, sir, quoth he, and I may remember the building of

Tenderden-steeple, and I may remember when there was no steeple at all there. And before that Tenderden-steeple was in building, there was no manner of speaking of any flats or sands that stopped the haven, and therefore I think that Tenderden-steeple is the cause of the destroying and decay of Sandwich haven. And so to my purpose, preaching of God's word is the cause of rebellion, as Tenderden-steeple was the cause that Sandwich haven is decayed.[1] Cause and Effect

. . .

If the men in Turkey should use in their religion of Mahomet[2] to sell, as our patrons commonly sell benefices here, the office of preaching, the office of salvation, it would be taken as an intolerable thing; the Turk would not suffer it in his commonwealth. Patrons be charged to see the office done, and not to seek lucre and gain by their patronship. There was a patron in England, when it was, that had a benefice fallen into his hand, and a good brother of mine came unto him, and brought him thirty apples in a dish, and gave them to his man to carry them to his master: and it is like he gave one to his Church Patronage

[1] The subject of Cause and Effect, is of so much importance to the regulation of our opinions, and the subject has of late been so much investigated, particularly by Brown, in his excellent work on Cause and Effect, that I venture to subjoin six general positions upon this most interesting part of science. See note III. at the end of the volume.

[2] Ricaut says, The Turks have a great regard to truth in all their dealings; and that they detest lying and deceit. The Mufti of Constantinople keep no office for the sale of dispensations, pardons, indulgences, the purchase of livings in proviso, the praying of souls out of purgatory, and the canonization of saints.

Church Patronage

man for his labour, to make up the game, and so there was thirty-one. This man cometh to his master, and presenteth him with the dish of apples, saying, sir, such a man hath sent you a dish of fruit, and desireth you to be good unto him for such a benefice. Tush, tush, quoth he, this is no apple matter: I will have none of his apples, I have as good as these, or as any he hath, in my own orchard. The man came to the priest again, and told him what his master said: then quoth the priest, desire him yet to prove one of them for my sake, he shall find them much better than they look for. He cut one of them, and found ten pieces of gold in it. Marry, quoth he, this is a good apple: the priest standing not far off, hearing what the gentleman said, cried out and answered, they are all one fruit, I warrant you, sir: they grew all on one tree, and have all one taste. Well, he is a good fellow, let him have it, said the patron, &c. Get you a graft of this tree, and I warrant you it will stand you in better stead than all St. Paul's learning.[1]

. . .

Contemplation and Action[2]

We read a pretty story of St. Anthony, who being in the wilderness, led there a very hard and strict life, insomuch as none at that time did the like,

[1] Serm. ix. vol. 1, 165, ed. 1758.

[2] Lord Bacon is constant in his admonition of the wisdom of uniting contemplation and action; "that," he says, "will indeed dignify and exalt knowledge, if contemplation and action may be more nearly and strongly conjoined and united together, than they have been; a conjunction like unto that of the two highest planets, Saturn the planet of rest and contemplation, and Jupiter the planet of civil society and action:" and speaking of himself, Lord Bacon says, "we judge also that mankind may conceive some hopes from our example, which we offer, not by way of

to whom came a voice from Heaven, saying, Anthony, thou art not so perfect as is a cobbler that dwelleth in Alexandria. Anthony hearing this, rose up forthwith, and took his staff and travelled till he came to Alexandria, where he found the cobbler. The cobbler was astonished to see so reverend a father come to his house. Then Anthony said unto him, Come and tell me thy whole conversation, and how thou spendest thy time? Sir, said the cobbler, as for me, good works have I none, for my life is but simple and slender; I am but a poor cobbler: in the morning when I rise, I pray for the whole city wherein I dwell, especially for all such neighbours and poor friends as I have: after, I set me at my labour, where I spend the whole day in getting my living, and I keep me from all falsehood, for I hate nothing so much as I do deceitfulness; wherefore, when I make any man a promise, I keep it, and perform it truly; and thus I spend my time poorly, with my wife and children, whom I teach and instruct, as far as my wit will serve me, to fear and dread God. And this is the sum of my simple life.[1] Contemplation and Action

ostentation, but because it may be useful. If any one therefore should despair, let him consider a man as much employed in civil affairs as any other of his age, a man of no great share of health, who must therefore have lost much time, and yet, in this undertaking, he is the first that leads the way, unassisted by any mortal, and steadfastly entering the true path, that was absolutely untrod before, and submitting his mind to things, may somewhat have advanced the design."

[1] Serm. xxxiii. vol. 2, p. 737, ed. 1758.

Amongst the reasons which Sir Thomas More assigns for not having sooner published his Utopia, he has transmitted to us the following family picture:—Dum foris totum ferme

The Shepherds

The Nativity was revealed first to the shepherds, and it was revealed unto them in the night time, when every body was at rest, then they heard the joyful tidings of the Saviour of the world; for these shepherds were keeping their sheep in the night season from the wolf or other beasts, and from the fox.

By these shepherds all men may learn to attend upon their offices, and callings: I would wish that all clergymen, the curates, parsons, and vicars, the bishops, and all other spiritual persons, would learn this lesson by these poor shepherds; which is this, to abide by their flocks and by their sheep, to tarry amongst them, to be careful over them, not to run hither and thither after their own pleasure, but to tarry by their benefices and feed their sheep with the food of God's word, and to keep hospitality, and so to feed them both soul and body.[1]

And now I would ask a strange question; who

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diem aliis impertior, reliquum meis: relinquo mihi, hoc est, literis nihil. Nempe reverso domum, cum uxore fabulandum est, garriendum cum liberis, colloquendum cum ministris. Quæ ego omnia inter negotia numero, quando fieri necesse est (necesse est autem, nisi velis esse domi tua peregrinus) et danda, omnino opera est, ut quos vitæ tuæ comites, aut natura providit, aut fecit casus, aut ipse delegisti, his ut te quam jucundissimum compares.—*Mori Utopia, præfatio pagina*, 4, 5.

He devoted the little time which he could spare from his avocations abroad to his family, and spent it in little innocent and endearing conversations with his wife and children: which, though some might think them trifling amusements, he placed among the necessary duties and business of life; it being incumbent on every one to make himself as agreeable as possible to those whom nature has made, or he himself has singled out for his companions in life.

[1] Serm. xxxv. vol. 2, p. 769, ed. 1758.

is the most diligent bishop and prelate in all England, and passeth all the rest in doing his office? I can tell, for I know him who he is; I know him well: but now methinks I see you listening and hearkening that I should name him. There is one that passeth all the other, and is the most diligent prelate and preacher in all England. And will ye know who it is? I will tell you: It is the devil. He is the most diligent preacher of all other; he is never out of his diocess; he is never from his cure; ye shall never find him unoccupied; he is ever in his parish; he keepeth residence at all times; ye shall never find him out of the way, call for him when ye will; he is ever at home; the most diligent preacher in all the realm. He is ever at his plough; no lording nor loitering may hinder him; he is ever applying to his business; ye shall never find him idle, I warrant you. And his office is to hinder religion, to maintain superstition, to set up idolatry, to teach all kind of popery. He is as ready as can be wished for to set forth his plough; to devise as many ways as can be to deface and obscure God's glory. Where the devil is resident, and hath his plough going, there away with books and up with candles; away with Bibles and up with beads; away with the light of the gospel, and up with the light of candles, yea, at noon-day. Where the devil is resident, that he may prevail, up with all superstition and idolatry; censing, painting of images, candles, palms, ashes, holy water, and new service of men's inventing; as though man could invent a better way to honour God with, than God himself hath appointed. Down with Christ's cross, up with purgatory pickpurse, up

The Shepherds

The Shepherds

with popish purgatory, I mean. Away with clothing the naked, the poor and impotent, up with decking of images, and gay garnishing of stocks and stones; up with man's traditions and his laws, down with God's will and his most holy word. Down with the old honour due unto God, and up with the new god's honour. Let all things be done in Latin: there must be nothing but Latin, not so much as, "Remember man that thou art ashes, and into ashes shalt thou return."[1]

. . .

Dress

We need not to cry out against Bethlehem, but let us cry out on ourselves, for we are as ill in all points as they were. I warrant you, there was many a jolly damsel at that time in Bethlehem, yet amongst them all there was not one found that would humble herself so much as once to go see poor Mary in the stable, and to comfort her. No, no; they were too fine to take so much pains. I warrant you they had their bracelets, and fardingales, and were trimmed with all manner of fine and costly raiment, like as there may be many now-a-days amongst us, which study nothing else but how they may devise fine raiment; and in the mean season, they suffer poor Mary to lie in the stable; that is to say, the poor people of God they suffer to perish for lack of necessaries.[2] But what was her swaddling clothes wherein she laid the king of heaven and earth? no doubt it was poor gear, peradventure it was her kerchief which she took from her head.[3]

[1] Serm. iv. vol. 1, p. 32, ed. 1758.

[2] Serm. xxxii. vol. 2, p. 715, ed. 1758.

[3] Burnet, in his History of his Own Times, when speaking of Sir H. Grimstone, says,—

"His second wife, whom I knew, was niece to the great

"By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples if ye shall love one another." So that he maketh love his cognizance, his badge, his livery. Like as every lord most commonly giveth a certain livery to his servants, whereby they may be known that they pertain unto him; and so we say yonder is this Lord's servants, because they wear his livery. So our Saviour, who is the lord above all lords, would have his servants to be known by their liveries and badge, which badge is love alone. Whosoever now is indued with

Dress

Sir Francis Bacon, and was the last of that family. She had all the high notions for the church and the crown, in which she had been bred; but was the humblest, and devoutest, and the best tempered person I ever knew of that sort. It was really a pleasure to hear her talk of religion. She did it with so much elevation and force. She was always very plain in her clothes. And went oft to jails to consider the wants of the prisoners, and relieve, or discharge them; and by the meanness of her dress she passed but for a servant trusted with the charities of others. When she was travelling in the country, as she drew near a village, she often ordered her coach to stay behind till she had walked about it, giving orders for the instruction of children, and leaving liberally for that end. With two such persons I spent several of my years very happily." "Virtue," says Lord Bacon, "is like a rich stone, best plain set. Cleanliness, and the civil beauty of the body was ever esteemed to proceed from a modesty of behaviour, and a due reverence in the first place towards God, whose creatures we are: then towards society, wherein we live: then towards ourselves, whom we ought no less, nay much more to revere. But adulterate decoration by painting and ceruse, is well worthy the imperfections which attend it; being neither fine enough to deceive, nor handsome enough to please, nor wholesome to use. We read of Jesabel that she painted her face: but there is no such report of Esther or Judith."

Dress

love and charity, is his servant; him we may call Christ's servant; for love is the token whereby you know that such a servant pertaineth to Christ; so that charity may be called the very livery of Christ. He that hath charity is Christ's servant: he that hath not charity is the servant of the devil. For like as Christ's livery is love and charity, so the devil's livery is hatred, malice, and discord.

* * *

Religious Persecution

St Luke hath observants, observants; that is, watchers, tooters, spies, much like the observant friars, the barefoot friars that were here; which indeed were the bishop of Rome's spies, watching, in every country, what was said or done against him. He had it quickly by one or other of his spies, they were his men altogether; his posts, to work against the regalita. In the court, in the noblemen's houses, in every merchant's house, those observants were spying, tooting, and looking, watching and praying, what they might hear and see, against the see of Rome. Take heed of these observants.[1]

I was once in examination before five or six bishops, where I had much turmoiling: every week thrice I came to examination, and many snares and traps were laid to get something. Now God knoweth I was ignorant of the law; but that God gave me answer and wisdom what I should speak. It was God, indeed, for else I had never escaped them. At the last I was brought forth to be examined, in a chamber hanged with arras, where I was wont to be examined, but now at this time the

[1] Serm. xii. vol. 2, p. 236, ed. 1758.

chamber was somewhat altered. For whereas before there was wont ever to be a fire in the chimney, now the fire was taken away, and an arras hanging hanged over the chimney, and the table stood near the chimney's end; so that I stood between the table and the chimney's end. There was among these bishops that examined me, one with whom I have been very familiar, and took him for my great friend, an aged man, and he sat next the table's end. Then among all other questions, he put forth one, a very subtle and crafty one, and such a one indeed as I could not think so great danger in. And when I should make answer, I pray you, Master Latimer, saith he, speak out; I am very thick of hearing, and here be many that sit far off. I marvelled at this, that I was bidden to speak out, and began to misdeem, and gave an ear to the chimney. And, sir, there I heard a pen walking in the chimney behind the cloth. They had appointed one there to write all my answers, for they made sure work that I should not start from them, there was no starting from them. God was my good Lord, and gave me answer, I could never else have escaped it.[1]

Religious Persecution

At the trial of Bishop Latimer in the 76th year of his age, the charge was read by the Bishop of Lincoln. "We object to thee, Hugh Latimer, first, that thou in this University of Oxford, in the year 1554, in April, May, June, July, or in some one or more of them, hast affirmed, and openly defended and maintained, and in many other times and places besides, That the true and natural body of Christ, after the consecration of the priest, is not

[1] Serm. xii. vol. I., p. 247, ed. 1758.

Religious Persecution

really present in the sacrament of the altar." Whereupon Lincoln, with the other Bishops, exhorted Master Latimer again to recant and revoke his errors. But on his refusal the Bishop of Lincoln called aloud to Master Latimer, and bid him hearken to him; and then he pronounced on him the sentence, and delivered him over to the secular power.

About eight of the clock Ridley and Latimer were conducted from the mayor's house to the place of execution, which was a spot of ground on the north side of the town over-against Baliol College. In their way thither Ridley outwent Latimer some way before; but he looking back espied Latimer coming after, and said to him, "O, be ye there?" "Yea," said Master Latimer, "have after as fast as I can follow." Bishop Ridley first entered the lists, dressed in his episcopal habit; and soon after, Bishop Latimer, as usual, in his prison garb. Master Latimer now suffered the keeper to pull off his prison-garb, and then he appeared in a shroud. Being ready, he fervently recommended his soul to God, and then delivered himself to the executioner, saying to the Bishop of London these prophetical words: "We shall this day, my lord, light such a candle in England, as shall never be extinguished."

SECTION III.

DR SOUTH.

Who can tell all the windings and turnings, all the depths, all the hollownesses and dark corners of the mind of man? He who enters upon this scrutiny, enters into a labyrinth or a wilderness, where he has no guide but chance or industry to direct his enquiries or to put an end to his search. It is a wilderness, in which a man may wander more than forty years; a wilderness through which few have passed to the promised land.

Sermon on Prov. xxviii. 26.

Pleasure

. . .

1. In general.
2. In particular.
    1. Sensual compared with intellectual pleasure.
    2. Pleasure of great place.
    3. Pleasure of amusement compared with the pleasure of industry.
    4. Pleasure of meditation.
    5. Pleasure of religion.

Pleasure in general.

Pleasure in general, is the apprehension of a suitable object, suitably applied to a rightly disposed faculty; and so must be conversant both about the faculties of the body and of the soul respectively.[1]

Sensual compared with Intellectual Pleasure.

The difference of which two estates consists in this; that in the former the sensitive appetites rule and domineer; in the latter the supreme faculty of

[1] Does not happiness consist in a due exercise of all our faculties? The harp in tune and properly played.

Strange that a harp with many strings
Should keep in tune so long.

Pleasure

the soul, called reason, sways the sceptre and acts the whole man above the irregular demands of appetite and affection.

There is no doubt, but a man while he resigns himself up to the brutish guidance of sense and appetite, has no relish at all for the spiritual refined delights of a soul clarified by grace and virtue. The pleasures of an angel can never be the pleasures of a hog. But this is the thing that we contend for, that a man having once advanced himself to a state of superiority over the control of his inferior appetites, finds an infinitely more solid and sublime pleasure in the delights proper to his reason, than the same person had ever conveyed to him by the bare ministry of his senses.[1]

[1] The pleasure and delight of knowledge and learning far surpasseth all other in nature: for, shall the pleasures of the affections so exceed the senses, as much as the obtaining of desire or victory exceedeth a song or a dinner; and must not, of consequence, the pleasures of the intellect or understanding exceed the pleasures of the affections? We see in all other pleasures there is satiety, and after they be used, their verdure departeth; which showeth well they be but deceits of pleasure, and not pleasure; and that it was the novelty which pleased, and not the quality: and therefore we see that voluptuous men turn friars, and ambitious princes turn melancholy. But of knowledge there is no satiety, but satisfaction and appetite are perpetually interchangeable.

The poet that beautified the sect, that was otherwise inferior to the rest, saith yet excellently well: It is a pleasure to stand upon the shore, and to see ships tossed upon the sea: a pleasure to stand in the window of a castle, and to see a battle, and the adventures thereof below: but no pleasure is comparable to the standing upon the vantage ground of truth (a hill not to be commanded, and where the air is always clear and serene), and to see the errors, and wanderings, and mists, and tempests, in the

The change and passage from a state of nature, to a state of virtue, is laborious. The ascent up the hill is hard and tedious, but the serenity and Pleasure

vale below; so always that this prospect be with pity and not with swelling or pride. Certainly, it is heaven upon earth, to have a man's mind move in charity, rest in providence, and turn upon the poles of truth.

> ——— Nature never did betray
> The heart that loved her; 'tis her privilege,
> Through all the years of this our life, to lead
> From joy to joy: for she can so inform
> The mind that is within us, so impress
> With quietness and beauty, and so feed
> With lofty thoughts, that neither evil tongues,
> Rash judgments, nor the sneers of selfish men,
> Nor greetings where no kindness is, nor all
> The dreary intercourse of daily life,
> Shall e'er prevail against us, or disturb
> Our cheerful faith, that all which we behold
> Is full of blessings.—WORDSWORTH.

Children and fools choose to please their senses rather than their reason, because they still dwell within the regions of sense, and have but little residence among intellectual essences. And because the needs of nature first employ the sensual appetites, these being first in possession would also fain retain it, and therefore forever continue the title, and perpetually fight for it; but because the inferior faculty fighting against the superior is no better than a rebel, and that it takes reason for its enemy, it shews such actions which please the sense and do not please the reason to be unnatural, monstrous, and unreasonable. And it is a great disreputation to the understanding of a man, to be so cozened and deceived, as to choose money before a moral virtue; to please that which is common to him and beasts, rather than that part which is a communication of the divine nature; to see him run after a bubble which himself hath made, and the sun hath particoloured.

Against this folly christian religion opposes contempt of things below, and setting our affections on things above.

TAYLOR'S *Life of Christ.*

Pleasure fair prospect at the top, is sufficient to incite the labour of undertaking it, and to reward it being undertook.[1]

Pleasure of Great Place.

But to look upon those pleasures also, that have a higher object than the body; as those that spring from honour and grandeur of condition; yet we shall find, that even these are not so fresh and constant but the mind can nauseate them, and quickly feel the thinness of a popular breath. Those that are so fond of applause while they pursue it, how little do they taste it when they have it! like lightning, it only flashes upon the face and is gone, and it is well if it does not hurt the man. But for greatness of place, though it is fit and necessary that some persons in the world should be in love with a splendid servitude, yet certainly they must be much beholding to their own fancy, that they can be pleased at it.[2]

[1] I shall detain you now no longer in the demonstration of what we should not do, but straight conduct you to a hill side, where I will point you out the right path of a virtuous and noble education; laborious indeed at the first ascent, but else so smooth, so green, so full of goodly prospect and melodious sounds on every side, that the harp of Orpheus was not more charming.—Milton.

[2] Men in great place are thrice servants; servants of the sovereign or state, servants of fame, and servants of business; so as they have no freedom, neither in their persons, nor in their actions, nor in their times. It is a strange desire to seek power and to lose liberty; or to seek power over others and to lose power over a man's self. Certainly great persons had need to borrow other men's opinions to think themselves happy; for if they judge by their own feeling they cannot find it; but if they think

The Pleasure of Amusement compared with the Pleasure from Industry in our Callings. Pleasure

Nor is that man less deceived, that thinks to maintain a constant tenure of pleasure, by a continual pursuit of sports and recreations. The most voluptuous and loose person breathing, were he but tied to follow his hawks and his hounds, his dice and his courtships every day, would find it the greatest torment and calamity that could befall him; he would fly to the mines and galleys for his recreation, and to the spade and the mattock for a diversion from the misery of a continual unintermitted pleasure. But, on the contrary, the providence of God has so ordered the course of things, that there is no action, the usefulness of which has made it the matter of duty and of a profession, but a man may bear the continual pursuit of it, without loathing and satiety. The same shop and trade, that employs a man in his youth, employs him also in his age. Every morning he rises fresh to his hammer and anvil;[1] he passes the day singing; custom has naturalized his labour to him; his shop is his element, and he

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with themselves what other men think of them, and that other men would fain be as they are, then they are happy as it were by report, when, perhaps, they find the contrary within; for they are the first that find their own griefs, though they be the last that find their own faults. Certainly men in great fortunes are strangers to themselves, and while they are in the puzzle of business they have no time to tend their health either of body or mind: "Illi mors gravis incubat, qui notus nimis omnibus, ignotus moritur sibi."—BACON.

[1] See ante, 124, 125.

Pleasure cannot with any enjoyment of himself live out of it.[1]

The Pleasure of Meditation

Has been sometimes so great, so intense, so ingrossing all the powers of the soul, that there has been no room left for any other pleasure. Contemplation feels no hunger, nor is sensible of any thirst, but of that after knowledge. How frequent and exalted a pleasure did David find from his meditation in the divine law? all the day long it was the theme of his thoughts. The affairs of state, the government of his kingdom, might indeed employ, but it was this only that refreshed his his mind.

How short of this are the delights of the epicure? how vastly disproportionate are the pleasures of the eating and of the thinking man? indeed as different as the silence of an Archimedes in the study of a problem, and the stillness of a sow at her wash.

Pleasure of Religion.

Its object is no less than the great God himself, and that both in his nature and his works. For the

[1] With what hard toil, with what uneasy cares,
The woodpecker his scanty meal prepares:
Tho' small the feast that must reward his pains,
Sweet is that meal which honest labour gains.

Johnson thought the happiest life was that of a man of business, with some literary pursuits for his amusement: and that in general no one could be virtuous or happy, that was not completely employed. "Be not solitary; be not idle," is the conclusion of Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy. See Search's Light of Nature, vol. x., where there is a chapter on employment of Time.

eye of reason, like that of the eagle, directs itself chiefly to the sun, to a glory that neither admits of a superior, nor an equal. Religion carries the soul to the study of every divine attribute. Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace.[1] Pleasure

. . .

Human Perfection: or, Adam in Paradise

So God created man in His own image, in the image of God created He him.

Analysis of the Sermon.

1. The mind.
   The Understanding.
   The Will.
   The Passions.
2. The Body.

Perfection in General.

The image of God in man is that universal rectitude of all the faculties of the soul, by which they stand apt and disposed to their respective offices and operations.

[1] Serm. i., vol. 1.

It was now the middle of May, and the morning was remarkably serene, when Mr Allworthy walked forth on the terrace, where the dawn opened every minute that lovely prospect we have before described to his eye. And now, having sent forth streams of light, which ascended the blue firmament before him as harbingers preceding his pomp, in the full blaze of his majesty, up rose the sun: than which one object alone in this lower creation could be more glorious, and that Mr Allworthy himself presented —a human being replete with benevolence, meditating in what manner he might render himself most acceptable to his Creator, by doing most good to his creatures.—FIELDING.

Human Perfection: or, Adam in Paradise

Perfection of Understanding.

And first for its noblest faculty the understanding: it was then sublime, clear, and aspiring, and, as it were, the soul's upper region, lofty and serene, free from the vapours and disturbances of the inferior affections. It was the leading, controlling faculty; all the passions wore the colours of reason; it did not so much persuade as command; it was not consul but dictator. Discourse was then almost as quick as intuition; it was nimble in proposing, firm in concluding; it could sooner determine than now it can dispute. Like the sun it had both light and agility; it knew no rest but in motion; no quiet but in activity. It did not so properly apprehend as irradiate the object; not so much find, as make things intelligible. It did arbitrate upon the several reports of sense, and all the varieties of imagination; not like a drowsy judge, only hearing, but also directing their verdict. In sum, it was vegete, quick, and lively; open as the day, untainted as the morning, full of the innocence and sprightliness of youth; it gave the soul a bright and a full view into all things.

Speculative Understanding.[1]

For the understanding speculative, there are some general maxims and notions in the mind of man, which are the rules of discourse, and the basis of all philosophy. Now it was Adam's happiness in

[1] That understanding is in a perfect state for the acquisition of knowledge, which is capable, at any time, to acquire any sort of knowledge. The defects therefore are either, 1st. An inability at particular times to acquire knowledge: or, 2ndly. An inability to acquire particular sorts of knowledge.

the state of innocence to have these clear and unsullied. He came into the world a philosopher. He could see consequents yet dormant in their principles, and effects yet unborn and in the womb of their causes: his understanding could almost pierce into future contingents; his conjectures improving even to prophecy, or to certainties of prediction; till his fall it was ignorant of nothing but of sin; or at least it rested in the notion without the smart of the experiment. Could any difficulty have been proposed, the resolution would have been as early as the proposal; it could not have had time to settle into doubt. Like a better Archimedes, the issue of all his enquiries was an εὕρηκα an ἔυρηκα, the offspring of his brain without the sweat of his brow. There was then no poring, no struggling with memory, no straining for invention. His faculties were quick and expedite; they answered without knocking, they were ready upon the first summons, there was freedom and firmness in all their operations. I confess 'tis as difficult for us who date our ignorance from our first being, and were still bred up with the same infirmities about us with which we were born, to raise our thoughts and imagination to those intellectual perfections that attended our nature in the time of innocence, as it is for a peasant bred up in the obscurities of a cottage, to fancy in his mind the unseen splendours of a court. But by rating positives by their privatives, and other arts of reason, by which discourse supplies the want of the reports of sense, we may collect the excellency of the understanding then, by the glorious remainders

Human Perfection: or, Adam in Paradise

Human Perfection: or, Adam in Paradise

of it now, and guess at the stateliness of the building by the magnificence of its ruins. And certainly that must needs have been very glorious, the decays of which are so admirable. He that is comely, when old and decrepit, surely was very beautiful when he was young. An Aristotle was but the rubbish of an Adam, and Athens but the rudiments of paradise.

Practical Understanding.

The image of God was no less resplendent in that which we call man's practical understanding; namely, that storehouse of the soul, in which are treasured up the rules of action, and the seeds of morality. Now of this sort are these maxims, "That God is to be worshipped." "That parents are to be honoured." "That a man's word is to be kept." It was the privilege of Adam innocent to have these notions also firm and untainted, to carry his monitor in his bosom, his law in his heart. His own mind taught him a due dependence upon God, and chalked out to him the just proportions, and measures of behaviour to his fellow-creatures. Reason was his tutor, and first principles his *magna moralia*. The decalogue of Moses was but a transcript, not an original. All the laws of nations and wise decrees of state, the statutes of Solon, and the twelve tables, were but a paraphrase upon this standing rectitude of nature, this fruitful principle of Justice, that was ready to run out and enlarge itself into suitable determinations upon all emergent objects and occasions. Justice then was neither blind to discern nor lame to execute. It was not subject to be

imposed upon by a deluded fancy, nor yet to be bribed by a glozing appetite, for an *utile* or *jucundum* to turn the balance to a false or dishonest sentence. In all its directions of the inferior faculties it conveyed its suggestions with clearness and enjoined them with power; it had the passions in perfect subjection; and though its command over them was but suasive and political, yet it had the force of coaction and despotical. It was not then, as it is now, where the conscience has only power to disapprove and to protest against the exorbitances of the passions, and rather to wish, than make them otherwise. The voice of conscience now is low and weak, chastising the passions, as old Eli did his lustful domineering sons: "Not so, my sons, not so;" but the voice of conscience then was not, "This should, or this ought to be done:" but "this must, this shall be done." It spoke like a legislator: the thing spoke was a law: and the manner of speaking it a new obligation. Human Perfection: or, Adam in Paradise

Perfection of the Will.

The will was then ductile and pliant to all the motions of right reason, it met the dictates of a clarified understanding half way. And the active information of the intellect filling the passive reception of the will, like form closing with matter, grew actuate into a third and distinct perfection of practice: the understanding and will never disagreed, for the proposals of the one never thwarted the inclinations of the other. Yet neither did the will servilely attend upon the understanding, but as a favourite does upon his prince, where the service is privilege and preferment; or as Solomon's

Human Perfection: or, Adam in Paradise

servants waited upon him, it admired its wisdom and heard his prudent dictates and counsels, both the direction and the reward of its obedience. It is indeed the nature of this faculty to follow a superior guide, to be drawn by the intellect; but then it was drawn, as a triumphant chariot, which at the same time both follows and triumphs; while it obeyed this it commanded the other faculties. It was subordinate, not enslaved to the understanding: not as a servant to a master, but as a queen to her king; who both acknowledges a subjection, and yet retains a majesty.

Love.

This is the great instrument and engine of nature, the bond and cement of society, the spring and spirit of the universe. It is of that active, restless nature, that it must of necessity exert itself: and like the fire, to which it is so often compared, it is not a free agent to choose whether it will heat or no, but it streams forth by natural results, and unavoidable emanations, so that it will fasten upon an inferior, unsuitable object, rather than none at all.[1] The soul may sooner leave off to subsist, than to love; and like the vine, it withers and dies, if it has nothing to embrace. Now this affec-

[1] Bacon in his Essay of Goodness of Nature says, "The inclination to goodness is imprinted deeply in the nature of man, insomuch, that if it issue not towards men, it will take unto other living creatures; as it is seen in the Turks, a cruel people, who nevertheless are kind to beasts, and give alms to dogs and birds; insomuch, as Busbechius reporteth a Christian boy in Constantinople had like to have been stoned for gagging in a waggishness a long-billed fowl."

tion in the state of innocence was happily pitched upon its right object; it flamed up in direct fervours of devotion to God, and in collateral emissions of charity to its neighbour. It was a vestal and a virgin fire, and differed as much from that which usually passes by this name now-a-days, as the vital heat from the burning of a fever. Human Perfection: or, Adam in Paradise

Hatred.

No rancour, no hatred of our brother: an innocent nature could hate nothing that was innocent. In a word, so great is the commutation, that the soul then hated only that, which now only it loves, *i.e.* sin.

Anger.

Anger then was like the sword of Justice, keen, but innocent and righteous. It did not act like fury, and then call it self-zeal. It always espoused God's honour: and never kindled upon anything but in order to a sacrifice. It sparkled like the coal upon the altar, with the fervours of piety, the heats of devotion, the sallies and vibrations of a harmless activity.[1]

Joy.

In the next place, for the lightsome passion of joy. It was not that which now often usurps this name; that trivial, vanishing, superficial thing, that only gilds the apprehension, and plays upon the surface of the soul. It was not the mere crackling of thorns, a sudden blaze of the spirits, the exultation of a tickled fancy or a pleased appetite. Joy was then a masculine and a severe thing: the recreation

[1] Ante, 38-41.

Human Perfection: or, Adam in Paradise

of the judgment, the jubilee of reason. It was the result of a real good suitably applied. It commenced upon the solidities of truth and the substance of fruition. It did not run out in voice or undecent eruptions, but filled the soul, as God does the universe, silently and without noise.

Sorrow.

And, on the other side, for sorrow. Had any loss or disaster made but room for grief, it would have moved according to the severe allowances of prudence, and the proportions of the provocation. It would not have sallied out into complaint or loudness, nor spread itself upon the face, and writ sad stories upon the forehead. No wringing of the hands; knocking the breast, or wishing one's self unborn; all which are but the ceremonies of sorrow, the pomp and ostentation of an effeminate grief: which speak not so much the greatness of the misery, as the smallness of the mind. Sorrow then would have been as silent as thought, as severe as philosophy. It would have rested in inward senses, tacit dislikes; and the whole scene of it been transacted in sad and silent reflections.[1]

Fear.

It is now indeed an unhappiness, the disease of the soul; it flies from a shadow, and makes more dangers than it avoids: it weakens the judgment and betrays the succours of reason. It was then the instrument of caution, not of anxiety; a guard, and not a torment to the breast. It fixed upon him who is only to be feared—God; and yet with

[1] See ante, 8-12.

a filial fear, which at the same time both fears and loves. It was awe without amazement, dread without distraction. There was then a beauty even in its very paleness. It was the colour of devotion, giving a lustre to reverence and a gloss to humility.[1] Human Perfection: or, Adam in Paradise

The Body.

ADAM was no less glorious in his externals; he had a beautiful body, as well as an immortal soul. The whole compound was like a well built temple, stately without, and sacred within.[2]

Gratitude and Ingratitude.

GRATITUDE is properly a virtue, disposing the mind to an inward sense and an outward acknowledgment of a benefit received, together with a readiness to return the same or the like, as the occasions of the doer of it shall require, and the abilities of the receiver extend to. David in the overflowing sense of God's goodness to him cries out in the 116 Psalm, verse 12, "What shall I render unto the Lord for all his benefits towards me?" So the grateful

[1] See ante, 68-71.

[2] MINUTE ANALYSIS OF THE SERMON.

Perfection.
- 1. In General.
- 2. In Particular.
  - 1. Mind.
    - 1. The Understanding.
      - 1. Speculative.
      - 2. Practical.
    - 2. The Will.
    - 3. The Passions.
      - 1. Love.
      - 2. Hatred.
      - 3. Anger.
      - 4. Envy.
      - 5. Sorrow.
      - 6. Fear.
  - 2. Body.

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person pressed down upon the apprehension of any great kindness done him, eases his burthened mind a little by such expostulations with himself as these: "What shall I do for such a friend, for such a patron, who has so frankly, so generously, so unconstrainedly, relieved me in such a distress; supported me against such an enemy; supplied, cherished, and upheld me, when relations would not know me, or at least could not help me; and, in a word, has prevented my desires, and outdone my necessities?"[1] Ingratitude is an insensibility of kindnesses received, without any endeavour either to acknowledge or repay them. Ingratitude sits on its throne, with pride at its right hand and cruelty at its left, worthy supporters of such a state. You may rest upon this as a proposition of an eternal unfailing truth, that there neither is, nor ever was any person remarkably

[1] I subjoin a specimen of "GRATITUDE," as taught by the Moralist, the Historian, and the Poet.

THE MORALIST.

Examples of ingratitude check and discourage voluntary beneficence: and in this the mischief of ingratitude consists. Nor is the mischief small; for after all is done that can be done, by prescribing general rules of justice, and enforcing the observation of them by penalties or compulsion, much must be left to those offices of kindness, which men remain at liberty to exert or withhold.—*Paley's Moral Philosophy*, 234.

THE HISTORIAN.

The father of *Caius Toranius* had been proscribed by the triumvirate. *Caius Toranius*, coming over to the interests of that party, discovered to the officers, who were in pursuit of his father's life, the place where he concealed himself, and gave them withal a description, by which they might distinguish his person, when they found him. The old man, more anxious for the safety and fortunes of his

ungrateful, who was not also insufferably proud; nor, convertibly, any one proud, who was not equally ungrateful. For as snakes breed in dung-hills not singly, but in knots, so in such base noisome hearts, you shall ever see pride and ingratitude indivisibly wreathed, and twisted together. Ingratitude overlooks all kindnesses, but it is, because pride makes it carry its head so high. Ingratitude is too base to return a kindness, and too proud to regard it; much like the tops of mountains, barren indeed, but yet lofty; they produce nothing, they feed nobody, they clothe nobody, yet are high and stately, and look down upon all the world about them. Ingratitude indeed put the poniard into Brutus's hand, but it was want of compassion which thrust it into Cæsar's heart. Friendship consists properly in

Human Perfection: or, Adam in Paradise

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son, than about the little that might remain of his own life, began immediately to enquire of the officers who seized him, whether his son were well, whether he had done his duty to the satisfaction of his generals. "That son," replied one of the officers, "so dear to thy affections, betrayed thee to us; by his information thou art apprehended, and diest." The officer with this struck a poniard to his heart, and the unhappy parent fell, not so much affected by his fate, as by the means to which he owed it. —*Ibid.* 8.

THE POET.

The bridegroom may forget his bride
Was made his wedded wife yestreen:
The monarch may forget his crown
Which on his head an hour has been;
The mother may forget her child
Wha smiles sae sweetly on her knee,
But I'll remember, thee, Glencairn,
And all that thou hast done for me. BURNS.

Human Perfection: or, Adam in Paradise

mutual offices, and a generous strife in alternate acts of kindness. But he who does a kindness to an ungrateful person, sets his seal to a flint, and sows his seed upon the sand: upon the former he makes no impression, and from the latter he finds no production. The only voice of ingratitude is, give, give; but when the gift is once received, then, like the swine at his trough, it is silent and insatiable. In a word, the ungrateful person is a monster, which is all throat and belly; a kind of thoroughfare or common shore, for the good things of the world to pass into; and of whom, in respect of all kindnesses conferred on him, may be verified that observation of the lion's den; before which appeared the footsteps of many that had gone in thither, but no prints of any that ever came out thence.

Covetousness.

Of covetousness we may truly say, that it makes both the Alpha and Omega in the devil's alphabet, and that it is the first vice in corrupt nature which moves, and the last which dies. For look upon any infant, and as soon as it can but move a hand, we shall see it reaching out after something or other which it should not have; and he who does not know it to be the proper and peculiar sin of old age, seems himself to have the dotage of that age upon him, whether he has the years or no.

The covetous person lives as if the world were made altogether for him, and not he for the world, to take in every thing, and to part with nothing. Charity is accounted no grace with him, nor gratitude any virtue. The cries of the poor never enter

into his ears; or if they do, he has always one ear readier to let them out than the other to take them in. In a word, by his rapines and extortions, he is always for making as many poor as he can, but for relieving none, whom he either finds or makes so. So that it is a question, whether his heart be harder, or his fist closer. In a word, he is a pest and a monster: greedier than the sea, and barrenner than the shore. Human Perfection: or, Adam in Paradise

. . .

From the beginning of the world, to this day, there was never any great villany acted by men, but it was in the strength of some great fallacy put upon their minds by a false representation of evil for good, or good for evil. Is a man impoverished and undone by the purchase of an estate? why; it is, because he bought an imposture; payed down his money for a lie, and by the help of the best and ablest counsel (forsooth) that could be had, took a bad title for a good. Is a man unfortunate in marriage? still it is, because he was deceived, and put his neck into the snare, before he put it into the yoke, and so took that for virtue and affection, which was nothing but vice in a disguise, and a devilish humour under a demure look. Is he again unhappy and calamitous in his friendships? why: in this also, it is because he built upon the air and trod upon a quicksand, and took that for kindness and sincerity which was only malice and design. Self-Deception

. . .

The natural inability of most men to judge exactly of things, makes it very difficult for them to discern the real good and evil of what comes before them, to consider and weigh circumstances, to Knowledge of Good and Evil

Knowledge of Good and Evil

scatter and look through the mists of error, and so separate appearances from reality. For the greater part of mankind is but slow and dull of apprehension; and therefore in many cases under a necessity of seeing with other men's eyes, and judging with other men's understandings. To which their want of judging or discerning abilities, we may add also their want of leisure and opportunity to apply their minds to such a serious and attent consideration, as may let them into a full discovery of the true goodness and evil of things, which are qualities which seldom display themselves to the first view: There must be leisure and retirement, solitude and a sequestration of man's self from the noise and toil of the world; for truth scorns to be seen by eyes too much fixed upon inferior objects. It lies too deep to be fetched up with the plough, and too close to be beaten out with the hammer. It dwells not in shops or workhouses; nor till the late age was it ever known, that any one served seven years to a smith or a tailor, that he might at the end thereof, proceed master of any other arts, but such as those trades taught him: and much less that he should commence doctor or divine from the shopboard, or the anvil; or from whistling to a team, come to preach to a congregation. These were the peculiar, extraordinary privileges of the late blessed times of light and inspiration: otherwise nature will still hold on its own course, never doing anything which is considerable without the assistance of its two great helps—art and industry. But above all, the knowledge of what is good and what is evil, what ought and what ought not to be done in the

several offices and relations of life, is a thing too large to be compassed, and too hard to be mastered, without brains and study, parts and contemplation.[1] Knowledge of Good and Evil

[1] Such were the sentiments of South. Shakespeare, in Troilus and Cressida, says,

> Paris, and Troilus, you have both said well;
> And on the cause and question now in hand
> Have gloz'd, but superficially; not much
> Unlike young men, whom Aristotle thought
> Unfit to hear moral philosophy:
> The reasons you allege, do more conduce
> To the hot passion of distemper'd blood,
> Than to make up a free determination
> 'Twixt right and wrong; for pleasure and revenge
> Have ears more deaf than adders to the voice
> Of any true decision.

Lord Bacon, in stating the objections made by divines to the advancement of learning, says, "They urge that knowledge is of the nature and number of those things, which are to be accepted with great limitation and caution; that the aspiring to overmuch knowledge was the original temptation and sin, whereupon ensued the fall of man." To which Lord Bacon answers, "the divines do not observe and consider, that it was not that pure and primitive knowledge of nature, by the light whereof man did give names to other creatures in paradise, as they were brought before him, according to their proprieties, which gave the occasion to the fall; but it was that proud knowledge of good and evil, with an intent to shake off God and to give law unto himself."

So too, in his tract on education, he says, "Is it not a wise opinion of Aristotle and worthy to be regarded: That young men are no fit auditors of Moral philosophy, because the boiling heat of their affections is not yet settled, nor attempered with time and experience. And to speak truth, doth it not hereof come that those excellent books and discourses of ancient writers, (whereby they have persuaded unto virtue most effectually; representing as well her stately majesty to the eyes of the world, as exposing to scorn popular opinions in disgrace of virtue, attired as it were, in their

Knowledge of Good and Evil

Ignorance in Power.[1]

We know how great an absurdity our Saviour accounted it for the blind to lead the blind; and to put him that cannot so much as see, to discharge the office of a watch. Nothing more exposes to contempt than ignorance. When Samson's eyes were out, of a public magistrate he was made a public sport. And when Eli was blind, we know how well he governed his sons, and how well they governed the church under him. But now the blindness of the understanding is greater and more scandalous: especially in such a seeing age as ours; in which the very knowledge of former times passes but for ignorance in a better dress; an age that flies at all learning, and enquires into every thing, but especially into faults and defects. Ignorance, indeed, so far as it may be resolved into natural inability, is, as to men, at least, inculpable, and consequently not the object of scorn, but pity; but in a governor, it cannot be without the conjunction of the highest impudence; for who bid such a one aspire to teach and to govern. A blind man sitting in the chimney corner is pardonable enough, but

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parasite coats) are of so little effect towards honesty of life and the reformation of corrupt manners; because they use not to be read and revolved by men mature in years and judgment, but are left and confined only to boys and beginners. But is it not true also that young men are much less fit auditors of policy than morality, till they have been thoroughly seasoned with religion and the knowledge of manners and duties; lest their judgments be corrupted and made apt to think that there are no moral differences true and solid of things; but that all is to be valued according to utility and fortune."

[1] Vol. i. 258.

sitting at the helm he is intolerable. If men will be ignorant and illiterate, let them be so in private, and to themselves, and not set their defects in a high place, to make them visible and conspicuous. If owls will not be hooted at, let them keep close within the tree, and not perch upon the upper boughs. Solomon built his temple with the tallest cedars; and surely when God refused the defective and the maimed for sacrifice, we cannot think that he requires them for the priesthood. When learning, abilities, and what is excellent in the world forsake the church, we may easily foretell its ruin without the gift of prophesy. And when ignorance succeeds in the place of learning, weakness in the room of judgment, we may be sure heresy and confusion will quickly come in the room of religion.[1]

Knowledge of Good and Evil

. . .

Every rebuke of vice comes, or should come, from the preacher's mouth, like a dart or arrow thrown by some mighty hand, which does execution proportionably to the force or impulse it received from that which threw it; so our Saviour's matchless virtue, free from the least tincture of any thing immoral, armed every one of his reproofs with a piercing edge and an irresistible force.[2] We may easily guess with what impatience the world would have heard an incestuous Herod discoursing of chastity, a Judas condemning covetousness, or a Pharisee preaching against hypocrisy.[3]

Vice in Power

[1] Vol i. 258. [2] Vol. iv. 423.
[3] See Proverbs, c. 29.

The Eye of Conscience

That the eye of conscience may be always quick and lively, let constant use be sure to keep it constantly open, and thereby ready and prepared to admit and let in those heavenly beams which are always streaming forth from God upon minds fitted to receive them. And to this purpose let a man fly from every thing which may leave either a foulness or a bias upon it; let him dread every gross act of sin; for one great stab may as certainly and speedily destroy life as forty lesser wounds. Let him carry a jealous eye over every growing habit of sin; let him keep aloof from all commerce and fellowship with any vicious and base affection, especially from all sensuality; let him keep himself untouched with the hellish, unhallowed heats of lust and the noisome steams and exhalations of intemperance; let him bear himself above that sordid and low thing, that utter contradiction to all greatness of mind—covetousness: let him disenslave himself from the pelf of the world, from that "amor sceleratus habendi;" lastly, let him learn so to look upon the honours, the pomp, and greatness of the world, as to look through them. Fools indeed are apt to be blown up by them and to sacrifice all for them: sometimes venturing their heads only to get a feather in their caps.[1]

. . .

Sensuality

The wicked and sensual part of the world are only concerned to find scope and room enough to wallow in; if they can but have it, whence they have it troubles not their thoughts; saying grace is no part of their meal; they feed and grovel like swine

[1] Vol. iii. 104.

under an oak, filling themselves with the mast, but never so much as looking up either to the boughs that bore, or the hands that shook it down. Sensuality

The Prosperity of Fools.[1]

Why the prosperity of fools proves destructive to them, is, because prosperity has a peculiar force to abate men's virtues, and to heighten their corruptions. Prosperity and ease upon an unsanctified impure heart, is like the sun-beams upon a dung-hill, it raises many filthy, noisome exhalations. The same soldiers, who in hard service, and in the battle are in perfect subjection to their leaders, in peace and luxury are apt to mutiny and rebel. That corrupt affection which has lain, as it were, dead and frozen in the midst of distracting businesses or under adversity, when the sun of pros-

[1] Bacon, in his Essay on Adversity, says,—The virtue of prosperity is temperance, the virtue of adversity is fortitude, which in morals is the more heroical virtue. Prosperity is the blessing of the Old Testament, adversity is the blessing of the New, which carrieth the greater benediction, and the clearer revelation of God's favour. Yet even in the Old Testament, if you listen to David's harp, you shall hear as many hearse-like airs as carols; and the pencil of the Holy Ghost hath laboured more in describing the afflictions of Job than the felicities of Solomon. Prosperity is not without many fears and distastes; and adversity is not without comfort and hopes. We see in needle works and embroideries, it is more pleasing to have a lively work upon a sad and solemn ground, than to have a dark and melancholy work upon a lightsome ground; judge, therefore, of the pleasure of the heart by the pleasure of the eye. Certainly virtue is like precious odours, most fragrant when they are incensed, or crushed; for prosperity doth best discover vice, but adversity doth best discover virtue.

Sensuality

perity has shined upon it, then like a snake it presently recovers its former strength and venom.[1]

* * *

The Glory of the Clergy

God is the fountain of honour, and the conduit by which he conveys it to the sons of men, are virtues and generous practices. Some indeed may please and promise themselves high matters from full revenues, stately palaces, court interests, and great dependances. But that which makes the clergy glorious, is to be knowing in their profession, unspotted in their lives, active and laborious in their charges, bold and resolute in opposing seducers, and daring to look vice in the face though never so potent and illustrious. And lastly, to be gentle, courteous, and compassionate to all. These are our robes, and our maces, our escutcheons and highest titles of honour.[2]

SECTION IV.

BISHOP HALL.

All that I can say for myself, is a desire of doing good; which if it were as fervent in richer hearts, the church, which now we see comely, would then be glorious. This honest ambition hath carried me to neglect the fear of seeming prodigal of my little; and, while I see others' talents rusting in the earth, hath drawn me to traffic with mine in public.

Real and Apparent Happiness

We pity the folly of the lark, which while it playeth with the feather and stoopeth to the glass is caught in the fowler's net; and yet cannot see ourselves

[1] Mud walls swell when the sun shines upon them.
[2] Vol. i. 264.

alike made fools by Satan: who, deluding us by the vain feathers and glasses of the world, suddenly enwrappeth us in his snares. We see not the nets indeed: it is too much that we shall feel them, and that they are not so easily escaped after, as before avoided. O Lord keep thou mine eyes from beholding vanity. And, though mine eyes see it, let not my heart stoop to it, but loath it afar off. And, if I stoop at any time and be taken, set thou my soul at liberty, that I may say, my soul is escaped, even as a bird out of the snare of the fowler; the snare is broken, and I am delivered.[1] Real and Apparent Happiness

. . .

I will account virtue the best riches, knowledge the next, riches the worst: and therefore will labour to be virtuous and learned, without condition; as for riches, if they fall in my way, I refuse them not; but if not, I desire them not.[2] Order of Attaining Objects

[1] Cent. ii. 25.

[2] Cent. ii. 44.

Lord Bacon says, as for the true marshalling of men's pursuits towards their fortune, as they are more or less material, I hold them to stand thus; *first*, the amendment of their own minds; for the remove of the impediments of the mind will sooner clear the passages of fortune, than the obtaining fortune will remove the impediments of the mind. In the *second* place I set down wealth and means; which I know most men would have placed first, because of the general use which it beareth towards all variety of occasions; but that opinion I may condemn with like reason as Machiavel doth that other, that moneys were the sinews of the wars; whereas, saith he, the true sinews of the wars are the sinews of men's arms, that is, a valiant, populous, and military nation; and he voucheth aptly the authority of Solon, who, when Crœsus showed him his treasury of gold, said to him, that if another came that had better iron, he would be master of

Ignorance and Intelligence

TELL a plain country man, that the sun, or some higher or lesser star is much bigger than his cart wheel; or at least so many scores bigger than the whole earth; he laughs thee to scorn, as affecting admiration with a learned untruth; yet the scholar, by the eye of reason, doth as plainly see and acknowledge this truth, as that his hand is bigger than his pen. What a thick mist, yea, what a palpable and more than Egyptian darkness, doth the natural man live in! what a world is there that he doth not see at all! and how little doth he see in this, which is his proper element! there is no

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his gold. In like manner it may be truly affirmed that it is not moneys that are the sinews of fortune, but it is the sinews and steel of men's minds, wit, courage, audacity, resolution, temper, industry and the like. In the *third* place, I set down reputation, because of the peremptory tides and currents it hath; which if they be not taken in their due time, are seldom recovered, it being extreme hard to play an after game of reputation. And *lastly*, I place honour, which is more easily won by any of the other three, much more by all, than any of them can be purchased by honour.

He, in whom talents, genius, and principle are united, will have a firm mind, in whatever embarrassment he may be placed; will look steadily at the most undefined shapes of difficulty and danger, of possible mistake or mischance: nor will they appear to him more formidable than they really are. For his attention is not distracted —he has but one business, and that is with the object before him. Neither in general conduct nor in particular emergencies are his plans subservient to considerations of rewards, estate, or title; these are not to have precedence in his thoughts, to govern his actions, but to follow in the train of his duty. Such men in ancient times, were Phocion, Epaminondas, and Philopœmon; and such a man was Sir Philip Sidney, of whom it has been said, that he first taught this country the majesty of honest dealing.—WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

bodily thing, but the brute creatures see as well as he, and some of them better. As for his eye of reason, how dim is it in those things which are best fitted to it! what one thing is there in nature, which he doth perfectly know? what herb or flower, or worm that he treads on, is there whose true essence he knoweth! no, not so much as what is in his own bosom; what it is, where it is, or whence it is, that gives being to himself. But, for those things which concern the best world he doth not so much as confusedly see them; neither knoweth whether they be. He sees no whit into the great and awful majesty of God. He discerns him not in all his creatures, filling the world with his infinite and glorious presence. He sees not his wise providence, overruling all things, disposing all casual events, ordering all sinful actions of men to his own glory.[1] As travellers in a foreign country make every sight a lesson; so ought we in this our pilgrimage. Thou seest the heaven rolling above thine head, in a constant and unmoveable motion; the stars so overlooking one another, that the greatest show little, and the least greatest, all glorious; the air full of the bottles of rain, or fleeces of snow, or divers forms of fiery exhalations; the sea, under one uniform face, full of strange and monstrous shapes beneath; the earth so adorned with variety of plants, that thou canst not but tread on many at once with every foot; besides the store of creatures that fly above it, walk upon it, live in it. Thou idle truant, dost thou learn nothing of so many masters?[2]

Ignorance and Intelligence

[1] Century, ii. 82.

[2] Art of Divine Meditation, chap. iv.

The Happy Man

That hath learnt to read himself more than all books; and hath so taken out this lesson that he can never forget it; that knows the world, and cares not for it; that after many traverses of thoughts, is grown to know what he may trust to, and stands now equally armed for all events; that hath got the mastery at home, so as he can cross his will without a mutiny, and so please it, that he makes it not a wanton: that in earthly things wishes no more than nature; in spiritual is ever graciously ambitious; that for his condition, stands on his own feet, not needing to lean upon the great; and can so frame his thoughts to his estate, that when he hath least he cannot want, because he is as free from desire, as superfluity; that he hath seasonably broken the headstrong restiness of prosperity, and can now manage it at pleasure. Upon whom all smaller crosses light as hailstones upon a roof: and for the greater calamities, he can take them as tributes of life, and tokens of love; and if his ship be tossed, yet is he sure his anchor is fast. If all the world were his, he could be no other than he is, no whit gladder of himself, no whit higher in his carriage, because he knows contentment is not in the things he hath, but in the mind that values them.[1] The powers of his resolution can

[1] Its no in titles nor in rank;
Its no in wealth like Lon'on bank,
To purchase peace and rest;
Its no in making muckle *mair*:
Its no in books: its no in lear,
To make us truly blest;
If happiness hae not her seat
And centre in the breast,

either multiply, or subtract at pleasure. He can make his cottage a manor, or a palace when he lists; and his homeclose a large dominion; his The Happy Man

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We may be wise, or rich, or great,
But never can be blest:
Nae treasures, nor pleasures,
Could make us happy lang;
The *heart* ay's the part ay,
That makes us right or wrang. BURNS.

—In early youth among my native hills
I knew a Scottish peasant who possessed
A few small crofts of stone-encumbered ground;
Masses of every shape and size, that lay
Scattered about beneath the mouldering walls
Of a rough precipice; and some apart,
In quarters unobnoxious to such chance,
As if the moon had showered them down in spite,
But he repined not. Though the plough was scared
By these obstructions, "round the shady stones
A fertilising moisture," said the swain,
"Gathers, and is preserved; and feeding dews
"And damps, through all the droughty summer day,
"From out their substance issuing, maintain
"Herbage that never fails; no grass springs up
"So green, so fresh, so plentiful, as mine!"
Excursion, 4to. 240.

This truth then ought to be deeply printed in minds studious of wisdom and their own content, that they bear their happiness or unhappiness within their breast; and that all outward things have a right and a wrong handle: he that takes them by the right handle, finds them good; he that takes them by the wrong indiscreetly, finds them evil. Take a knife by the haft it will serve you, take it by the edge it will cut you. There is no good thing but is mingled with evil: There is no evil but some good enters into the composition. The same truth holds, in all persons, actions, and events. Out of the worst a well composed mind endowed with the grace of God, may extract good, with no other

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stained cloth, arrass; his earth, plate; and can see state in the attendance of one servant: as one that hath learned a man's greatness or baseness is

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chymistry than piety, wisdom, and serenity. It lieth in us, as we incline our minds, to be pleased or displeased with most things of the world. One that has fed his eyes with the rich prospect of delicate countries, as Lombardy, Anjou, where all the beauties and dainties of nature are assembled, will another time take no less delight in a wild and rugged prospect of high bare mountains, and fifty stories of steep rocks, as about the grand Chartreuse, and the bottom of Ardennes, where the very horror contributes to the delectation. If I have been delighted to see the trees of my orchard, in the spring blossomed, in summer shady, in autumn hung with fruit: I will delight again, after the fall of the leaf, to see through my trees new prospects which the busy boughs hid before; and will be pleased with the sight of the snow candied about the branches, as the flowers of the season.—Du Moulin.

E'en winter bleak has charms to me
When winds rave thro' the naked tree;
Or frosts on hills of Ochiltree
Are hoary gray;
Or blinding drifts wild-furious flee,
Darkening the day. Burns.

These symptoms of a rising reputation gave me encouragement, as I was ever more disposed to see the favourable than the unfavourable side of things, a turn of mind which it is more happy to possess, than to be born to an estate of ten thousand a year.—Hume's *Life of Himself*.

We are not here, as those angels, celestial powers and bodies, sun and moon, to finish our course without all offence, with such constancy, to continue for so many ages; but subject to such infirmities, miseries, interrupted, tossed and tumbled up and down, carried about with every small blast, often molested and disquieted upon each slender occasion, uncertain, brittle;

in himself; and in this he may even contest with the proud, that he thinks his own the best. Or if he must be outwardly great, he can but turn the

The Happy Man

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and so is all that we trust unto. And he that knows not this, and is not armed to endure it, is not fit to live in this world (as one condoles our time); he knows not the condition of it, where with a reciprocal tye, pleasure and pain are still united, and succeed one another in a ring.—Burton.

Some look at the black clouds, others at the blue sky. Some look through the clouds. See number 126 of the World. Arachne collecting poison from the fairest flowers; and Melissa gathering honey from every weed.

THE FRENCH PEASANT.

A peasant of the true French breed
  Was driving in a narrow road,
A cart with but one sorry steed,
  And filled with onions, sav'ry load.
Careless he trudged along before
  Singing a Gascon roundelay:
Hard by there ran a whimpering brook,
  The road hung shelving towards the brim,
The spiteful wind th' advantage took,
  The wheels fly up, the onions swim.
The peasant saw his favourite store
  At one rude blast all puffed away.
How would an English clown have sworn,
  And cursed the day that he was born, &c.
Our Frenchman acted quite as well,
  He stopped, and hardly stopped, his song,
First raised the poney from his swoon;
  Then stood a little while to view
His onions floating up and down;
  At last he shrugging cried, "Parbleu
Il ne manqu' ici que de sel
  Pour faire du potage excellent."

See the character of Croker in Goldsmith's Good-natured Man. See Goldsmith's Essay, 230.

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other end of the glass, and make his stately manor a low and straight cottage; and in all his costly furniture he can see not richness but use. He can see dross in the best metal, and earth through the best cloths; and in all his troop he can see himself his own servant. He lives quietly at home,[1] out of the noise of the world,[2] and loves

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Be not over exquisite
To cast the fashion of uncertain evils;
For grant they be so, while they rest unknown,
What need a man forestall his date of grief,
And run to meet what he would most avoid?
Or if they be but false alarms of fear,
How bitter is such self-delusion? MILTON.

[1] I knew a man that had health and riches and several houses, all beautiful and ready furnished, and would often trouble himself and family to be removing from one house to another: and, being asked by a friend "Why he removed so often from one house to another?" replied, "It was to find content in some one of them." "Content," said his friend, "ever dwells in a meek and quiet soul."—WALTON's *Angler*.

[2] The happiness of light minds is always in the next room; its eyes are in the ends of the earth.

The Philosopher carries with him into the world the temper of the cloister, and preserves the fear of doing evil, while he is impelled by the zeal of doing good. He is rich or poor, without pride in riches, or discontent in poverty; he partakes the pleasures of sense with temperance, and enjoys the distinctions of honour with moderation. He passes undefiled through a polluted world, and, amidst all the vicissitudes of good and evil, has his heart fixed only where true joys are to be found.

Newton étoit doux, tranquille, modeste, simple, affable, toujours de niveau avec tout le monde, ne se démentit point pendant le cours de sa longue et brillant carrière. Il auroit mieux aimé être inconnu, que de voir le calme de sa vie troublé par ces orages littéraires, que l'esprit et la science attirent à ceux qui cherchent trop la gloire.

to enjoy himself always, and sometimes his friend, and hath as full scope to his thoughts as to his eyes. He walks ever even in the midway betwixt hopes and fears, resolved to fear nothing but God, to hope for nothing but that which he must have. He hath a wise and virtuous mind in a serviceable body; which, that better part affects

The Happy Man

Je me reprocherois, disoit-il, mon imprudence, de perdre une chose aussi réelle que le repos, pour courir après une ombre.

Si *Descartes* eut quelques foiblesses de l'humanité, il eut aussi les principales vertus du philosophe. Sobre, tempérant, ami de la liberté et de la retraite, reconnoissant, libéral, sensible à l'amitié, tendre, compatissant, il ne connoissoit que les passions douces et savoit résister aux violentes. Quand on me fait offense, disoit-il, *je tache d'élever mon âme si haut, que l'offense ne parvienne pas jusqu' à elle.* L'ambition ne l'agita pas plus que la vengeance. Il disoit, comme Ovide; *Vivre caché, c'est vivre heureux.*

The Caliph of Bagdad, fatigued with hunting, separated himself from the company, to sleep on the green bank of a rivulet, which seemed by its gentle murmuring to invite him to repose.—He awoke suddenly in the most acute pain. In a few days after his return to the palace, his complexion became pale and sickly, his eyes grew dim, his limbs swelled, and his appetite failed. The physicians employed all their art in vain; The Angel of Death stood ready to summon him. A stranger at that time in Bagdad, of great skill in medicine, was summoned to the palace. The moment he looked upon the eyes of the Caliph, he said, "It is the sting of a lizard:" and, taking a small phial from his pocket, gave the Caliph a few drops mixed with water. After the struggle of an hour his patient became composed; on the next day the delirium left him; and, before the moon had performed its revolution, his colour returned and the heat of youth glowed again in his veins. "Henceforth, Alchaman," said the Caliph, "the palace of Bagdad is your home. My treasury is open to

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as a present servant and a future companion, so cherishing his flesh, as one that would scorn to be all flesh. He hath no enemies; not for that all love him, but because he knows to make a gain of malice.[1] He is not so engaged to any earthly thing that they two cannot part on even terms;[2] there is neither laughter in their meeting, nor in their shaking hands, tears. He keeps ever the best company, the God of spirits, and the spirits of that God, whom he entertains continually in an awful familiarity, not being hindered either with too much light, or with none at all. His conscience and his hands are friends, and (what devil soever tempt him) will not fall out. That divine

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you. The honours of my kingdom are at your disposal."—"Generous Monarch," said Alchaman, "to your majesty's care in action the public welfare is entrusted, my utility consists in contemplation. Permit me to return to my home, where I endeavour to converse with truth and wisdom. Pardon me, Sire, for saying that freedom of mind is the only empire a philosopher can covet; not from sloth, but from a conviction that the life and faculties of man, at the best but short and limited, cannot be more usefully employed than in researches which may enlighten the world and benefit future ages: and, as a knowledge of the properties of a few drops of fluid has enabled me to restore a beloved monarch to his people, may I retire with this grateful recollection, confirmed in my opinion, that all truths partake of one common essence, and, like drops of rain, which fall separately into the river, mix themselves at once with the stream, and strengthen the general current."

[1] "Did a person," said the Abbe de Raunci, "but know the value of an enemy, he would purchase him with pure gold."

[2] See ante, p. 7.

part goes ever uprightly and freely, not stooping under the burthen of a willing sin, not fettered with the gyves of unjust scruples; he would not, if he could, run away from himself, or from God; not caring from whom he is hid so he may look these two in the face. Censures and applauses are passengers to him, not guests: his ear is their thoroughfare, not their harbour; he hath learned to fetch both his counsel and his sentence from his own breast. He doth not lay weight upon his own shoulders, as one that loves to torment himself with the honour of much employment; but as he makes work his game, so doth he not list to make himself work. His strife is ever to redeem and not to spend time. It is his trade to do good, and to think of it his recreation. He hath hands enough for himself and others, which are ever stretched forth for beneficence, not for need. He walks cheerfully the way that God hath chalked, and never wishes it more wide, or more smooth. Those very temptations whereby he is foiled, strengthen him; he comes forth crowned, and triumphing out of the spiritual battles, and those scars that he hath, make him beautiful. His soul is every day dilated to receive that God in whom he is, and hath attained to love himself for God, and God for his own sake. His eyes stick so fast in heaven, that no earthly object can remove them; yea, his whole self is there before his time; and sees with Stephen, and hears with Paul, and enjoys with Lazarus, the glory that he shall have; and takes possession before hand of his room amongst the saints; and these heavenly contentments have so taken him up, that now he looks down dis-

The Happy Man

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pleasedly upon the earth, as the regions of his sorrow and banishment; yet joying more in hope than troubled with the sense of evil, he holds it no great matter to live, and greatest business to die: and is so well acquainted with his last guest, that he fears no unkindness from him; neither makes he any other of dying, than of walking home when he is abroad, or of going to bed when he is weary of the day. He is well provided for both worlds, and is sure of peace here, of glory hereafter; and therefore hath a light heart, and a cheerful face. All his fellow-creatures rejoice to serve him; his betters, the angels, love to observe him; God himself takes pleasure to converse with him; and hath sainted him before his death, and in his death crowned him.

. . .

The Hypocrite

An hypocrite is the worst kind of player, by so much that he acts the better part; which hath always two faces, ofttimes two hearts; that can compose his forehead to sadness and gravity, while he bids his heart be wanton and careless within, and (in the mean time) laughs within himself to think how smoothly he hath cozened the beholder. In whose silent face are written the characters of religion, which his tongue and gestures pronounce, but his hands recant. That hath a clean face and garment, with a foul soul; whose mouth belies his heart, and his fingers bely his mouth. Walking early up into the city he turns into the great church, and salutes one of the pillars on one knee, worshipping that God which at home he cares not for, while his eye is fixed on some window or some passenger, and his heart knows not whither his lips go. He rises, and, looking about with admiration,

The Hypocrite

complains of our frozen charity, commends the ancient. At church he will ever sit where he may be seen best, and in the midst of the sermon pulls out his tables in haste, as if he feared to lose that note, when he writes either his forgotten errand, or nothing. Then he turns his Bible with a noise, to seek an omitted quotation, and folds the leaf as if he had found it, and asks aloud the name of the preacher, and repeats it, whom he publicly salutes, thanks, praises in an honest mouth. He can command tears when he speaks of his youth, indeed, because it is past, not because it was sinful; himself is now better, but the times are worse. All other sins he reckons up with detestation, while he loves and hides his darling in his bosom; all his speech returns to himself, and every occurrent draws in a story to his own praise. When he should give, he looks about him, and says, Who sees me? no alms nor prayers fall from him without a witness; belike lest God should deny that he hath received them; and when he hath done (lest the world should not know it) his own mouth is his trumpet to proclaim it. With the superfluity of his usury he builds an hospital, and harbours them whom his extortion hath spoiled; so when he makes many beggars, he keeps some. He turneth all gnats into camels, and cares not to undo the world for a circumstance. Flesh on a Friday is more abominable to him than his neighbour's bed; he abhors more not to uncover at the name of Jesus than to swear by the name of God. When a rhymer reads his poem to him, he begs a copy, and persuades the press. There is nothing that he dislikes in presence, that in absence he censures not. He comes to the sick bed of his

The Hypocrite

stepmother and weeps, when he secretly fears her recovery. He greets his friend in the street with a clear countenance, so fast a closure, that the other thinks he reads his heart in his face; and shakes hands with an indefinite invitation of When will you come? and when his back is turned, joys that he is so well rid of a guest; yet if that guest visit him unfeared, he counterfeits a smiling welcome and excuses his cheer, when closely he frowns on his wife for too much. He shows well, and says well, and himself is the worst thing he hath. In brief, he is the stranger's saint, the neighbour's disease, the blot of goodness, a rotten stick in a dark night, the poppy in a corn field, an ill-tempered candle with a great snuff, that in going out smells ill; an angel abroad, a devil at home; and worse when an angel, than when a devil.

. . .

David[1]

David had lived obscurely in his father's house; his only care and ambition was the welfare of the

[1] In the preface to an edition of Horne on the Psalms by the Rev. Edward Irving, there is a character of David, from which the following is extracted—

"Now, as the apostle, in writing to the Hebrews, concerning the priesthood of Christ, calls upon them to consider Melchizedek his solitary majesty, and singular condition and remarkable honour; so call we upon the church to consider David, the son of Jesse, his unexampled accumulation of gifts, his wonderful variety of conditions, his spiritual riches and his spiritual desolation, and the multifarious contingencies of his life; with his faculty, his unrivalled faculty, of expressing the emotions of his soul, under all the days of brightness and days of darkness which passed over his head. For thereby shall the church understand how this the lawgiver of her devotion was prepared by God for the work which he accomplished, and how it hath happened that

flock he tended; and now while his father and his brothers neglected him as fit for nothing but the field, he is talked of at the court. Some of Saul's **David**

one man should have brought forth that vast variety of experience, in which every soul rejoiceth to find itself reflected. There never was a specimen of manhood, so rich and ennobled as David, the son of Jesse, whom other saints haply may have equalled in single features of his character, but such a combination of manly, heroic qualities, such a flush of generous godlike excellencies, hath never yet been seen embodied in a single man. His psalms, to speak as a man, do place him in the highest rank of lyrical poets, as they set him above all the inspired writers of the old Testament,—equalling in sublimity the flights of Isaiah himself, and revealing the cloudy mystery of Ezekiel; but in love of country, and glorying in its heavenly patronage, surpassing them all. And where are there such expressions of the varied conditions into which human nature is cast by the accidents of providence, such delineations of deep affliction and inconsolable anguish, and anon such joy, such rapture, such revelry of emotion, in the worship of the living God! such invocations to all nature, animate and inanimate, such summonings of the hidden powers of harmony, and of the breathing instruments of melody! single hymns of this poet would have conferred immortality upon any mortal, and borne down his name as one of the most favoured of the sons of men.

But it is not the writings of the man which strike us with such wonder, as the actions and events of his wonderful history. He was a hero without a peer, bold in battle and generous in victory: by distress or by triumph never overcome. Though hunted like a wild beast among the mountains, and forsaken like a pelican in the wilderness, by the country whose armies he had delivered from disgrace, and by the monarch whose daughter he had won—whose son he had bound to him with cords of brotherly love, and whose own soul he was wont to charm with the sacredness of his minstrelsy—he never indulged malice or revenge against his unnatural enemies. Twice, at the peril of his life, he brought his

David followers had been at Jesse's house, and taken notice of David's skill; and now, that harp which he practised for his private recreation shall make

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blood hunter within his power, and twice he spared him and would not be persuaded to injure a hair upon his head,—who, when he fell in his high plans, was lamented over by David, with the bitterness of a son, and his death avenged upon the sacrilegious man who had lifted his sword against the Lord's anointed. In friendship and love, and also in domestic affection, he was not less notable than in heroical endowments, and in piety to God he was most remarkable of all. He had to flee from his bed-chamber in the dead of night, his friendly meetings had to be concerted upon the perilous edge of captivity and death, his food he had to seek at the risk of sacrilege, for a refuge from death to cast himself upon the people of Gath to counterfeit idiocy, and become the laughing stock of his enemies. And who shall tell of his hidings in the cave of Adullam, and of his wanderings in the wilderness of Ziph: in the weariness of which he had power to stand before his armed enemy with all his host, and by the generosity of his deeds, and the affectionate language which flowed from his lips, to melt into child-like weeping the obdurate spirit of king Saul, which had the nerve to evoke the spirits of the dead! King David was a man extreme in all his excellencies,—a man of the highest strain, whether for counsel, for expression, or for action, in peace and in war, in exile and on the throne. That such a warm and ebullient spirit should have given way before the tide of its affections, we wonder not. We rather wonder that tried by such extremes his mighty spirit should not often have burst control, and enacted right forward the conqueror, the avenger and the destroyer. But God, who anointed him from his childhood, had given him store of the best natural and inspired gifts, which preserved him from sinking under the long delay of his promised crown, and kept him from contracting any of the craft, or cruelty of a hunted persecuted man. And adversity did but bring out the splendour of his character, which might have

him of a shepherd a courtier. The music that he meant only to himself and his sheep brings him before kings. **David**

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slumbered like the fire in the flint, or the precious metal in the dull and earthly ore.

But to conceive aright of the gracefulness and strength of king David's character, we must draw him into comparison with men similarly conditioned, and then we shall see how vain the world is to cope with him. Conceive a man who had saved his country, and clothed himself with gracefulness and renown in the sight of all the people by the chivalry of his deeds, won for himself intermarriage with the royal line, and by unction of the Lord's prophet been set apart to the throne itself; such a one conceive driven with fury, from house and hold, and through tedious years, deserted of every stay but heaven, with no soothing sympathies of quiet life, harassed for ever between famine and the edge of the sword, and kept in savage holds and deserts; and tell us in the annals of men, of one so disappointed, so bereaved and straitened, maintaining not fortitude alone, but sweet composure and a heavenly frame of soul, inditing praise to no avenging deity, and couching songs in no revengeful mood, according with his outcast and unsocial life; but inditing praises to the God of mercy and songs, which soar into the third heavens of the soul; not indeed without the burst of sorrow and the complaint of solitariness, and prophetic warnings to his bloodthirsty foes, but ever closing in sweet preludes of good to come, and desire of present contentment. Find us such a one in the annals of men, and we yield the argument of this controversy. Men there have been driven before the wrath of kings to wander outlaws and exiles, whose musings and actings have been recorded to us in the minstrelsy of our native land. Draw these songs of the exile into comparison with the psalms of David, and know the spirit of the man after God's own heart; the stern defiance of the one, with the tranquil acquiescence of the other; the deep despair of the one, with the rooted trust of the other; the vindicitive im-

David Now David hath leisure to return to Bethlehem. The glory of the court cannot transport him to ambitious vanity; he would rather be his father's

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precations of the one, with the tender regret and forgiveness of the other. Show us an outlaw who never spoiled the country which had forsaken him, nor turned his hand in self-defence or revenge upon his persecutors, who used the vigour of his arm only against the enemies of his country, yea lifted up his arm in behalf of that mother, which had cast her son, crowned with salvation, away from her bosom and held him at a distance from her love, and raised the rest of her family to hunt him to the death;—in the defence of that thankless unnatural mother country, find us such a repudiated son lifting up his arm, and spending its vigour in smiting and utterly discomfiting her enemies, whose spoils he kept not to enrich himself and his ruthless followers, but dispensed to comfort her and her happier children. Find us among the Themistocles, and Coriolani, and Cromwells and Napoleons of the earth such a man, and we will yield the argument of this controversy which we maintain for the peerless son of Jesse.

But we fear that not such another man is to be found in the recorded annals of men. Though he rose from the peasantry to fill the throne, and enlarge the borders of his native land; he gave himself neither to ambition nor to glory; though more basely treated than the sons of men, he gave not place to despondency or revenge: though of the highest genius in poetry, he gave it not license to sing his own deeds, nor to depict loose and licentious life, nor to ennoble any worldly sentiment or attachment of the human heart, however virtuous or honourable, but constrained it to sing the praises of God, and the victories of the right hand of the Lord of hosts, and his admirable works which are of old from everlasting. And he hath dressed out religion in such a rich and beautiful garment of divine poesy as beseemeth her majesty, in which, being arrayed, she can stand up before the eyes even of her enemies, in more royal state than any personification of love, or glory, or

shepherd, than Saul's armour-bearer; all the mag- David
nificence and state which he saw, could not put his mouth out of the taste of a retired simplicity;

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pleasure, to which highly gifted mortals have devoted their genius.

The force of his character was vast, and the scope of his life was immense. His harp was full stringed, and every angel of joy and of sorrow swept over the cords as he past; but the melody always breathed of heaven. And such oceans of affection lay within his breast, as could not always slumber in their calmness. For the hearts of a hundred men strove and struggled together within the narrow continent of his single heart. And will the scornful men have no sympathy for one so conditioned, but scorn him because he ruled not with constant quietness, the unruly host of divers natures which dwelt within his single soul? of self-command surely he will not be held deficient, who endured Saul's javelin to be so often launched at him, while the people without were willing to hail him king; who endured all bodily hardships and taunts of his enemies when revenge was in his hand, and ruled his desperate band like a company of saints, and restrained them from their country's injury. But that he should not be able to enact all characters without a fault, the simple shepherd, the conquering hero, and the romantic lover; the perfect friend, the innocent outlaw, and the royal monarch; the poet, the prophet, and the regenerator of the church; and withal the man, the man of vast soul, who played not these parts by turns, but was the original of them all, and wholly present in them all; oh! that he should have fulfilled this high priesthood of humanity, this universal ministry of manhood without an error, were more than human. With the defence of his backslidings, which he hath himself more keenly scrutinized, more clearly discerned against and more bitterly lamented than any of his censors, we do not charge ourselves; but if, when of these acts he became convinced, he be found less true to God, and to righteousness; indisposed to repentance and sorrow and anguish;

David yea rather he loves his hook the better since he saw the court; and now his brethren serve Saul in his stead. Forty days together had the Philistines and Israelites faced each other, nothing but a valley was betwixt them. Both stand upon defence and advantage; if they had not meant to fight, they had never drawn so near; and if they had been eager to fight, a valley could not have parted them. David hath now lain long enough close amongst his flock in the field of Bethlehem; God sees a time to send him to the pitched field of Israel. Good old Jesse, that was doubtless joyful to think that he had afforded three sons to the wars of his king, is no less careful of their welfare and provision; and who, amongst all the rest of his seven sons, shall be picked out for this service, but his youngest son David, whose former and almost worn out acquaintance in the court and employment under Saul, seemed to fit him best for this employment. Early in the morning is David upon his way; yet not so early as to leave his flock unprovided. If his father's

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exculpatory of himself; stout-hearted in his courses, a formalist in his penitence, or in any way less worthy of a spiritual man in those than in the rest of his infinite moods, then, verily strike him from the canon, and let his psalms become monkish legends, or what you please. But if these penitential psalms discover the soul's deepest hell of agony, and lay bare the iron ribs of misery, whereon the very heart dissolveth, and if they, expressing the same in words, which melt the soul that conceiveth, and bow the head that uttereth them, then, we say, let us keep these records of the psalmist's grief and despondency, as the most precious of his utterances, and sure to be needed in the case of every man who essayeth to live a spiritual life, &c.

commands dismiss him, yet will he stay till he have trusted his sheep with a careful keeper. Ere David's speed can bring him to the valley of Elah, both the armies are on foot ready to join. He takes not this excuse to stay without, as a man daunted with the horrors of war; but leaving his present with his servant, he thrusts himself into the thickest of the host, and salutes his brethren which were now thinking of nothing but killing or dying, when the proud champion of the Philistines comes stalking forth before all the troops, and renews his insolent challenge against Israel. David sees the man and hears his defiance, and looks about him to see what answer would be given; and when he espies nothing but pale faces and backs turned, he wonders, not so much that one man should dare all Israel, as that all Israel should run from one man. Even when they fly from Goliath, they talk of the reward that should be given to that encounter and victory which they dare not undertake; so those which have not grace to believe, yet can say, "There is glory laid up for the faithful." **David**

Ever since his anointing was David possessed with God's spirit, and thereby filled both with courage and wisdom: the more strange doth it seem to him, that all Israel should be thus dastardly; ready to undertake the quarrel, because no man else dare do it. His eyes sparkled with holy anger, and his heart rose up to his mouth when he heard this proud challenger; "Who is this uncircumcised Philistine that he should revile the host of the living God?" It was for his brethren's sake, that David came thither; and yet his very

David journey is cast upon him by them, for a reproach; "Wherefore camest thou down hither?" and when their bitterness can meet with nothing else to shame him, his sheep are cast in his teeth: "Is it for thee, an idle proud boy, to be meddling with our martial matters? Doth not yonder champion look as if he were a fit match for thee? What makest thou of thyself, or what dost thou think of us? I wis it were fitter for thee to be looking to thy sheep than looking to Goliath: the wilderness would become thee better than the field; wherein art thou equal to any man thou seest, but in arrogance and presumption? The pastures of Bethlehem could not hold thee, but thou thoughtest it a goodly matter to see the wars; I know thee, as if I were in thy bosom; this was thy thought, 'There is no glory to be got among fleeces, I will go seek it in arms; now are my brethren winning honour in the troops of Israel, while I am basely tending on sheep; why should not I be as forward as the best of them?' This vanity would make thee straight of a shepherd, a soldier, a champion: get thee home, foolish stripling, to thy hook and thy harp: let swords and spears alone to those that know how to use them."

David's first victory is of himself; next, of his brother; he overcomes himself, in a patient forbearance of his brother; he overcomes the malicious rage of his brother with the mildness of his answer. There now lieth the great defier of Israel, grovelling and grinning in death: and is not suffered to deal one blow for his life: and bites the unwelcome earth for indignation that he dies by the hand of a shepherd.

The Pleasure of Study and Contemplation[1]

I CAN wonder at nothing more than how a man can be idle; but of all others, a scholar; in so many improvements of reason, in such sweetness of knowledge, in such variety of studies, in such importunity of thoughts: other artizans do but practise, we still learn; others run still in the same gyre to weariness, to satiety; our choice is infinite; other labours require recreations; our very labour recreates our sports; we can never want either somewhat to do, or somewhat that we would do. How numberless are the volumes which men have written of arts, of tongues! How endless is that volume which God hath written of the world! wherein every creature is a letter; every day a new page. Who can be weary of either of these? To find wit in poetry; in philosophy, profoundness; in mathematics, acuteness; in history, wonder of events; in oratory, sweet eloquence; in divinity, supernatural light, and holy devotion; as so many rich metals in their proper mines; whom would it not ravish with delight? After all these, let us but open our eyes, we cannot look beside a lesson, in this universal book of our Maker, worth our study, worth taking out. What creature hath not his miracle? what event doth not challenge his observation? And, if, weary of foreign employment, we list to look home into ourselves, there we find a more private world of thoughts which set us on work anew, more busily and not less profitably: now our silence is vocal, our solitariness

[1] From his Epistle to Mr Milward. A discourse of the pleasure of study and contemplation, with the varieties of scholarlike employments, not without incitation of others thereunto; and a censure of their neglect.

The Pleasure of Study and Contemplation

popular; and we are shut up, to do good unto many; if once we be cloyed with our own company, the door of conference is open; here interchange of discourse (besides pleasure) benefits us; and he is a weak companion from whom we return not wiser. I could envy, if I could believe that anchoret, who, secluded from the world, and pent up in his voluntary prison walls, denied that he thought the day long, whiles yet he wanted learning to vary his thoughts. Not to be cloyed with the same conceit is difficult, above human strength; but to a man so furnished with all sorts of knowledge, that according to his dispositions he can change his studies, I should wonder that ever the sun should seem to pass slowly. How many busy tongues chase away good hours in pleasant chat, and complain of the haste of night! What ingenious mind can be sooner weary of talking with learned authors, the most harmless and sweetest companions? What a heaven lives a scholar in, that at once in one close room can daily converse with all the glorious martyrs and fathers? that can single out at pleasure, either sententious Tertullian, or grave Cyprian, or resolute Hierome, or flowing Chrysostome, or divine Ambrose, or devout Bernard, or, (who alone is all these) heavenly Augustine, and talk with them and hear their wise and holy counsels, verdicts, resolutions; yea, (to rise higher) with courtly Esay, with learned Paul, with all their fellow-prophets, apostles; yet more, like another Moses, with God himself, in them both? Let the world contemn us; while we have these delights we cannot envy them; we cannot wish ourselves other than we are. Besides, the way to

all other contentments is troublesome; the only recompense is in the end. To delve in the mines, to scorch in the fire for the getting, for the fining of gold is a slavish toil; the comfort is in the wedge to the owner, not the labourers; where our very search of knowledge is delightsome. Study itself is our life; from which we would not be barred for a world. How much sweeter then is the fruit of study, the conscience of knowledge? In comparison whereof the soul that hath once tasted it, easily contemns all human comforts. Go now, ye worldlings, and insult over our paleness, our neediness, our neglect. Ye could not be so jocund if you were not ignorant; if you did not want knowledge, you could not overlook him that hath it; for me, I am so far from emulating you, that I profess I had as lieve be a brute beast, as an ignorant rich man. How is it then, that those gallants, which have privilege of blood and birth, and better education, do so scornfully turn off these most manly, reasonable, noble exercises of scholarship? a hawk becomes their fist better than a book; no dog but is a better company: any thing or nothing, rather than what we ought. O minds brutishly sensual! Do they think that God made them for disport, who even in his paradise, would not allow pleasure without work? And if for business, either of body or mind: those of the body are commonly servile, like itself. The mind therefore, the mind only, that honourable and divine part, is fittest to be employed of those which would reach to the highest perfection of men, and would be more than the most. And what work is there of the mind but the trade of a scholar, study? Let me therefore fasten this pro-

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blem on our school gates, and challenge all comers, in the defence of it; that no scholar, cannot but be truly noble. And if I make it not good let me never be admitted further then to the subject of our question. Thus we do well to congratulate to ourselves our own happiness; if others will come to us, it shall be our comfort, but more theirs; if not, it is enough that we can joy in ourselves, and in him in whom we are that we are.

How a Day should be spent.[1]

FROM AN EPISTLE TO MY LORD DENNY.

EVERY day is a little life: and our whole is but a day repeated: whence it is that old Jacob numbers his life by days, and Moses desires to be taught this point of holy arithmetic, to number not his years, but his days. Those therefore that dare lose a day, are dangerously prodigal; those that dare misspend it, desperate. We can best teach others by ourselves; let me tell your lordship, how I would pass my days, whether common or sacred; that you (or whosoever others, overhearing me) may either approve my thriftiness, or correct my errors: to whom is the account of my hours more due, or more known. All days are his, who gave time a beginning and continuance; yet some he hath made ours, not to command, but to use.

In none may we forget him; in some we must forget all, besides him. First, therefore, I desire to awake at those hours, not when I will, but when I must; pleasure is not a fit rule for rest, but health; neither do I consult so much with the sun, as mine own necessity, whether of body or in that of the

[1] David vi. Epist. 1.

mind. If this vassal could well serve me waking, it should never sleep; but now it must be pleased, that it must be serviceable. Now when sleep is rather driven away than leaves me, I would ever awake with God; my first thoughts are for him, who hath made the night for rest, and the day for travel; and as he gives, so blesses both.[1] If my heart be early seasoned with his presence, it will savour of him all day after. While my body is dressing, not with an effeminate curiosity, nor yet with rude neglect; my mind addresses itself to her ensuing task, bethinking what is to be done, and in what order; and marshalling (as it may) my hours with my work; that done, after some whiles meditation, I walk up to my masters and companions, my books; and sitting down amongst them, with the best contentment, I dare not reach forth my hand to salute any of them, till I have first looked up to heaven, and craved favour of him to whom all my studies are duly referred: without whom, I can neither profit, nor labour. After this, out of no over great variety, I call forth those which may best fit my occasions; wherein I am not too scrupulous of age; sometimes I put myself to school, to one of those ancients, whom the church hath honoured with the name of Fathers; whose vol-

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[1] See Bishop Taylor's rules in his Holy Living for employing our time.—"In the morning, when you awake, accustom yourself to think first upon God, or something in order to his service; and at night also let him close thine eyes, and let your sleep be necessary and healthful, not idle and expensive of time, beyond the needs and conveniences of nature; and sometimes be curious to see the preparation which the sun makes, when he is coming forth from his chambers of the east."

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umes I confess not to open, without a sacred reverence of their holiness and gravity; sometimes to those later doctors, which want nothing but age to make them classical; always to God's book. That day is lost, whereof some hours are not improved in those divine monuments: others I turn over out of choice: these out of duty. Ere I can have sate unto weariness, my family, having now overcome all household distractions, invites me to our common devotions; not without some short preparation. These heartily performed, send me up with a more strong and cheerful appetite to my former work, which I find made easy to me by intermission, and variety; now therefore can I deceive the hours with change of pleasures, that is, of labours. One while mine eyes are busied, another while my hand, and sometimes my mind takes the burthen from them both; wherein I would imitate the skilfullest cooks, which make the best dishes with manifold mixtures; one hour is spent in textual divinity, another in controversy; histories relieve them both. Now, when the mind is weary of other labours, it begins to undertake her own; sometimes it meditates and winds up for future use; sometimes it lays forth her conceits into present discourse; sometimes for itself, ofter for others. Neither know I whether it works or plays in these thoughts; I am sure no sport hath more pleasure, no work more use: only the decay of a weak body makes me think these delights insensibly laborious. Thus could I all day (as ringers use) make myself music with changes, and complain sooner of the day for shortness, than of the business for toil; were it not that this faint monitor inter-

rupts me still in the midst of my busy pleasures, and inforces me both to respite and repast; I must yield to both; while my body and mind are joined together in unequal couples, the better must follow the weaker. Before my meals, therefore, and after, I let myself loose from all thoughts; and now, would forget that I ever studied; a full mind takes away the body's appetite no less than a full body makes a dull and unwieldy mind; company, discourse, recreations, are now seasonable and welcome: these prepare me for a diet, not gluttonous, but medicinal; the palate may not be pleased, but the stomach; nor that for its own sake; neither would I think any of these comforts worth respect in themselves but in their use, in their end; so far as they may enable me to better things. If I see any dish to tempt my palate, I fear a serpent in that apple, and would please myself in a wilful denial; I rise capable of more, not desirous; not now immediately from my trencher to my book; but after some intermission. Moderate speed is a sure help to all proceedings; where those things which are prosecuted with violence of endeavour or desire, either succeed not, or continue not.

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After my later meal, my thoughts are slight; only my memory may be charged with her task, of recalling what was committed to her custody in the day; and my heart is busy in examining my hands and mouth, and all other senses, of that day's behaviour. And now the evening is come, no tradesman doth more carefully take in his wares, clear his shopboard, and shut his windows, than I would shut up my thoughts, and clear my mind. That student shall live miserably, which like a camel lies

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down under his burden. All this done, calling together my family, we end the day with God.[1] Thus do we rather drive away the time before us, than follow it. I grant neither is my practice worthy to be exemplary, neither are our callings proportionable. The lives of a nobleman, of a courtier, of a scholar, of a citizen, of a countryman, differ no less than in their dispositions; yet must all conspire in honest labour.

Sweet is the destiny of all trades, whether of the brows, or of the mind. God never allowed any man to do nothing. How miserable is the condi-

[1] Fuller, in his Life of Lord Burleigh, says,—"No man was more pleasant and merry at meals; and he had a pretty wit-rack in himself to make the dumb to speak, to draw speech out of the most sullen and silent guest at his table, to show his disposition in any point he should propound. For foreign intelligence, though he traded sometimes on the stock of Secretary Walsingham; yet wanted he not a plentiful bank of his own. At night when he put off his gown he used to say 'Lie there, Lord Treasurer,' and bidding adieu to all state affairs, disposed himself to his quiet rest."

Bacon, in his Essay on Health, says, "To be free-minded and cheerfully disposed at hours of meat, and sleep, and of exercise, is one of the best precepts of long lasting."

See, in the Sentimental Journey, the anecdote of "The Grace," which concludes thus:—"I thought I beheld Religion mixing in the dance, but as I had never seen her so engaged, I should have looked upon it now, as one of the illusions of an imagination which is eternally misleading me, had not the old man, as soon as the dance was ended, said, that this was their constant way, and that all his life long he had made it a rule, after supper was over, to call out his family to dance and rejoice, believing, he said, that a cheerful and contented mind was the best sort of thanks to heaven that an illiterate peasant could pay. Or a learned prelate either, said I."

tion of those men, which spend the time as if it were given them, and not lent; as if hours were waste creatures, and such as never should be accounted for; as if God would take this for a good bill of reckoning: *Item*, spent upon my pleasures forty years! These men shall once find, that no blood can privilege idleness; and that nothing is more precious to God, than that which they desire to cast away, time. Such are my common days; but God's day calls for another respect. The same sun arises on this day, and enlightens it; yet because that Sun of Righteousness arose upon it, and gave a new life unto the world in it, and drew the strength of God's moral precept unto it, therefore justly do we sing with the psalmist; This is the day which the Lord hath made. Now I forget the world, and in a sort myself; and deal with my wonted thoughts, as great men use, who, at sometimes of their privacy, forbid the access of all suitors. Prayer, meditation, reading, hearing, preaching, singing, good conference, are the businesses of this day, which I dare not bestow on any work, or pleasure, but heavenly. **The Pleasure of Study and Contemplation**

I hate superstition on the one side, and looseness on the other; but I find it hard to offend in too much devotion, easy in profaneness. The whole week is sanctified by this day;[1] and according to my care of this, is my blessing on the rest. I show

[1] See Burnet's Life of Sir M. Hale, where he says, "he divided himself between the duties of religion, and the studies of his profession; in the former he was so regular, that for six and thirty years time, he never once failed going to church on the Lord's day; he took a strict account of his time, of which the reader will best judge, by the scheme he drew for a diary. It is set

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The your lordship what I would do, and what I ought; I commit my desires to the imitation of the weak; my actions to the censures of the wise and holy; my weaknesses to the pardon and redress of my merciful God.

. . .

Old Age

Our infancy is full of folly: youth, of disorder and toil; age, of infirmity. Each time hath his burden; and that which may justly work our weariness: yet infancy longeth after youth; and youth after more age; and he, that is very old, as he is a child for simplicity, so he would be for years. I account old age the best of the three; partly, for that it hath passed through the folly and disorder of the others;

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down in the same simplicity in which he writ it for his own private use.

Morning.—To lift up my heart to God in thankfulness for renewing my life.

Evening.—Cast up the accounts of the day. If aught amiss, beg pardon. Gather resolution of more vigilance. If well, bless the mercy and grace of God that hath supported thee.

Locke, in his Conduct of the Understanding, says, "Besides his particular calling for the support of his life, every one has a concern in a future life, which he is bound to look after. This engages his thoughts in religion; and here it mightily lies upon him to understand and reason right. Men therefore cannot be excused from understanding the words, and framing the general notions relating to religion right. The one day of seven, besides other days of rest, allows in the christian world time enough for this (had they no other idle hours) if they would but make use of these vacancies from their daily labour, and apply themselves to an improvement of knowledge, with as much diligence as they often do to a great many other things that are useless.

partly, for that the inconveniences of this are but bodily, with a bettered estate of the mind; and partly, for that it is nearest to dissolution. There is nothing more miserable, than an old man that would be young again. It was an answer worthy the commendations of Petrarch: and that, which argued a mind truly philosophical of him, who, when his friend bemoaned his age appearing in his white temples, telling him he was sorry to see him look so old, replied, "Nay, be sorry rather, that ever I was young, to be a fool." **Old Age**

SECTION VI.

DR. BARROW.

If a man lack wisdom, let him ask it of God, who giveth freely. Therefore, O everlasting wisdom, the maker, redeemer, and governor of all things, let some comfortable beams from thy great body of heavenly light descend upon us, to illuminate our dark minds and quicken our dead hearts; to inflame us with ardent love unto thee, and to direct our steps in obedience to thy laws through the gloomy shades of this world into that region of eternal light and bliss where thou reignest in perfect glory and majesty, one God ever-blessed, world without end. Amen.

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Wisdom of itself is delectable and satisfactory, as it implies a revelation of truth and a detection of error to us. 'Tis like light, pleasant to behold, casting a sprightly lustre, and diffusing a benign influence all about; presenting a goodly prospect of things to the **Knowledge is a Source of Delight**[1]

[1] Sermon i. p. 1.

Knowledge is a Source of Delight

eyes of our mind; displaying objects in their due shapes, postures, magnitudes, and colours; quickening our spirits with a comfortable warmth, and disposing our minds to a cheerful activity; dispelling the darkness of ignorance, scattering the mists of doubt, driving away the spectres of delusive fancy; mitigating the cold of sullen melancholy; discovering obstacles, securing progress, and making the passages of life clear, open, and pleasant. We are all naturally endowed with a strong appetite to know, to see, to pursue truth; and with a bashful abhorrency from being deceived and entangled in mistake. And as success in enquiry after truth affords matter of joy and triumph; so being conscious of error and miscarriage therein, is attended with shame and sorrow. These desires wisdom in the most perfect manner satisfies, not by entertaining us with dry, empty, fruitless theories upon mean and vulgar subjects; but by enriching our minds with excellent and useful knowledge, directed to the noblest objects, and serviceable to the highest ends.[1]

[1] Bacon, in enumerating the advantages of knowledge, says, 1. It relieves man's afflictions. 2. It promotes public virtue and order. 3. It promotes private virtues, by humanising, humbling, nullifying vain admiration, improving. 3. It is power. 4. The pleasure of knowledge far exceedeth all other pleasures; for, shall the pleasures of the affections so exceed the senses, as much as the obtaining of desire or victory exceedeth a song or a dinner; and must not, of consequence, the pleasures of the intellect or understanding exceed the pleasures of the affections? We see in all other pleasures there is satiety, and after they be used, their verdure departeth; which showeth well they be but deceits of pleasure, and not pleasures; and that it was the novelty which pleased, and not the quality; and therefore we see that

Wisdom Selects True Pleasures

Wisdom is exceedingly pleasant and peaceable; in general, by disposing us to acquire and to enjoy all the good delight and happiness we are capable of; and by freeing us from all the inconveniences, mischiefs, and infelicities our condition is subject to. For whatever good from clear understanding, deliberate advice, sagacious foresight, stable resolution, dexterous address, right intention, and orderly proceeding doth naturally result, wisdom confers: whatever evil blind ignorance, false presumption, unwary credulity, precipitate rashness, unsteady purpose, ill contrivance, backwardness, inability, unwieldiness, and confusion of thought beget, wisdom prevents. From a thousand snares and treacherous allurements, from innumerable rocks

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voluptuous men turn friars, and ambitious princes turn melancholy. But of knowledge there is no satiety, but satisfaction and appetite are perpetually interchangeable; and therefore appeareth to be good in itself simply, without fallacy or accident. Neither is that pleasure of small efficacy and contentment to the mind of man, which the poet Lucretius describeth elegantly,

"Suave mari magno, turbantibus æquora ventis," &c.

"It is a view of delight," saith he, "to stand or walk upon the shore side, and to see a ship tossed with tempest upon the sea: or to be in a fortified tower, and to see two battles join upon a plain; but it is pleasure incomparable, for the mind of man to be settled, landed, and fortified in the certainty of truth, and from thence to descry and behold the errors, perturbations, labours, and wanderings up and down of other men." "So always, that this prospect be with pity, and not with swelling or pride. Certainly, it is heaven upon earth, to have a man's mind move in charity, rest in providence, and turn upon the poles of truth."

Wisdom Selects True Pleasures

and dangerous surprises, from exceedingly many needless incumbrances and vexatious toils of fruitless endeavours she redeems and secures us.

Wisdom instructs us to examine, compare, and rightly to value the objects that court our affections and challenge our care! and thereby regulates our passions and moderates our endeavours, which begets a pleasant serenity and peaceable tranquillity of mind. For when being deluded with false shows, and relying upon ill-grounded presumptions, we highly esteem, passionately affect, and eagerly pursue things of little worth in themselves or concernment to us; as we unhandsomely prostitute our affections, and prodigally misspend our time, and vainly lose our labour, so the event not answering our expectation, our minds thereby are confounded, disturbed, and distempered. But, when guided by right reason, we conceive great esteem of, and zealously are enamoured with, and vigorously strive to attain things of excellent worth and weighty consequence, the conscience of having well placed our affections and well employed our pains, and the experience of fruits corresponding to our hopes, ravishes our minds with unexpressible content. And so it is: present appearance and vulgar conceit ordinarily impose upon our fancies, disguising things with a deceitful varnish, and representing those that are vainest with the greatest advantage; whilst the noblest objects, being of a more subtle and spiritual nature, like fairest jewels enclosed in a homely box, avoid the notice of gross sense, and pass undiscerned by us. But the light of wisdom, as it unmasks specious imposture and bereaves it of its false colours, so it

penetrates into the retirements of true excellency and reveals its genuine lustre.[1] **Wisdom Selects True Pleasures**

. . .

Wisdom makes all the troubles, griefs, and pains incident to life, whether casual adversities, or natural afflictions, easy and supportable, by rightly valuing the importance and moderating the influence of them. It suffers not busy fancy to alter the nature, amplify the degree, or extend the duration of them, by representing them more sad, heavy, and remediless than they truly are. It allows them no force beyond what naturally and necessarily they have, nor contributes nourishment to their increase. It keeps them at a due distance, not permitting them to encroach upon the soul, or to propagate their influence beyond their proper sphere.[3] **Knowledge avoids the Misery to which Ignorance is Exposed**[2]

[1] Wisdom doth balance in her scales those true and false pleasures which do equally invite the senses: and rejecting all such as have not solid value or lasting refreshment, doth select and take to her bosom those delights that, proving immortal, do seem to smell and taste of that paradise from which they sprung. Like the wise husbandman who, taking the rough grain which carries in its heart the bread to sustain life, doth trample under foot the gay and idle flowers which many times destroy it.—A. M.

[2] Serm. i. p. 2.

[3] Ignorance can shake strong sinews with idle thoughts, and sink brave hearts with light sorrows, and doth lead innocent feet to impure dens, and haunts the simple rustic with credulous fears, and the swart Indian with that more potent magic, under which spell he pines and dies. And by ignorance is a man fast bound from childhood to the grave, till knowledge, which is the revelation of good and evil, doth set him free.—A. M.

Knowledge mitigates the fear of death and adverse

Honouring God[1] God is honoured by a willing and careful practice of all piety and virtue for conscience' sake, or an avowed obedience to his holy will. This is the most natural expression of our reverence towards him, and the most effectual way of promoting the same in others. A subject cannot better demonstrate the reverence he bears towards his prince, than by (with a cheerful diligence) observing his laws; for by so doing he declares that he acknowledgeth the authority, and revereth the majesty which enacted them; that he approves the wisdom which devised them, and the goodness which designed them for public benefit; that he dreads his

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fortune; for, if a man be deeply imbued with the contemplation of mortality and the corruptible nature of all things, he will easily concur with Epictetus, who went forth one day and saw a woman weeping for her pitcher of earth that was broken; and went forth the next day and saw a woman weeping for her son that was dead: and thereupon said, "Heri vidi fragilem frangi; hodie vidi mortalem mori." And therefore Virgil did excellently and profoundly couple the knowledge of causes and the conquest of all fears as concomitant:

> Felix, qui potuit rerum cognoscere causas,
> Quique metus omnes et inexorabile fatum
> Subjecit pedibus, strepitumque Acherontis avari.
>
> BACON.

Near to the Hartz Mountains in Germany, a gigantic figure has from time immemorial occasionally appeared in the heavens. It is indistinct, but always resembles the form of a human being. Its appearance has ever been a certain indication of approaching misfortune. It is called the Spectre of the Brocken. It has been seen by many travellers. In speaking of it, Monsieur Jordan says, "In the course of my repeated tours through the Hartz Mountains, I often, but in vain, ascended the Brocken,

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[1] Sermon iv. p. 34.

prince's power, which can maintain them, and his justice, which will vindicate them: that here lies upon his fidelity in making good what of protection or of recompense he propounds to the observers of them. No less pregnant a signification of our reverence towards God, do we yield in our gladly and strictly obeying his laws: thereby evidencing our submission to God's sovereign authority, our esteem of his wisdom and goodness, our awful regard to his power and justice, our confidence in him, and dependence upon his word. The

Honouring God

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that I might see the spectre. At length, on a serene morning, as the sun was just appearing above the horizon, it stood before me, at a great distance, towards the opposite mountain. It seemed to be the gigantic figure of a man. It vanished in a moment." In September 1796, the celebrated Abbé Haüy visited this country. He says: "After having ascended the mountain for thirty times, I at last saw the spectre. It was just at sunrise, in the middle of the month of May, about four o'clock in the morning. I saw distinctly a human figure of a monstrous size. The atmosphere was quite serene towards the east. In the south-west a high wind carried before it some light vapours, which were scarcely condensed into clouds and hung round the mountains upon which the figure stood. I bowed. The colossal figure repeated it. I paid my respects a second time, which was returned with the same civility. I then called the landlord of the inn; and having taken the same position which I had before occupied, we looked towards the mountain, when we clearly saw two such colossal figures, which, after having repeated our compliment by bending their bodies, vanished.—When the rising sun throws its rays over the Brocken upon the body of a man standing opposite to fleecy clouds, let him fix his eye steadfastly upon them, and in all probability he will see his own shadow extending the length of five or six hundred feet, at the distance of about two miles from him."

Honouring God

goodliness to the sight, the pleasantness to the taste, which is ever perceptible in those fruits which genuine piety beareth, the beauty men see in a calm mind and a sober conversation, the sweetness they taste from works of justice and charity, will certainly produce veneration to the doctrine which teacheth such things, and to the authority which enjoins them. We shall especially honour God, by discharging faithfully those offices which God hath intrusted us with; by improving diligently those talents which God hath committed to us; by using carefully those means and opportunities which God hath vouchsafed us of doing him service and promoting his glory. Thus he to whom God hath given wealth, if he expend it, not to the nourishment of pride and luxury, not only to the gratifying his own pleasure or humour, but to the furtherance of God's honour, or to the succour of his indigent neighbour, in any pious or charitable way, he doth thereby in a special manner honour God. He also on whom God hath bestowed wit and parts, if he employ them not so much in contriving projects to advance his own petty interests, or in procuring vain applause to himself, as in advantageously setting forth God's praise, handsomely recommending goodness, dexterously engaging men in ways of virtue, he doth thereby remarkably honour God. He likewise that hath honour conferred upon him, if he subordinate it to God's honour, if he use his own credit as an instrument of bringing credit to goodness, thereby adorning and illustrating piety, he by so doing doth eminently practise this duty.

Effect of Example

WHAT extreme advantage great persons have, especially by the influence of their practice, to bring God himself, as it were, into credit! how much it is in their power easily to render piety a thing in fashion and request! for in what they do they never are alone, or are ill attended; whither they go, they carry the world along with them; they lead crowds of people after them, as well when they go in the right way, as when they run astray. The custom of living well, no less than other modes and garbs, will be soon conveyed and propagated from the court; the city and country will readily draw good manners thence, good manners truly so called, not only superficial forms of civility, but real practices of goodness. For the main body of men goeth not "quâ eundem, sed quâ itur," not according to rules and reasons, but after examples and authorities; especially of great persons, who are like stars, shining in high and conspicuous places, by which men steer their course; their actions are to be reckoned not as single or solitary ones, but are, like their persons, of a public and representative nature, involving the practice of others, who are by them awed, or shamed into compliance. Their good example especially hath this advantage, that men can find no excuse, can have no pretence why they should not follow it. Piety is not only beautified, but fortified by their dignity; it not only shines on them with a clear lustre, but with a mightier force and influence; a word, a look, the least intimation from them will do more good, than others' best eloquence, clearest reason, most earnest endeavours. For it is in them, if they would apply themselves to it, as the wisest

Effect of Example prince implies, to "scatter iniquity with their eyes." A smile of theirs were able to enliven virtue, and diffuse it all about; a frown might suffice to mortify and dissipate wickedness. Such apparently is their power of honouring God; and in proportion thereto surely great is their obligation to do it; of them peculiarly God expects it, and all equity exacts it.

. . .

On Piety[1] Is a man prosperous, high, or wealthy in condition? Piety guardeth him from all the mischiefs incident to that state, and disposeth him to enjoy the best advantages thereof. It keepeth him from being swelled and puffed up with vain conceit, from being transported with fond complaisance or confidence therein; minding him that it is purely the gift of God, that it absolutely dependeth on his disposal, so that it may soon be taken from him, and that he cannot otherwise than by humility, by gratitude, by the good use of it, be secure to retain it; minding him also, that he shall assuredly be forced to render a strict account concerning the good management thereof. It preserveth him from being perverted or corrupted with the temptations to which that condition is most liable; from luxury, from sloth, from stupidity, from forgetfulness of God, and of himself; maintaining among the floods

[1] Serm. xi. p. 12.

In the Profitableness of Goodness, the object of which is to prove that piety—

1st. It disposes all men properly to discharge their peculiar duties.

2nd. Fits men for all conditions.

3rd. Is the greatest of all blessings.

4th. Is immutable.

The above extract is from art. 2.

of plenty a sober and steady mind. It fenceth him from insolenee, and fastuous contempt of others; rendereth him civil, condescensive, kind and helpful to those who are in a meaner state. It instructeth and inciteth him to apply his wealth and power to the best uses, to the service of God, to the benefit of his neighbour for his own best reputation, and most solid comfort. It is the right ballast of prosperity, the only antidote for all the inconveniences of wealth; that which secureth, sweeteneth and sanctifieth all other goods: without it all apparent goods are very noxious, or extremely dangerous; riches, power, honour, ease, pleasure, are so many poisons or so many snares without it. Again, is a man poor and low in the world? Piety doth improve and sweeten even that state; it keepeth his spirits up above dejection, desperation, and disconsolateness: it freeth him from all grievous solicitude and anxiety: shewing him, that although he seemeth to have little, yet he may be assured to want nothing, he having a certain succour, and never-failing supply from God's good Providence; that notwithstanding the present straitness of his condition, or scantiness of outward things, he hath a title to goods infinitely more precious and more considerable. A pious man cannot but apprehend himself like the child of a most wealthy, kind, and careful father, who although he hath yet nothing in his own possession, or passing under his name, yet is assured that he can never come into any want of what is needful to him: the Lord of all things (who hath all things in heaven and earth at his disposal, who is infinitely tender of his children's good, who doth incessantly watch over them) being his gracious Father, how can he fear to

On Piety

On Piety be left destitute, or not to be competently provided for, as is truly best for him? What if a man seem very poor; if he be abundantly satisfied in his own possessions and enjoyments? what if he tasteth not the pleasures of sense; if he enjoyeth purer and sweeter delights of mind? what if tempests of fortune surround him; if his mind be calm and serene? what if he have few or no friends; if he yet be thoroughly in peace and amity with himself, and can delightfully converse with his own thoughts? what if men slight, censure, or revile him; if he doth value his own state, doth approve his own actions, doth acquit himself of blame in his own conscience? such external contingencies can surely no more prejudice a man's real happiness, than winds blustering abroad can harm or trouble him that abideth in a good room within doors, than storms and fluctuations at sea can molest him who standeth firm upon the shore.[1]

* * *

Pleasures of Piety What have we to do but to eat and drink, like horses or like swine; but to sport and play like children or apes; but to bicker and scuffle about trifles and impertinences, like idiots? what, but to scrape and scramble for useless pelf; to hunt after empty shows and shadows of honour, or the vain fancies and dreams of men? what but to wallow or bask in sordid pleasures, the which soon degenerate into remorse and bitterness? to which sort of employments were a man confined, what a pitiful thing would he be, and how inconsiderable were his life? were a man designed only, like a fly, to buzz about here for a time, sucking in the air and licking

[1] *ib.* page 21.

the dew, then soon to vanish back into nothing, or to be transformed into worms; how sorry and despicable a thing were he? and such without religion we should be. But it supplieth us with business of a most worthy nature, and lofty importance; it setteth us upon doing things great and noble as can be; it engageth us to free our minds from all fond conceits, and cleanse our hearts from all corrupt affections; to curb our brutish appetites, to tame our wild passions, to correct our perverse inclinations, to conform the dispositions of our soul, and the actions of our life to the eternal laws of righteousness and goodness; it putteth us upon the imitation of God, and aiming at the resemblance of his perfections; upon obtaining a friendship, and maintaining a correspondence with the High and Holy One; upon fitting our minds for conversation and society with the wisest and purest spirits above; upon providing for an immortal state; upon the acquist of joy and glory everlasting. It employeth us in the divinest actions of promoting virtue, of performing beneficence, of serving the public, and doing good to all; the being exercised in which things doth indeed render a man highly considerable, and his life excellently valuable.[1]

Pleasures of Piety

. . .

Wherever we direct our eyes, whether we reflect them inward upon ourselves, we behold his goodness to occupy and penetrate the very root and centre of our beings; or extend them abroad toward the things about us, we may perceive

Duty of Thanksgiving[2]

[1] Serm. iii. p. 25.

[2] Vol. I, Serm. viii. p. 71, 79.

Duty of Thanksgiving

ourselves enclosed wholly, and surrounded with his benefits. At home we find a comely body framed by his curious artifice, various organs fitly proportioned, situated and tempered for strength, ornament, and motion, actuated by a gentle heat, and invigorated with lively spirits, disposed to health, and qualified for a long endurance; subservient to a soul endued with divers senses, faculties, and powers, apt to enquire after, pursue and perceive various delights and contents. Or when we contemplate the wonderful works of nature, and, walking about at our leisure, gaze upon this ample theatre of the world, considering the stately beauty, constant order, and sumptuous furniture thereof; the glorious splendour and uniform motion of the heavens; the pleasant fertility of the earth; the curious figure and fragrant sweetness of plants; the exquisite frame of animals, and all other amazing miracles of nature, wherein the glorious attributes of God (especially his transcendent goodness) are most conspicuously displayed; (so that by them not only large acknowledgments, but even congratulatory hymns, as it were, of praise, have been extorted from the mouths of Aristotle, Pliny, Galen, and such like men, never suspected guilty of an excessive devotion;) then should our hearts be affected with thankful sense, and our lips break forth into his praise.

. . .

Wit

To the question what the thing we speak of is, or what this facetiousness doth import? I might reply as Democritus did to him that asked the definition of a Man, 'Tis that which we all see and know:

any one better apprehends what it is by acquaint- **Wit**
ance, than I can inform him by description. It is indeed a thing so versatile and multiform, appearing in so many shapes, so many postures, so many garbs, so variously apprehended by several eyes and judgments, that it seemeth no less hard to settle a clear and certain notion thereof, than to make a portrait of Proteus, or to define the figure of a fleeting air. Sometimes it lieth in pat allusion to a known story, or in seasonable application of a trivial saying, or in forging an apposite tale; sometimes it playeth in words and phrases, taking advantage from the ambiguity of their sense, or the affinity of their sound: sometimes it is wrapped in a dress of humorous expression; sometimes it lurketh under an odd similitude; sometimes it is lodged in a sly question, in a smart answer, in a quirkish reason, in a shrewd intimation, in cunningly diverting, or cleverly retorting an objection: sometimes it is couched in a bold scheme of speech, in a tart irony, in a lusty hyperbole, in a startling metaphor, in a plausible reconciling of contradictions, or in acute nonsense: sometimes a scenical representation of persons or things, a counterfeit speech, a mimical look or gesture passeth for it: sometimes an affected simplicity, sometimes a presumptuous bluntness, giveth it being: sometimes it riseth from a lucky hitting upon what is strange, sometimes from a crafty wresting obvious matter to the purpose: often it consisteth in one knows not what, and springeth up one can hardly tell how. Its ways are unaccountable and inexplicable, being answerable to the numberless rovings of fancy and windings of language. It is, in short, a manner of speaking out of the

Wit simple and plain way (such as reason teacheth and proveth things by), which by a pretty surprising uncouthness in conceit or expression doth affect and amuse the fancy, stirring in it some wonder, and breeding some delight thereto.[1]

. . .

The Bee and the Spider[2] An honest and charitable mind disposes us, when we see any man endued with good qualities and pursuing a tenour of good practice, to esteem such a person, to commend him, to interpret what he doeth to the best, not to suspect any ill of him, or to seek any exception against him; it inclineth us, when we see any action materially good, to yield it with simple due approbation and praise, without searching for, or surmising any defect in the cause or principle, whence it cometh, in the design or end to which it tendeth, in the way or manner of performing it. A good man would be sorry to have any good thing spoiled: as to find a crack in a fair building, a flaw in a fine jewel, a canker in a goodly flower, is grievous to any indifferent man; so would it be displeasing to him to observe defects in a worthy person, or commendable action; he therefore will not easily entertain a suspicion of any such, he never will hunt for any. But on the contrary, 'tis the property of a detractor, when he seeth a worthy person, whom he doth not affect, or whom he is concerned to wrong, to survey him thoroughly, and to sift all his actions, with intent to descry some

[1] Serm. xiv. Against Foolish Talking and Jesting.

Is not all laughter the sign of a sudden agreeable sensation, subject, therefore, to an infinite variety, according as our sources of pleasure vary?

[2] Serm. xix. Against Detraction, p. 191.

failing, or any semblance of a fault, by which he may disparage him; when he vieweth any good action, he peereth into it, labouring to espy some pretence, to derogate from the commendation apparently belonging to it. The Bee and the Spider

As good nature, and ingenuous disposition incline men to observe, like, and commend what appeareth best in our neighbour; so malignity of temper and heart promoteth to espy, and catch at the worst: one, as a bee, gathereth honey out of any herb; the other, as a spider, sucketh poison out of the sweetest flower.[1]

* * *

Is any man fallen into disgrace? Charity doth hold down its head, is abashed and out of countenance, partaking of his shame; is any man disappointed of his hopes or endeavours? charity crieth out Alas, as if it were itself defeated: is any man afflicted with pain or sickness? charity looketh Charity

[1] Bacon, in his Essay on Goodness of Nature, says: "Neither is there only a habit of goodness directed by right reason; but there is in some men, even in nature, a disposition towards it; as, on the other side, there is a malignity; for there be that in their nature do not affect the good of others. The lighter sort of malignity turneth but to a crossness, or forwardness, or aptness to oppose, or difficileness, or the like; but the deeper sort to envy, and mere mischief. Such men in other men's calamities, are, as it were, in season, and are ever on the loading part: not so good as the dogs that licked Lazarus' sores, but like flies that are still buzzing upon any thing that is raw; misanthropi, that make it their practice to bring men to the bough, and yet have never a tree for the purpose in a garden, as Timon had: such dispositions are the very errors of human nature, and yet they are the fittest timber to make great politics of; like to knee timber, that is good for ships that are ordained

Charity sadly, it sigheth and groaneth, it fainteth and languisheth with him. Is any man pinched with hard want? charity, if it cannot succour, it will condole. Doth ill news arrive? charity doth hear it with an unwilling ear, and a sad heart, although not particularly concerned in it. The sight of a wreck at sea, of a field spread with carcases, of a country desolated, of houses burnt and cities ruined, and of the like calamities incident to mankind, would touch the bowels of any man; but the very report of them would affect the heart of charity.[1]

. . .

Concord and Discord [2] How good and pleasant a thing it is (as David saith) for brethren (and so we are all at least by nature) to live together in unity. How that (as Solomon saith) better is a dry morsel, and quietness therewith, than a houseful of sacrifices with strife. How delicious that conversation is, which

to be tossed, but not for building houses that shall stand firm. The parts and signs of goodness are many. If a man be gracious and courteous to strangers, it shews he is a citizen of the world, and that his heart is no island cut off from other lands, but a continent that joins to them; if he be compassionate towards the afflictions of others, it shews that his heart is like the noble tree that is wounded itself when it gives the balm; if he easily pardons and remits offences, it shews that his mind is planted above injuries, so that he cannot be shot; if he be thankful for small benefits, it shews that he weighs men's minds, and not their trash.

Does not detraction originate in the common observation that "the censure of others is a tacit approbation of ourselves?"

Is not the spirit of detraction peculiar to narrow minds, to wisdom in its own conceit?

[1] Vol. I. Serm. xxvii. Nature, &c. of Charity, p. 257.

[2] Vol. I. Serm. xxx. pp. 297-9.

is accompanied with mutual confidence, freedom, courtesy, and complaisance; how calm the mind, how composed the affections, how serene the countenance, how melodious the voice, how sweet the sleep, how contentful the whole life is of him that neither deviseth mischief against others, nor suspects any to be contrived against himself; and contrariwise, how ungrateful and loathsome a thing it is to abide in a state of enmity, wrath, dissension: having the thoughts distracted with solicitous care, anxious suspicion, envious regret; the heart boiling with choler, the face overclouded with discontent, the tongue jarring and out of tune, the ears filled with discordant noises of contradiction, clamour and reproach; the whole frame of body and soul distempered and disturbed with the worst of passions. How much more comfortable it is to walk in smooth and even paths than to wander in rugged ways, overgrown with briers, obstructed with rubs, and beset with snares, to sail steadily in a quiet, than to be tossed in a tempestuous sea; to behold the lovely face of heaven smiling with a cheerful serenity, than to see it frowning with clouds, or raging with storms; to hear harmonious consents, than dissonant janglings; to see objects correspondent in graceful symmetry, than lying disorderly in confused heaps; to be in health, and have the natural humours consent in moderate temper, than (as it happens in diseases) agitated with tumultuous commotions: how all senses and faculties of man unanimously rejoice in those emblems of peace, order, harmony, and proportion. Yea, how nature universally delights in a quiet stability or undisturbed progress

Concord and Discord

Concord and Discord

of motion; the beauty, strength, and vigour, of every thing requires a concurrence of force, co-operation, and contribution of help; all things thrive and flourish by communicating reciprocal aid, and the world subsists by a friendly conspiracy of its parts; and especially that political society of men chiefly aims at peace as its end, depends on it as its cause, relies on it for its support. How much a peaceful state resembles heaven, into which neither complaint, pain, nor clamour, (οὔτη πένθος, οὔτε πόνος, οὔτε κραυγὴ, as it is in the Apocalypse) do ever enter; but blessed souls converse together in perfect love, and in perpetual concord; and how a condition of enmity represents the state of hell, that black and dismal region of dark hatred, fiery wrath, and horrible tumult.[1] How like a paradise the world would be, flourishing in joy and rest, if men would cheerfully conspire in affection, and helpfully contribute to each other's content: and how like a savage wilderness now it is, when like wild beasts, they vex and persecute, worry and devour each other. How not only philosophy hath placed the supreme pitch of happiness in a calmness of mind, and tranquillity of life, void of care and trouble, of irregular passions and perturbations; but that holy scripture itself in that one term of peace most usually comprehends all joy and content, all felicity and prosperity: so that the heavenly consort of angels, when they agree most highly to bless, and to wish the greatest happiness to mankind, could not better

[1] Is it not the nature of virtue to unite, of vice and ignorance, like death, to decompose?

express their sense, than by saying, 'Be on earth peace, and goodwill among men.' **Concord and Discord**

Almighty God, the most good and beneficent maker, gracious Lord, and merciful preserver of all things, infuse into their hearts those heavenly graces of meekness, patience, and benignity; grant us and his whole church, and all his creation to serve him quietly here, and a blissful rest to praise and magnify him for ever.

. . .

The Christian[1]

An honest Pagan historian saith of the christian profession, that "nil nisi justum suadet et lene;" the which is a true, though not full character thereof. It enjoineth us that we should sincerely and tenderly love one another, should earnestly desire and delight in each other's good, should heartily sympathize with all the evils and sorrows of our brethren, should be ready to yield them all the help and comfort we are able, being willing to part with our substance, our ease, our pleasure for their benefit or succour; not confining this our charity to any sort of men, particularly related or affected towards us, but, in conformity to our heavenly Father's boundless goodness, extending it to all; that we should mutually bear one another's burthens, and bear with one another's infirmities, mildly resent and freely remit all injuries, all discourtesies done unto us, retaining no grudge in our hearts, executing no revenge, but requiting them with good wishes and good deeds. It chargeth us to be quiet and orderly in our stations, diligent in our calling, veracious in our words, upright in

[1] Serm. xvi. vol. 2.

The Christian

our dealings, observant in our relations, obedient and respectful towards our superiors, meek and gentle to our inferiors; modest and lowly, ingenuous and compliant in our conversation, candid and benign in our censures, innocent and inoffensive, yea courteous and obliging in all our behaviour towards all persons. It commandeth us to root out of our hearts all spite and rancour, all envy and malignity, all pride and haughtiness, all evil suspicion and jealousy; to restrain our tongue from all slander, all detraction, all reviling, all bitter and harsh language; to banish from our practice whatever may injure, may hurt, may needlessly vex or trouble our neighbour. It engageth us to prefer the public good before any private convenience, before our own opinion or humour, our credit or fame, our profit or advantage, our ease or pleasure; rather discarding a less good from ourselves, than depriving others of a greater. Now who can number or estimate the benefits that spring from the practice of these duties, either to the man that observes them, or to all men in common? O divinest christian charity! what tongue can worthily describe thy most heavenly beauty, thy incomparable sweetness, thy more than royal clemency and bounty? how nobly dost thou enlarge our mind beyond the narrow sphere of self and private regard into a universal care and complacence,[1] making every man ourself and all concernments to be ours?

[1] Would we learn them from Christ himself in what the will of our Maker consists, let us contemplate it in the whole tenour of his instructive and wonderful life. Did he fulfil that will by pompous and formal displays of superior wisdom, by austere and arrogant pretensions

SECTION VII

DR FULLER

KNOW, next religion, there is nothing accompliseth a man more than learning. Learning in a lord is as a diamond in gold.—*Dedication to the Holy War.*

. . .

HE must rise early, yea, not at all go to bed, who will have every one's good word. Miscellaneous[1]

He needs strong arms who is to swim against the stream.

He that falls into sin is a man; that grieves at it may be a saint; that boasteth of it is a devil.

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to superior righteousness, by solicitude for ritual observances, by dogmatism upon abstruse speculation, by a supercilious contempt of ignorance, or a ferocious intolerance of error? No. But the will of God, such at least as was that which he exemplified, is to be found in lessons of virtue attractive from their simplicity, impressive from their earnestness, and authoritative from the miraculous evidence which accompanied them: in habits of humility without meanness, and of meekness without pusillanimity; in unwearied endeavours to console the afflicted, to soften the prejudiced, and to encourage the sincere; in unshaken firmness to strip the mask from pharisaical hypocrites, and to quell the insolence of dictatorial and deceitful guides: in kindness to his followers, in forgiveness to his persecutors, in works of the most unfeigned and unbounded charity to man, and in a spirit of the purest and most sublime piety to his Father and his God.—DR PARR.

See Bishop Taylor's Cares of Conscience, chap. 4. "It is a doctrine perfective of human nature, that teaches us to love God and to love one another, to hurt no man, and to do good to every man, it propines to us the noblest, the highest, and the bravest pleasures of the world; the joys of charity, the rest of

[1] From the Holy War.

Miscellaneous

It is hard for one of base parentage to personate a king without over-acting his part.

Charity's eyes should be open as well as her hands. Surely King Edward the Sixth was as truly charitable in granting Bridewell for the

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innocence, the peace of quiet spirits, the wealth of beneficence, and forbids us only to be beasts, and to be devils; it allows all that God and nature intended, and only restrains the excrescences of nature, and forbids us to take pleasure in that which is the only entertainment of devils, in murders and revenges, malice and spiteful words and actions; it permits corporal pleasures where they can best minister to health and societies, to conversation of families, and honour of communities, it teaches men to keep their words, that themselves may be secured in all their just interests, and to do good to others that good may be done to them; it forbids biting one another, that we may not be devoured by one another; and commands obedience to superiors, that we may not be ruined in confusions; it combines governments, and confirms all good laws and makes peace, and opposes and prevents wars where they are not just, and where they are not necessary. It is a religion that is life and spirit, not consisting in ceremonies and external amusements, but in the services of the heart, and the real fruits of lips, and hands, that is, of good words and good deeds, and hath in it both heat and light, and is not more effectual than it is beauteous; it promises every thing that we can desire, and yet promises nothing but what it does effect; it proclaims war against all vices, and generally does command every virtue; it teaches us with ease to mortify those affections which reason durst scarce reprove, because she hath not strength enough to conquer, and it does create in us those virtues which reason of herself never knew, and after they are known could never approve sufficiently; it is a doctrine in which nothing is superfluous or burdensome, nor yet is there any thing wanting which can procure happiness to mankind, or by which God can be glorified.

punishment of sturdy rogues, as in giving St Thomas's Hospital for the relief of the poor.

The Pope knows he can catch no fish if the waters are clear.

The Cardinal's eyes in the Court of Rome were old and dim; and therefore the glass, wherein they see any thing, must be well silvered.

Many wish that the tree may be felled, who hope to gather chips by the fall.

The Holy Ghost came down, not in the shape of a vulture, but in the form of a dove.

. . .

The Skeleton

A naked cage of bone,
From whence the winged soul long since is flown.

. . .

Wisdom in its Own Conceit

Humility is every where preached, and pride practised; they persuade others to labour for heaven, and fall out about earth themselves; their lives are contrary to their doctrines, and their doctrines one to another.

. . .

The Religion of Mahomet

It may justly seem admirable how that senseless religion should gain so much ground on Christianity; especially having neither real substance in her doctrine, nor winning behaviour in her ceremonies to allure professors. For what is it but the scum of Judaism and Paganism sod together, and here and there strewed over with a spice of Christianity? As Mahomet's tomb, so many sentences in his Alcoran seem to hang by some secret loadstone, which draweth together their gaping independences with a mystical coherence, or otherwise they are flat nonsense. Yet this wonder of the spreading of this leprosy is lessened, if we consider that besides

The Religion of Mahomet

the general causes of the growing of all errors (namely, the gangrene-like nature of evil, and the justice of God to deliver them over to believe lies who will not obey the truth) Mahometanism hath raised itself to this height by some peculiar advantages; first, by permitting much carnal liberty to the professors (as having many wives) and no wonder if they get fish enough that use that bait; secondly, by promising a paradise of sensual pleasure hereafter, wherewith flesh and blood is more affected (as falling under her experience) than with hope of any spiritual delights; thirdly, by prohibiting of disputes, and suppressing of all learning; and thus Mahomet made his shop dark on purpose, that he might vend any wares: lastly, this religion had never made her own passage so fast and so far, if the sword had not cut the way before her, as commonly the conquered follow for the most part the religion of the conquerors. By this means that cursed doctrine hath so improved itself, that it may outvie with professors the church of Rome, which boasteth so much of her latitude and extent; though from thence to infer that her faith is the best, is falsely to conclude the fineness of the cloth from the largeness of the measure.[1]

. . .

Destruction of the Crusaders

Egypt is a low, level country, except some few advantages which the Egyptians had fortified for themselves. Through the midst of the land ran the river Nilus; whose stream they had so bridled with banks and sluices, that they could keep it to be their own servant, and make it their enemies' master at pleasure. The Christians confidently

[1] Holy War.

marched on; and the Turks, perceiving the game was come within the toil, pierced their banks, and unmuzzling the river, let it run open mouth upon them; yet so, that at first they drowned them up but to the middle, reserving their lives for a further purpose, thereby in exchange to recover Damiata and their country's liberty. See here the land of Egypt turned in an instant into the Egyptian sea! see an army of sixty thousand, as the neck of one man, stretched on the block, and waiting the fatal stroke! **Destruction of the Crusaders**

. . .

Hitherto [A. D. 1428] the corpse of John Wickliffe had quietly slept in his grave about forty-one years after his death, till his body was reduced to bones, and his bones almost to dust. For though the earth in the chancel of Lutterworth, in Leicestershire, where he was interred, hath not so quick a digestion with the earth of Aceldama, to consume flesh in twenty-four hours, yet such the appetite thereof, and all other English graves, to leave small reversions of a body after so many years. But now such the spleen of the council of Constance, as they not only cursed his memory as dying an obstinate heretic, but ordered that his bones (with this charitable caution,—if it may be discerned from the bodies of other faithful people) be taken out of the ground, and thrown far off from any christian burial. In obedience hereunto, Richard Fleming, Bishop of Lincoln, Diocesan of Lutterworth, sent his officers (vultures with a quick sight scent, at a dead carcass) to ungrave him. Accordingly to Lutterworth they come; Summer, Commissary, Official, Chancellor, Proctors, Doctors, and their servants (so that the **Religious Persecution** [1]

[1] From the Church History.

Religious Persecution

remnant of the body would not hold out a bone amongst so many hands), take what was left out of the grave, and burnt them to ashes, and cast them into Swift, a neighbouring brook, running hard by. Thus this brook hath conveyed his ashes into Avon, Avon into Severn, Severn into the narrow seas, they into the main ocean; and thus the ashes of Wickliffe are the emblem of his doctrine, which now is dispersed all the world over.

. . .

The Good Wife [1]

She commandeth her husband, in any equal matter, by constant obeying him.

She never crosseth her husband in the spring-tide of his anger, but stays till it be ebbing-water. Surely men, contrary to iron, are worst to be wrought upon when they are hot.

Her clothes are rather comely than costly, and she makes plain cloth to be velvet by her handsome wearing it.

Her husband's secrets she will not divulge: especially she is careful to conceal his infirmities.

In her husband's absence she is wife and deputy husband, which makes her double the files of her diligence. At his return he finds all things so well, that he wonders to see himself at home when he was abroad.[2]

[1] From the Holy State.

[2] In Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy there are twelve reasons in favour of marriage, of which the six first are as follows:—

1. Hast thou means? Thou hast one to keep and increase it.
2. Hast none? Thou hast one to help to get it.
3. Art in prosperity? Thine happiness is doubled.
4. Art in adversity? She'll comfort, assist, bear a part of thy burden, to make it more tolerable.

Her children, though many in number, are none in noise, steering them with a look whither she listeth. **The Good Wife**

The heaviest work of her servants she maketh light, by orderly and seasonably enjoining it.

In her husband's sickness she feels more grief than she shows.

. . .

He continueth the care of his children till the day of his death, in their infancy, youth, and man's estate. **The Good Parent**[1]

He showeth them in his own practice what to follow and imitate; and in others, what to shun and avoid. A father that whipt his son for swearing, and swore himself whilst he whipt him, did more harm by his example than good by his correction.

If his son prove wild, he doth not cast him off so far, but he marks the place where he lights. With the mother of Moses, he doth not suffer his son to sink or swim, but he leaves one to stand afar off to watch what will become of him.

He moves him to marriage rather by argument drawn from his good, than his own authority.

In choosing a profession, he is directed by his child's disposition.

He allows his children maintenance according to their quality.

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5. Art at home? She'll drive away melancholy.
6. Art abroad? She looks after thee, going from home, wishes for thee in thine absence, and joyfully welcomes thy return.

[1] From the Holy State.

The Good Parent

He observeth gavel-kind in dividing his affections, though not his estate.

He doth not give away his loaf to his children, and then come to them for a piece of bread.[1]

[1] The knowledge that it is the tendency of affection rather to descend than to ascend, seems of considerable importance in the regulation of parental feeling. Fuller, in his chapter on moderation, says, "As love does descend," &c. Du Moulin, in his work on Peace and Content, says, "Of children expect no good but the satisfaction to have done them good and to see them do well for themselves, for in this relation the nature of beneficence is to descend, seldom to remount. Bishop Taylor, in his Life of Christ, when speaking of mothers who do not suckle their own children, says, "And if love descends more strongly than it ascends, and commonly falls from the parents upon the children in cataracts, and returns back again up to the parents but in small dews; if the child's affection keeps the same proportions towards such unkind mothers, it will be as little as atoms in the sun, and never express itself but when the mother needs it not, that is in the sunshine of a clear fortune."—Is not the expectation, that affection should ascend, often a cause of misery?

The following extract upon parent and child is from a sermon of Ogden's.

Young people are not sensible how much anguish is endured on their account. They run heedlessly forward in the broad and open path, and have no thought but of the pleasure they are pursuing. Yet stop, young man, we beg, a little, to look towards thy poor parents. Think it not too much to bestow a moment's reflection upon those who never forget thee. Recollect what they have done for thee. Remember all—all indeed thou canst not: alas! ill had been thy lot, had not their care of thee begun before thou couldst remember, or know any thing.

Now so proud, self-willed, inexorable, thou couldst then only ask by wailing, and move them with thy tears. And they were moved. Their hearts were touched with thy distress: they relieved and watched

The Good Sea Captain [1]

Conceive him now in a man of war, with his letters of marque, victualled, and appointed.

The more power he hath, the more careful he is not to abuse it. Indeed a sea captain is a king in

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thy wants, before thou knewest thine own necessities or their kindness. They clothed thee: thou knewest not that thou wast naked: thou askedst not for bread, but they fed thee. And ever since, in short, for the particulars are too many to be recounted, and too many surely to be all utterly forgotten, it has been the very principal endeavour, employment, and study of their lives to do service to thee.

And remember, for this too is of moment, it is all out of pure, unfeigned affection. Other friends mostly expect their civilities to be repaid, and their kind offices returned with interest. But parents have no thoughts like these. They "seek not thine, but thee." Their regard is real, and hearty, and undesigning. They have no reflex views upon themseves, no oblique glances towards their own interest. If by all their endeavours they can obtain their child's welfare, they arrive at the full accomplishment of their wishes. They have no higher object of their ambition. Be thou but happy, and they are so.

And now tell me: is not something to be done, I do not now say for thyself, but for them? If it be too much to desire of thee to be good, and wise, and virtuous, and happy for thy own sake, yet be happy for theirs. Think that

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[1] The Sea Captain contains a short Life of Sir Francis Drake, and the following anecdote:—Francis Drake continued his course for Port-Rico, and riding within the road, a shot from the castle entered the steerage of the ship, took away the stool from under him as he sate at supper, wounded Sir Nicholas Clifford and Brute Brown to death. "Ah dear Brute," said Drake, "I could grieve for thee, but now is no time for me to let down my spirits."—*From the mouth of H. Drake, Esq., there present, my dear and worthy parishioner, lately deceased.*

The Good Sea Captain

the island of a ship, supreme judge, above appeal, in causes civil and criminal, and is seldom brought to an account in courts of justice on land, for injuries done to his own men at sea.

He is careful in observing the Lord's day. He hath a watch in his heart, though no bells in a steeple to proclaim that day by ringing to prayers.

He is as pious and thankful when a tempest is past as devout when 'tis present; not clamorous to receive mercies, and tongue-tied to return thanks. Escaping many dangers makes him not presumptuous to run into them.

In taking a prize he most prizeth the men's lives whom he takes; though some of them may chance to be negroes or savages. 'Tis the custom of some

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a sober, upright, and let me add, religious life, besides the blessings it will bring upon thy own head, will be a fountain of unfailing comfort to thy declining parents, and make the heart of the aged sing for joy.

What shall we say? Which of these is happier? the son that maketh a glad father? or the father, blessed with such a son?

Fortunate young man! who hast a heart open so early to virtuous delights: and canst find thy own happiness, in returning thy father's blessing upon his own head.

And happy father! whose years have been prolonged, not as it often happens, to see his comforts fall from him one after another, and to become at once old and destitute; but to taste a new pleasure, not to be found among the pleasures of youth, reserved for his age; to reap the harvest of all his cares and labour in the duty, affection, and felicity of his dear child. His very look bespeaks the inward satisfaction of his heart. The infirmities of age sit light on him. He feels not the troubles of life; he smiles at the approach of death: sees himself still living and honoured in the memory and the person of his son, his other dearer self: and passes down to the re-

to cast them overboard, and there's an end of them : for the dumb fishes will tell no tales. But the murder is not so soon drowned as the man. What, is a brother of false blood no kin ; a savage hath God to his father by creation, though not the church to his mother, and God will revenge his innocent blood. But our captain counts the image of God, nevertheless his image cut in ebony as if done in ivory.[1] **The Good Sea Captain**

In dividing the gains he wrongs none who took pains to get them. Not shifting off his poor mariners with nothing.

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ceptacle of all the living in the fulness of content and joy.

How unlike to this, is the condition of him who has the affliction to be the father of a wicked offspring! poor unhappy man! no sorrow is like unto thy sorrow. Diseases and death are blessings, if compared with the anguish of thy heart, when thou seest thy dearest children run heedlessly headlong in the ways of sin, forgetful of their parents' counsel and their own happiness. Unfortunate old man! how often does he wish he had never been born, or had been cut off before he was a father! no reflection is able to afford him consolation. He grows old betimes ; and the afflictions of age are doubled on his bead. In vain are instruments of pleasure brought forth. His soul refuses comfort. Every blessing of life is lost upon him. No success is able to give him joy. His triumphs are like that of David. While his friends, captains, soldiers, were rending the air with shouts of victory ; he, poor conqueror! "went up," as it is written, "to the chamber over the gate, and wept: and as he went, thus he said ; O my son Absalom! my son, my son Absalom! would God I had died for thee! O Absalom, my son, my son!"—Sermon xi. p. 335.

[1] Is not this one of the earliest intercessions on behalf of the poor slaves?

The Good Sea Captain

In time of peace he quietly returns home.[1] His voyages are not only for profit, but some for honour and knowledge.[2]

[1] The hour now approached in which it became necessary for General Washington to take leave of his army, who had been endeared to him by a long series of common sufferings and dangers. The officers having previously assembled, General Washington, calling for a glass of wine, thus addressed them:—"With a heart full of love and gratitude, I now take leave of you: I most devoutly wish that your latter days may be as prosperous and happy as your former ones have been glorious and honourable." The officers came up successively, and he took an affectionate leave of each of them. The General then left the room and passed through the corps of light infantry to the place of embarkation, the officers all following him. On his entering the barge to cross the North river, he turned towards the companions of his glory, and by waving his hat bid them farewell. Some answered this last signal of respect and affection with tears, and all hung upon the barge which conveyed him from their sight till they could no longer distinguish in it the person of their beloved commander.—RAMSEY'S *America*.

[2] This is common to all professions: "I hold," says Lord Bacon, "that every man is a debtor to his profession, from the which, as men do of course seek to receive countenance and profit, so ought they of duty to endeavour themselves by way of amends, to be a help and ornament thereunto." And Sir Edward Coke, differing as he did from Lord Bacon upon all subjects, except the advancement of their noble profession, expresses the same sentiment almost in the same words. "If this," he says, "or any other of my works, may in any sort, by the goodness of Almighty God, who hath enabled me hereunto, tend to some discharge of that great obligation of duty wherein I am bound to my profession, I shall reap some fruits from the tree of life, and I shall receive sufficient compensation for all my labours."

Similar sentiments influenced Sir Matthew Hale, and Harvey, and Syndenham.

This arises out of the social part of our nature; thus

He daily sees, and duly considers God's wonders in the deep. The Good Sea Captain

beautifully described in a MS. sermon in my possession :—"There is a part of human nature which draws man asunder from his fellow and engages him with his own peculiar interests and affairs; which isolates him and arms him in his own behalf: out of which grows the feeling of property, and personal right, and also of justice; and from the excess of which cometh cunning and every form of malice and malignity. And to work against this and hinder it from these fearful issues, there is another part of human nature which draws him to his kind, makes him thirst for fellowship and communion with kindred spirits, and which binds him in a thousand associations, out of which arise some of the most exquisite enjoyments of his life. A principle of attraction and communication diverse from and opposite to the other, by which he is carried from himself, and made to have pleasure in the giving to others, that which by his own personal industry he hath acquired. Is knowledge that upon which he hath set his heart? Then he removes himself from affairs, and shuts himself up from company, and subjecteth youthful passions, and abstracteth himself from places of youthful gaiety and folly, that he may dig the mines of knowledge, which are richer than the mines of gold; carrying on the merchandise of wisdom, which is better than the merchandise of silver;—and thereto he hath the convenience of a college cell, within gates which are shut betimes, as carefully as a besieged city, it being well thought by the fathers and founders of learning that the outward world is not more adverse to knowledge than to true religion. Here he trims his midnight lamp, and paleth the bloom of his youthful cheek; he stinteth himself of sleep, his books are his silent companions; the thoughts of the learned are his banquet,—his inward man engrosses him,—his outward man often altogether neglected,—health itself hardly cared for, while he is passing through this chrysalis state of the mind, and obtaining for his soul that plumage, which shall bear it into the regions of thought and fancy, hitherto unexplored, and reward him with discoveries hitherto un-

Of Jesting

It is good to make a jest, but not to make a trade of jesting. The Earl of Leicester knowing that Queen Elizabeth was much delighted to see a gentleman dance well, brought the master of a dancing school to dance before her. "Pish," said

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known, and weave a chaplet of laurel for his brow, and bequeath unto his name an immortality of fame. But if I keep my eye on this bookworm, and follow him onward through the more advanced stage of knowledge, then I perceive the selfish, avaricious, and monopolizing feeling which moved him to such sacrifice of his pleasure and health, begin to abate as he becomes well fraught and stored; and as if God used his soul for a transport vessel, which doubtless he doth, he is driven with his spirit full of knowledge, to carry the same abroad, to communicate it to his fellows; he no sooner discovers truth than he hastens to reveal it; he no sooner detects errors than he hastens to warn the world of them,—he joins himself to the societies of the learned,—he enters into fellowships, and academies, and colleges,—he meditates in his mind and stirs up his thoughts, he writes books and communicates his gathered knowledge to all mankind; so that, in the first instance, while there is nothing so avaricious as the spirit of knowledge, there is in the next instance nothing so generous. It reveals without being put to the question. It bestows without being besought. The more precious its discoveries, the more it hastens to make them common. If, again, I consider the pursuit of wealth, then I perceive a like correspondence of the selfish and the social. The merchant and tradesman are indefatigable, making the most of every occasion, and driving every bargain with as much nicety as if their all was at stake. They measure with exactness,—they weigh out scrupulously. They gather up the remnants of things and suffer nothing to be lost,—they introduce an economy of time into their business, almost as if every day were the last;—they lay off the several branches, each to a several hand, and there they ply at their departments with a haste and with an accur-

the queen, "it is his profession, I will not see him."[3] Of Jesting

Wanton jests make fools laugh, and wise men frown.

Jest not with the two-edged sword of God's word. Will nothing please thee to wash thy hands

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acy, which nothing can surpass. Their books are kept like the book of fate; every man's account is there as if it were the book of divine remembrance:—not an error through the whole can escape their view, and when the balance is struck it turns out as just and exact to the uttermost farthing. And to see the house in the work of accumulation, you would suppose every one a niggard and a miser who could part with nothing, and who could not bear that anything should be lost. But this is only half the man; to know him wholly you must see the other half likewise in action. Follow him from his workshop to his house, and you will see a spirit of profusion equalled only by the spirit of accumulation, and often to his cost not equalled by that. Here is generosity in every form. It is lavished on elegancies of the house, on attendants, on equipage, on sensual enjoyments, on magnificent schemes of pleasure, on charities, on subscriptions, on every profuse, liberal, and noble undertaking. Insomuch that these men who in the morning gathered with a hundred hands, in the evening scatter with a hundred hands that which they gathered; and are under the providence of God but instruments for changing the current of his beneficence, for gathering it where otherwise it would be wasted, and bestowing it where otherwise it would not be had. He gathered it at a thousand fountains, as the streams which come out of the recesses of a thousand solitudes are gathered into one lake; then he dispenseth it through the fertile places of society, and setteth in action, or engageth a thousand departments of business, just as if you should sluice off that lake into a thousand rills, with each of which to fertilize a productive field, or give force to the wheel of some more active machine. E. I.

Of Jesting

in but the font, or to drink healths in but the church chalice?[1]

Let not thy jests, like mummy, be made of dead men's flesh. Abuse not any that are departed, for to wrong their memories is to rob their ghosts of their winding sheets.

Scoff not at the natural defects of any which are not in their power to mend. Oh! 'tis cruelty to beat a cripple with his own crutches.

No time to break jests when the heart-strings are about to be broken.

He that will lose his friend for a jest, deserves to die a beggar by the bargain.

. . .

Of Travelling

Travel not early before thy judgment be risen; lest thou observest rather shows than substance.

Get the language (in part) without which key thou shalt unlock little of moment.

Know most of the rooms of thy native country before thou goest over the threshold thereof.

Travel not beyond the Alps. Mr Ascham did thank God that he was but nine days in Italy, wherein he saw in one city (Venice) more liberty to sin than in London he ever heard of in nine years.[2]

[1] As for jest, there be certain things which ought to be privileged from it; namely, religion, matters of state, great persons, any man's present business of importance, and any case that deserveth pity. — Lord Bacon.

[2] I was once in Italy myself; but I thank God my abode there was but nine days; and yet I saw in that little time in one city, more liberty to sin, than ever I heard tell of in our noble city of London in nine years. I saw, it was there as free to sin, not only without all punishment, but also without any man's marking, as it

To travel from the sun is uncomfortable. Yet the northern parts with much ice have some crystal. Of Travelling

If thou wilt see much in a little, travel the Low Countries. Holland is all Europe in an Amsterdam print.

Be wise in choosing objects, diligent in marking, careful in remembering of them. Yet herein men much follow their own humours. One asked a barber who never before had been at the court, what he saw there? "Oh," said he, "the king was excellently well trimmed!"

Labour to distil and unite into thyself the scattered perfections of several nations. Many weed foreign countries, bringing home Dutch drunkenness, Spanish pride, French wantonness, and Italian Atheism; as for the good herbs, Dutch industry, Spanish loyalty, French courtesy,

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is free in the city of London, to choose without all blame, whether a man list to wear shoe or pantofle. And good cause why: for being unlike in truth of religion, they must needs be unlike in honesty of living. For, blessed be Christ, in our city of London, commonly the commandments of God be more diligently taught, and the service of God more reverently used, and that daily in many private men's houses, than they be in Italy once a week in their common churches: where making ceremonies to delight the eye, and vain sounds to please the ear; do quite thrust out of the churches all service of God in spirit and in truth. Yea, the Lord Mayor of London, being but a civil officer, is commonly for his time more diligent in punishing sin, the bent enemy against God and good order, than all the bloody inquisitors in Italy be in seven years. For their care and charge is, not to punish sin, not to amend matters, not to purge doctrine, but only to watch and oversee that Christ's true religion set no sure footing where the Pope has any jurisdiction.—ASCHAM.

Of Travelling

and Italian frugality, these they leave behind them; others bring home just nothing; and, because they singled not themselves from their countrymen, though some years beyond sea, were never out of England.

. . .

Of Company

Company is one of the greatest pleasures of the nature of man.

It is unnatural for a man to court and hug solitariness. Yet a desart is better than a debauched companion. The Nazarites who might drink no wine were also forbidden to eat grapes whereof wine is made.

If thou be cast into bad company, like Hercules, thou must sleep with thy club in thine hand and stand on thy guard; like the river Dee in Merionethshire, in Wales, which running through Pimble Mere, remains entire, and mingles not her streams with the waters of the lake.

The company he keeps is the comment by help whereof men expound the most close and mystical man. Cæsar came thus to discern his two daughters' inclinations, for being once at a public show, where much people was present, he observed that the grave senators talked with Livia, but loose youngsters and riotous persons with Julia.

. . .

Of Memory

It is the treasure-house of the mind, wherein the monuments thereof are kept and preserved. Plato makes it the mother of the Muses. Aristotle sets it in one degree further, making experience the mother of arts, memory the parent of experience. Philosophers place it in the rear of the head; and it seems the mine of memory lies there, because there naturally men dig for it, scratching it when they are

at a loss. This again is twofold; one, the simple retention of things: the other, a regaining them when forgotten. Of Memory

Brute creatures equal if not exceed men in a bare retentive memory. Through how many labyrinths of woods, without other clue of thread than natural instinct, doth the hunted hare return to her meuse? How doth the little bee, flying into several meadows and gardens, sipping of many cups, yet never intoxicated, through an ocean (as I may say) of air, steadily steer herself home, without help of card or compass. But these cannot play an after-game, and recover what they have forgotten, which is done by the mediation of discourse.

Artificial memory is rather a trick than an art, and more for the gain of the teacher than profit of the learners. Like the tossing of a pike, which is no part of the postures and motions thereof, and is rather for ostentation than use, to shew the strength and nimbleness of the arm, and is often used by wandering soldiers, as an introduction to beg. Understand it of the artificial rules which at this day are delivered by memory mountebanks; for sure an art thereof may be made (wherein as yet the world is defective) and that no more destructive to natural memory than spectacles are to eyes, which girls in Holland wear from twelve years of age. But till this be found out, let us observe these plain rules.

First, soundly infix in thy mind what thou desirest to remember. What wonder is it if agitation of business jog that out of thy head, which was there rather tacked than fastened? whereas those notions which get in by "violenta

Of possessio," will abide there till "ejectio firma,"
Memory sickness, or extreme age, dispossess them. It is best knocking in the nail over night, and clinching it the next morning.

Overburthen not thy memory to make so faithful a servant a slave. Remember, Atlas was weary. Have as much reason as a camel, to rise when thou hast thy full load. Memory, like a purse, if it be over full that it cannot shut, all will drop out of it: take heed of a gluttonous curiosity to feed on many things, lest the greediness of the appetite of thy memory spoil the digestion thereof. Beza's case was peculiar and memorable; being above fourscore years of age, he perfectly could say by heart any Greek chapter in St Paul's epistles, or any thing else which he had learnt long before, but forgot whatsoever was newly told him; his memory, like an inn, retaining old guests, but having no room to entertain new.

Spoil not thy memory by thine own jealousy, nor make it bad by suspecting it. How canst thou find that true which thou wilt not trust? St Augustine tells us of his friend Simplicius, who being asked, could tell all Virgil's verses backward and forward, and yet the same party avowed to God, that he knew not that he could do it till they did try him. Sure there is concealed strength in men's memories, which they take no notice of.

Marshal thy notions into a handsome method. One will carry twice more weight trussed and packed up in bundles, than when it lies untoward flapping and hanging about his shoulders. Things orderly fardled up under heads are most portable.

Adventure not all thy learning in one bottom, but divide it betwixt thy memory and thy note-books. He that with Bias carries all his learning about him in his head, will utterly be beggared and bankrupt, if a violent disease, a merciless thief, should rob and strip him. I know some have a common-place against common-place-books, and yet perchance will privately make use of what they publicly declaim against. A common-place-book contains many notions in garrison, whence the owner may draw out an army into the field on competent warning. Of Memory

Moderate diet and good air preserve memory; but what air is best I dare not define, when such great ones differ. Some say a pure and subtle air is best, another commends a thick and foggy air. For the Pisans scited in the fens and marshes of Arnus have excellent memories, as if the foggy air were a cap for their heads.

Thankfulness to God for it continues the memory;[1] whereas some proud people have been

[1] Dr Fuller had an extraordinary memory. He could name in order the signs on both sides the way from the beginning of Paternoster-row at Ave-Maria-Lane to the bottom of Cheapside. He could dictate to five several amanuenses at the same time, and each on a different subject. The doctor making a visit to the committee of sequestrators sitting at Waltham, in Essex, they soon fell into a discourse and commendation of his great memory; to which he replied; "'Tis true, gentlemen, that fame has given me the report of a memorist, and, if you please, I will give you an experiment of it." They all accepted the motion, and told him they should look upon it as an obligation, praying him to begin. "Gentlemen," says he, "I will give you an instance of my memory in the particular business in

Memory

Of visited with such oblivion, that they have forgotten their own names. Staupitius, tutor to Luther, and a godly man, in a vain ostentation of his memory, repeated Christ's genealogy by heart in his sermon, but being out about the captivity of Babylon, I see, saith he, God resisteth the proud, and so betook himself to his book.

Abuse not thy memory to be sin's register, nor make advantage thereof for wickedness. Excellently[1] Augustine, "Quidam vero pessimi memoria

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which you are employed. Your worships have thought fit to sequester an honest, but poor cavalier parson, my neighbour, from his living, and committed him to prison; he has a large family of children, and his circumstances are but indifferent; if you will please to release him out of prison, and restore him to his living, I will never forget the kindness while I live?"

[1] In the Novum Organum of Lord Bacon, the subject of memory is under the article "Constituent Instances," beautifully analyzed. It may be thus exhibited: The Art of Memory consists, 1st. In making a strong impression. 2nd. In recalling the impression when made.

In the art of making strong impressions, the state of the mind of the patient, and the conduct of the agent, are to be duly regarded. The state of the patient's mind apt to receive impressions, is when the mind is free, as in youth; or when the mind is exerted by some powerful cause excluding all alien thoughts, as boys to remember the boundaries of a parish are struck by the officer. The art of the agent in producing strong impressions, depends, 1st. Upon variety of impression, as by verse and prose; algebraic and geometric proofs of the same proposition: and 2ndly. Slowness of impression, as great wits have short memories.

The art of recalling a given impression consists, 1st. In cutting off infinity, as in hunting the fallow deer in a park instead of a forest: and 2nd. By reducing intellectual to sensible things: as the image of a huntsman pursuing a hare for invention.

sunt mirabili, qui tanto pejores sunt, quanto minus possunt, quæ male cogitant, oblivisci." Of Memory

. . .

It is an inward sense of the soul, for a while retaining and examining things brought in thither by the common sense. It is the most boundless and restless faculty of the soul; for whilst the understanding and the will are kept as it were in "libera custodia," to their objects of "verum et bonum," the fancy is free from all engagements; it digs without spade, sails without ship, flies without wings, builds without charges, fights without bloodshed, in a moment striding from the centre to the circumference of the world, by a kind of omnipotence creating and annihilating things in an instant; and things divorced in nature are married in fancy, as in a lawful place. It is also most restless: whilst the senses are bound and reason in a manner asleep, fancy like a sentinel walks the round, ever working, never wearied. The chief diseases of the fancy are, either that they are too wild and high-soaring, or else too low and grovelling, or else too desultory and over voluble. Of the first, Of Fancy[1]

Infinity is cut off first by order: according to the 6th maxim of Fuller. 2nd. By places for artificial memory: as painted windows of birds, beasts, plants, men, &c. for different sorts of natural history. 3rd. By technical memory, according to maxim 2 of Fuller, as the word VIBGYOR for the prismatic colours.

There are also some valuable observations upon memory in Bacon's Advancement of Learning, where he divides the science of the understanding into, 1. Invention. 2. Judgment. 3. Memory. 4. Delivery.

[1] See note IV. at the end on the Pleasures of Imagination.

Of Fancy 1. If thy fancy be but a little too rank, age itself will correct it. To lift too high is no fault in a young horse, because with travelling he will mend it for his own ease. Thus lofty fancies in young men will come down of themselves, and in process of time the overplus will shrink to be but even measure. But if this will not do it, observe these rules.

2. Take part always with thy judgment against thy fancy in anything wherein they shall dissent. If thou suspectest thy conceits too luxuriant, herein account thy suspicion a legal conviction, and damn whatsoever thou doubtest of. "Warily Tully, bene monent, qui vetant quicquam facere, de quo dubitas, æquum sit an iniquum."

3. Take the advice of a faithful friend, and submit thy inventions to his censure. When thou pennest an oration, let him have the power of "index expurgatorius," to expunge what he pleaseth; and do not thou, like a fond mother, cry if the child of thy brain be corrected for playing the wanton. Mark the arguments and reasons of his alterations, why that phrase least proper, this passage more cautious and advised, and after a while thou shalt perform the place in thine own person, and not go out of thyself for a censurer. If thy fancy be too low and humble,

4. Let thy judgment be king but not tyrant over it, to condemn harmless, yea, commendable conceits. Some for fear their orations should giggle will not let them smile. Give it also liberty to rove, for it will not be extravagant. There is no danger that weak folks if they walk abroad will straggle far, as wanting strength.

5. Acquaint thyself with reading poets, for there fancy is in her throne; and in time the sparks of the author's wit will catch hold on the reader, and inflame him with love, liking, and desire of imitation. I confess there is more required to teach one to write than to see a copy: however, there is a secret force of fascination in reading poems to raise and provoke fancy. If thy fancy be over voluble, then Of Fancy

6. Whip this vagrant home to the first object wherein it should be selected. Indeed nimbleness is the perfection of this faculty, but levity the bane of it. Great is the difference betwixt a swift horse and a skittish, that will stand on no ground. Such is the ubiquitary fancy, which will keep long residence on no one subject, but is so courteous to strangers that it ever welcomes that conceit most which comes last; and new species supplant the old ones, before seriously considered. If this be the fault of the fancy, I say, whip it home to the first object, wherein it should be settled. This do as often as occasion requires, and by degrees the fugitive servant will learn to abide by his work without running away.

Acquaint thyself by degrees with hard and knotty studies, as school-divinity, which will clog thy over nimble fancy. True, at the first it will be as welcome to thee as a prison, and their very solutions will seem knots unto thee. But take not too much at once, lest thy brain turn edge. Taste it first as a potion for physic, and by degrees thou shalt drink it as beer for thirst: practice will make it pleasant. Mathematics are also good for this purpose: if beginning to try a conclusion, thou

Of Fancy must make an end, lest thou loseth thy pains that are past, and must proceed seriously and exactly. I meddle not with those Bedlam-fancies, all whose conceits are antique, but leave them for the physician to purge with hellebore.[1]

[1] Upon the art of obtaining mastery over the mind, which is of such importance in the conduct of the understanding, there are various observations in Lord Bacon's works, as follows:

Let the mind be daily employed upon some subjects from which it is averse.

Bear ever toward the contrary of that whereunto you are by nature inclined, that you may bring the mind straight from its warp. Like as when we row against the stream, or when we make a crooked wand straight, by bending it the contrary way.

INSTANTLY STUDY WHEN THE DISPOSITION TO STUDY APPEARS.

As in the improvement of the understanding, the mind ought always to be employed on some subject from which it is averse, that it may obtain the mastery over itself: so two seasons are chiefly to be observed, the one when the mind is best disposed to a business, the other when it is worst, that by the one, we may be well forward on our way: by the latter we may by a strenuous contention work out the knots and stonds of the mind, and make it pliant for other occasions.

ENGAGE IN STUDIES OPPOSITE TO THE FAVOURITE PURSUIT.

Histories make men wise: poetry, witty; the mathematics, subtle: natural philosophy, deep; moral, grave; logic, and rhetoric, able to contend. "Abeunt studia in mores." Nay, there is no stond or impediment in the wit, but may be wrought out by fit studies. Like as diseases of the body may have appropriated exercises; bowling is good for the stone and reins; shooting for the lungs and breast; gentle walking for the stomach; riding for the head and the like. So if a man's wit be wandering, let him study mathematics; for in demonstrations, if his wit be called away never so little, he

To clothe low-creeping matter with high-flown Of Fancy
language is not fine fancy, but flat foolery. It rather loads than raises a wren, to fasten the feathers of an ostrich to her wings. Some men's speeches are like the high mountains in Ireland,

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must begin again. If his wit be not apt to distinguish or find differences, let him study the schoolmen; for they are "Cymini sectores." If he be not apt to beat over matters, and to call up one thing to prove and illustrate another, let him study the lawyers' cases; so every defect of the mind may have a special receipt.

STUDY BY TIME.

In studies whatsoever a man commandeth upon himself let him set hours for it; but whatsoever is agreeable to his nature, let him take no care for any set hours, for his thoughts will fly to it of themselves.

Dr Johnson said, "If a man never has an eager desire for instruction, he should prescribe a task for himself: if he has a science to learn, he must regularly and resolutely advance."

FORM THE HABIT OF FIXEDNESS.

Burke always read a book as if he were never to see it again. Newton used to say, that if there were any difference between him and other men, it consisted in his fixing his eye steadily on the object which he had in view, and waiting patiently for every idea as it presented itself, without wandering or hurrying.

ENGAGE IN STUDIES THAT WILL NOT ADMIT MENTAL ABERRATION.

Men do not sufficiently understand the excellent use of the pure mathematics, in that they do remedy and cure many defects in the wit and faculties intellectual. For if the wit be too dull, they sharpen it; if too wandering, they fix it; if too inherent in the sense, they abstract it. So that as tennis is a game of no use in itself, but of great use in respect it maketh a quick eye and a body ready to put into all postures; so in the mathematics,

Of Fancy having a dirty bog in the top of them: the very ridge of them in high words having nothing of worth, but what rather stalls than delights the auditor.[1]

Fine fancies in manufactures invent engines rather pretty than useful; and commonly one trade is too narrow for them. They are better to project new ways than to prosecute old, and are rather skilful in many mysteries than thriving in one. They affect not voluminous inventions, wherein many years must constantly be spent to perfect them; except there be in them variety of pleasant employment.

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that use which is collateral and intervenient is no less worthy than that which is principal and intended.

This is to be exactly observed, that not only exceeding great progression may be made in those studies, to which a man is swayed by a natural proclivity: but also that there may be found, in studies properly selected for that purpose, cures and remedies to promote such kind of knowledge to the impressions whereof a man may, by some imperfection of nature, be most unapt and insufficient. As for example, if a man be bird-witted, that is, quickly carried away, and hath not patient faculty of attention; the mathematics give a remedy thereunto; wherein, if the wit be caught away but for a moment, the demonstration is new to begin.

[1] See Wordsworth's Preface to his Lyrical Ballads, in which he says, "Long as I have detained my reader, I hope he will permit me to caution him against a mode of false criticism which has been applied to poetry, in which the language closely resembles that of life and nature. Such verses have been triumphed over in parodies, of which Dr Johnson's stanza is a fair specimen:—

> "I put my hat upon my head
> And walked into the Strand,
> And there I met another man
> Whose hat was in his hand."

Imagination (the work of the fancy) hath produced real effects. Many serious and sad examples hereof may be produced: I will only insist on a merry one. A gentleman having led a company of children beyond their usual journey, they began to be weary, and jointly cried to him to carry them; which, because of their multitude, he could not do, but told them he would provide them horses to ride on. Then cutting little wands out of the hedge as nags, for them, and a great stake as a gelding for

Of Fancy

Immediately under these lines I will place one of the most justly-admired stanzas of the "Babes in the Wood:"

"These pretty babes with hand in hand
Went wandering up and down;
But never more they saw the man
Approaching from the town."

In both these stanzas the words, and the order of the words, in no respect differ from the most unimpassioned conversation. There are words in both, for example, "the Strand," and "the Town," connected with none but the most familiar ideas; yet the one stanza we admit as admirable, and the other as a fair example of the superlatively contemptible. Whence arises this difference? not from the metre, not from the language, not from the order of the words: but the matter expressed in Dr Johnson's stanza is contemptible. The proper method of treating trivial and simple verses, to which Dr Johnson's stanza would be a fair parallelism, is not to say, this is a bad kind of poetry: or this is not poetry; but this wants sense; it is neither interesting in itself, nor can lead to anything interesting: the images neither originate in that sane state of feeling which arises out of thought, nor can excite thought or feeling in the reader. This is the only sensible manner of dealing with such verses. Why trouble yourself about the species till you have previously decided upon the genus? why take pains to prove that an ape is not a Newton, when it is self-evident that he is not a man.

Of Fancy himself; thus mounted, fancy put mettle into their legs, and they came cheerfully home.

Fancy runs most furiously when a guilty conscience drives it. One that owed much money, and had many creditors, as he walked London streets in the evening, a tenterhook catched his cloak, "At whose suit?" said he, conceiving some bailiff had arrested him. Thus guilty consciences are afraid where no fear is, and count every creature they meet a serjeant sent from God to punish them.

. . .

Miscellaneous GRAVITY is the ballast of the soul.

Learning hath gained most by those books by which the printers have lost.

He shall be immortal who liveth till he be stoned by one without fault.

Is there no way to bring home a wandering sheep but by worrying him to death?

Contentment consisteth not in adding more fuel, but in taking away some fire.

It is the worst clandestine marriage when God is not invited to it.

Deceive not thyself by over-expecting happiness in the married state. Look not therein for contentment greater than God will give, or a creature in this world can receive, namely, to be free from all inconveniences. Marriage is not like the hill Olympus, wholly clear, without clouds. Remember the nightingales which sing only some months in the spring, but commonly are silent when they have hatched their eggs, as if their mirth were turned into care for their young ones.

Neither choose all, nor not at all for beauty.

They tell us of a floating island in Scotland; but sure no wise pilot will cast anchor there. Miscellaneous

Moderation is the silken string running through the pearl-chain of all virtues.

SECTION VIII

SIR THOMAS BROWN

"I WONDER and admire his entireness in every subject that is before him. He follows it, he never wanders from it, and he has no occasion to wander; for whatever happens to be the subject, he metamorphoses all nature into it. In that treatise on some urns dug up in Norfolk, how earthy, how redolent of graves and sepulchres is every line! You have now dark mould, now a thigh-bone, now a skull, then a bit of a mouldered coffin, a fragment of an old tomb-stone with moss in its "Hic jacet," a ghost or a winding sheet, or the echo of a funeral psalm wafted on a November wind; and the gayest thing you shall meet with shall be a silver nail or a gilt 'Anno Domini,' from a perished coffin top."—C. L.

. . .

THERE is between us one common name and appel- The Protestant and Catholic lation, one faith and necessary body of principles common to us both; and therefore I am not scrupulous to converse and live with them, to enter their churches in defect of ours, and either pray with them or for them; I could never perceive any rational consequence from those many texts which prohibit the children of Israel to pollute themselves with the temples of the Heathens, we being all Christians and not divided by such detested impieties as might profane our prayers or the place wherein we make them, or

The Protestant and Catholic

that a resolved conscience may not adore her Creator anywhere, especially in places devoted to his service: where, if their devotions offend him, mine may please him; if theirs profane it, mine may hallow it; holy water and crucifix (dangerous to the common people) deceive not my judgment nor abuse my devotion at all: I am, I confess, naturally inclined to that, which misguided zeal terms superstition; my common conversation I do acknowledge austere; my behaviour full of rigour, sometimes not without morosity; yet at my devotion I love to use the civility of my knee, my hat, and hand, with all those outward and sensible motions, which may express or promote my invisible devotion. I should violate my own arm rather than a church, nor willingly deface the memory of saint or martyr. At the sight of a cross or crucifix I can dispense with my hat, but scarce with the thought or memory of my Saviour; I cannot laugh at, but rather pity the fruitless journeys of pilgrims, or contemn the miserable condition of friars; for though misplaced in circumstances, there is something in it of devotion. I could never hear the Ave Maria bell without an elevation, or think it a sufficient warrant, because they erred in one circumstance, for me to err in all, that is, in silence and dumb contempt; whilst therefore they direct their devotions to her, I offered mine to God, and rectify the errors of their prayers by rightly ordering mine own.

I could never divide myself from any man upon the difference of an opinion; or be angry with his judgment for not agreeing with me in that, from which, perhaps, within a few days, I should dissent myself.

It is as uncharitable a point in us to fall upon

The Protestant and Catholic

those popular scurrilities and opprobrious scoffs of the Bishop of Rome, to whom as a temporal prince, we owe the duty of good language; I confess there is cause of passion between us; by his sentence I stand excommunicated, heretic is the best language he affords me, yet can no ear witness I ever returned to him the name of antichrist, man of sin, or whore of Babylon; it is the method of charity to suffer without reaction: those usual satires, and invectives of the pulpit may perchance produce a good effect on the vulgar, whose ears are opener to rhetoric than logic, yet do they in no wise confirm the faith of wiser believers, who know that a good cause needs not to be patroned by passion, but can sustain itself upon a temperate dispute.

. . .

The Student

The world was made to be inhabited by beasts, but studied and contemplated by man: 'tis the debt of our reason we owe unto God, and the homage we pay for not being beasts; without this the world is still as though it had not been, or as it was before the sixth day when as yet there was not a creature that could conceive, or say there was a world. The wisdom of God receives small honour from those vulgar heads that rudely stare about, and with a gross rusticity admire his works: those highly magnify him whose judicious enquiry into his acts, and deliberate research into his creatures, return the duty of a devout and learned admiration.[1]

[1] Man is placed on this stage of the world, to view the several natures and actions of the creatures not idly as they view us.

"The things," says Boyle, "for which I hold life valuable are the satisfaction that accrues from the improvement of knowledge and the exercise of piety."

Deformity

I HOLD there is general beauty in the works of God, and therefore no deformity in any kind or species of creature whatsoever; I cannot tell by what logic we call a toad, a bear, or an elephant ugly, they being created in those outward shapes and figures which best express those actions of their inward forms. And having past that general visitation of God, who saw that all that he had made was good, that is, conformable to his will, which abhors deformity, and is the rule of order and beauty; there is no deformity but in monstrosity, wherein, notwithstanding there is a kind of beauty, nature so ingeniously contriving the irregular parts, as they become sometimes more remarkable than the principal fabric. To speak yet more narrowly, there was never anything ugly or misshapen, but the chaos; wherein notwithstanding, to speak strictly, there was no deformity, because no form, nor was it yet impregnant by the voice of God.[1]

[1] An Emperor of Germany coming by chance, on a Sunday, into a church, found there a most misshapen priest "pene portentum naturæ," insomuch as the Emperor scorned and contemned him. But when he heard him read those words in the service, "For it is he that hath made us, and not we ourselves," the Emperor checked his own proud thoughts, and made enquiry into the quality and condition of the man: and finding him, on examination, most learned and devout, he made him Archbishop of Colen, which place he did excellently discharge.—FULLER'S *Holy State*.

In Love's Labour Lost, there is the following dialogue between Rosalind and Biron:

Ros. Oft have I heard of you, my Lord Biron,
Before I saw you; and the world's large tongue
Proclaims you for a man replete with mocks;
Full of comparisons and wounding flouts,

NATURE is not at variance with art; nor art with nature; they being both the servants of the providence of God. Art is the perfection of nature; **Nature and Art**

Which you on all estates will execute,
That lie within the mercy of your wit:
To weed this wormwood from your fruitful brain,
And there withal to win me, if you please,
Without the which I am not to be won;
You shall this twelve-month term from day to day
Visit the speechless sick, and still converse
With groaning wretches: and your task shall be,
With all the fierce endeavour of your wit,
To enforce the pained impotent to smile.
Biron. To move wild laughter in the throat of death!
It cannot be, it is impossible:
Mirth cannot move a soul in agony.
Ros. Why, that's the way to choke a gibing spirit,
Whose influence is begot of that loose grace,
Which shallow laughing hearers give to fools:
"A jest's prosperity lies in the ear
Of him that hears it; never in the tongue
Of him that makes it."

When Dr Franklin attended the Privy Council, during the struggle between America and England, as the representative of the province of Massachusetts, Mr Wedderburn (afterwards Lord Loughborough) inveighed against him in the severest language. At the sallies of his wit, all the members of the council, the president himself (Lord Gower) not excepted, frequently laughed outright. No person belonging to the council behaved with decent gravity except Lord North. Dr Franklin told Mr Lee, one of his counsel, after the business was concluded, that he was indifferent to Mr Wedderburn's speech, but that he was indeed sincerely sorry to see the Lords of the council behave so indecently. "They showed," he added, "that the coarsest language can be grateful to the politest ear."

In the very clothes which he wore before the Privy Council when he was insulted, he afterwards signed the treaties of commerce and alliance.

Nature and Art

were the world now as it was the sixth day, there were yet a chaos. Nature hath made one world, and art another. In brief, all things are artificial, for nature is the art of God.[1]

. . .

Charity

I HOLD not so narrow a conceit of this virtue, as to conceive that to give alms, is only to be charitable, or think a piece of liberality can comprehend the total of charity; divinity hath wisely divided the act thereof into many branches, and hath taught us in this narrow way, many paths unto goodness; as many ways as we may do good, so many ways we may be charitable; there are infirmities not only of body, but of soul and fortunes, which do require the merciful hand of our

[1] *Perdita.* For I have heard it said,
There is an art, which in their piedness shares
With great creating nature.
Pol. Say there be,
Yet nature is made better by no mean,
But nature makes that mean;
So over that art, which you say adds to nature,
Is an art that nature makes; you see, sweet maid,
We marry a gentle scyon to the wildest stock,
And make conceive a bark of baser kind
By bud of nobler race. This is an art
Which does mend nature, change it rather; but
The art itself is nature. *Winter's Tale.*

Natural History is subject to a threefold division. For nature is either free and displaying herself in her ordinary course, as in the heavens, living creatures, plants, and the universal furniture of the world:—or put out of her usual course, as in the monsters:—or she is compressed and fashioned, and as it were, new cast, as in artificial operations. An opinion hath, however, long time gone current, as if art were some different thing from nature, and artificial from natural. From this

abilities. I cannot contemn a man for ignorance, Charity
but behold him with as much pity as I do Lazarus. It is no greater charity to clothe his body, than apparel the nakedness of his soul. It is an honourable object to see the reasons of other men wear our liveries, and their borrowed understandings do homage to the bounty of ours; it is the cheapest way of beneficence, and like the natural charity of the sun, illuminates another without obscuring itself. To be reserved and caitiff in this part of goodness, is the sordidest piece of covetousness, and more contemptible than the pecuniary avarice. To this (as calling myself a scholar) I am obliged by the duty of my condition, I make not therefore my head a grave, but a treasure of

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mistake, this inconvenience arises, that many writers of natural history think they have quit themselves sufficiently if they have compiled a history of creatures, or of plants, or of minerals; the experiments of mechanical arts past over in silence. But there is yet a more subtle deceit which secretly steals into the minds of men; namely, that art should be reputed a kind of additament only to nature, whose virtue is this, that it can indeed either perfect nature inchoate, or repair it when it is decayed, or set it at liberty from impediments; but not quite alter, transmute, or shake it in the foundations: which erroneous conceit hath brought in a too hasty despair upon men's enterprises. But on the contrary, this certain truth should be thoroughly settled in the minds of men, that artificials differ not from natural in form and essence; but in the efficient only; for man hath no power over nature save only in her motion; that is, to mingle or put together natural bodies, and to separate or put them asunder; wherefore where there is apposition and separation of bodies natural conjoining (as they term it) active with passive, man may do all things: this not done, he can do nothing.—Bacon.

Charity knowledge; I intend no monopoly, but a community in learning; I study not for my own sake only, but for theirs that study not for themselves.

. . .

Rash Judgment No man can justly censure or condemn another, because indeed no man truly knows another. This I perceive in myself, for I am in the dark to all the world, and my nearest friends behold me but in a cloud; those that know me but superficially think less of me than I do of myself; those of my near acquaintance think more: God, who truly knows me, knows that I am nothing, for he only beholds me, and all the world, who looks not on us through a derived ray, or a trajection of a sensible species, but beholds the substance without the helps of accidents, and the forms of things, as we their operations. Further, no man can judge another, because no man knows himself, for we censure others but as they disagree from that humour which we fancy laudable in ourselves, and commend others but for that wherein they seem to quadrate and consent with us. So that in conclusion, all is but that we all condemn, self-love.[1]

[1] See Ante 154, in note, where there is an extract from Wordsworth, upon "rash judgments and the sneers of selfish men."

> What we oft do best,
> By sick interpreters, or weak ones, is
> Not ours, or not allowed: what worst, as oft
> Hitting a grosser quality, is cried up
> For our best act.—*Henry VIII. Act* 1. *Scene* 4.

See Barrow's Sermon against detraction; Sermon xix. See also his Sermon xx. against "Rash Judgment," which he says is

1. Impious.
2. Unjust.

I THANK God, amongst those millions of vices I do inherit and hold from Adam, I have escaped one, and that a mortal enemy to charity, the first and father sin, not only of man, but of the devil, pride; a vice whose name is comprehended in a monosyliable, but in its nature not circumscribed with a world; I have escaped it in a condition that can hardly avoid it; those petty acquisitions and reputed perfections that advance and elevate the conceits of other men, add no feathers into mine; I have seen a grammarian tour and plume himself over a single line in Horace, and show more pride in the construction of one ode, than the author in the composure of the whole book. For my own part, besides the jargon and patois of several provinces, I understand no less than six languages; yet I protest I have no higher conceit of myself, than had our fathers before the confusion of Babel, when there was but one language in the world, and none to boast himself either linguist or critic. I have not only seen several countries, beheld the nature of their climes, the chorography of their provinces; topography of their

Pride

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3. Uncharitable.
4. Foolish and Vain.
5. Productive of Evil.

An honest and charitable mind disposeth us, when we see any man endued with good qualities, and pursuing a tenor of good practice, to esteem such a person, to commend him, to interpret what he doth to the best, not to suspect any ill of him or to seek any exception against him; it inclineth us, when we see any action materially good, to yield it simply due approbation and praise, without searching for or surmising any defect in the cause or principle whence it cometh, in the design or end to which it tendeth, in the way or manner of per-

Pride cities, but understood their several laws, customs and policies; yet cannot all this persuade the dulness of

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forming it. A good man would be sorry to have any good thing spoiled, as to find a crack in a fair building, a flaw in a fine jewel, a canker in a goodly flower, is grievous to any indifferent man: so would it be displeasing to him to observe defects in a worthy person, or commendable action.

The sensorious humour, as it argueth ill nature to be predominant (a vulturous nature which easily smelleth out, and hastily flieth toward, and greedily feedeth on carrion) so it signifieth bad conscience! for he that knoweth evil of himself is most prone to suspect, and most quick to pronounce ill concerning others, so it breedeth and fostereth such ill dispositions: it debaucheth the minds of men, rendering them dim and doltish in apprehending their own faults, negligent and heedless in regard to their own hearts and ways, apt to please and comfort themselves in the evils, real or imaginary, of their neighbours; which to do is a very barbarous and brutish practice.—Barrow.

A truly great man is considerate before he condemns, and hesitates when compelled to censure. He knows that in all censure of others there is something of self-approbation. He knows that, exalted into the situation of a judge, it is difficult to walk humbly. He remembers that it is the nature of human weakness to inflate its trifling acts into matters of vast importance. "The school-boy who caught a tame rabbit, thought himself a mighty sportsman." He is also fearful that he may mislead others: that he may awaken intemperate zeal: that he may administer to envy and malice, and at last that a subject deeply considered, and by him cautiously stated, may prove a step for restless vanity, which would lift itself into notice, or a text for the cant which confounds goodness with the talk of goodness.—A. M.

Does not the tendency to Rash Judgment, which would crucify merit, really originate in the respect for merit, from the pain attendant upon the consciousness of being excelled?

my spirit unto such an opinion of myself, as I be- Pride
hold in nimbler and conceited heads, that never looked a degree beyond their nests. I know the names, and somewhat more, of all the constellations in my horizon; yet I have seen a prating mariner that could only name the pointers and the North star, out-talk me, and conceit himself a whole sphere above me. I know most of the plants of my country, and of those about me; yet methinks I do not know so many as when I did but know a hundred, and had scarcely ever simpled further than Cheapside; for indeed heads of capacity, and such as are not full with a handful, or easy measure of knowledge, think they know nothing, till they know all; which being impossible, they fall upon the opinion of Socrates, and only know they know not anything.[1]

[1] SOLILOQUIES OF THE OLD PHILOSOPHER AND THE YOUNG LADY.

"Alas!" exclaimed a silver-headed sage, "how narrow is the utmost extent of human knowledge! how circumscribed the sphere of intellectual exertion! I have spent my life in acquiring knowledge, but how little do I know! The farther I attempt to penetrate the secrets of nature, the more I am bewildered and benighted. Beyond a certain limit all is but confusion or conjecture: so that the advantage of the learned over the ignorant consists greatly in having ascertained how little is to be known.

"It is true that I can measure the sun, and compute the distances of the planets; I can calculate their periodical movements; and even ascertain the laws by which they perform their sublime revolutions: but with regard to their construction, to the beings which inhabit them, of their condition and circumstances, whether natural or moral, what do I know more than the clown?

"Delighting to examine the economy of nature in our

The Invisible World

Now there is another part of charity, which is the basis and pillar of this, and that is the love of God,

own world, I have analyzed the elements; and have given names to their component parts. And yet, should I not be as much at a loss to explain the burning of fire, or to account for the liquid quality of water, as the vulgar who use and enjoy them without thought or examination?

"I remark that all bodies, unsupported, fall to the ground; and I am taught to account for this by the law of gravitation. But what have I gained here more than a term? Does it convey to my mind any idea of the nature of that mysterious and invisible chain, which draws all things to a common centre? I observed the effect, I give a name to the cause, but can I explain or comprehend it?

"Pursuing the tract of the naturalist, I have learned to distinguish the animal, vegetable, and mineral kingdoms: and to divide these into their distinct tribes and families:—but can I tell, after all this toil, whence a single blade of grass derives its vitality?—Could the most minute researches enable me to discover the exquisite pencil that paints and fringes the flower of the field?—have I ever detected the secret that gives their brilliant dye to the ruby and the emerald, or the art that enamels the delicate shell?

"I observe the sagacity of animals; I call it instinct, and speculate upon its various degrees of approximation to the reason of man. But, after all, I know as little of the cogitations of the brute as he does of mine. When I see a flight of birds overhead, performing their evolutions, or steering their course to some distant settlement, their signals and cries are as unintelligible to me as are the learned languages to the unlettered mechanic; I understand as little of their policy and laws as they do of Blackstone's Commentaries.

"But leaving the material creation, my thoughts have often ascended to loftier subjects, and indulged in metaphysical speculation. And here, while I easily perceive in myself the two distinct qualities of matter and mind, I am baffled in every attempt to comprehend their mutual

for whom we love our neighbour; for this I think charity, to love God for himself, and our neigh- The Invisible World

dependance and mysterious connection. When my hand moves in obedience to my will, have I the most distant conception of the manner in which the volition is either communicated or understood? Thus in the exercise of one of the most simple and ordinary actions, I am perplexed and confounded, if I attempt to account for it.

"Again, how many years of my life were devoted to the acquisition of those languages, by the means of which I might explore the records of remote ages, and become familiar with the learning and literature of other times! and what have I gathered from these but the mortifying fact, that man has ever been struggling with his own impotence, and vainly endeavouring to overleap the bounds which limit his anxious inquiries?

"Alas! then, what have I gained by my laborious researches but a humiliating conviction of my weakness and ignorance? of how little has man, at his best estate, to boast? what folly in him to glory in his contracted powers, or to value himself upon his imperfect acquisitions?"

"Well!" exclaimed a young lady, just returned from school, "my education is at last finished: indeed it would be strange, if, after five years' hard application, any thing were left incomplete. Happily that is all over now; and I have nothing to do, but to exercise my various accomplishments.

"Let me see!—as to French, I am mistress of that, and speak it, if possible, with more fluency than English. Italian I can read with ease, and pronounce very well: as well at least, and better, than any of my friends; and that is all one need wish for in Italian. Music I have learned till I am perfectly sick of it. But, now that we have a grand piano, it will be delightful to play when we have company. I must still continue to practise a little;—the only thing, I think, that I need now to improve myself in. And then there are my Italian songs! which everybody allows I sing with taste,

The Invisible World

bour for God. All that is truly amiable, is God, or as it were a divided piece of him, that retains a reflex or shadow of himself. Nor is it strange that we should place affection on that which is invisible; all that we truly love is thus; what we adore under affection of our senses deserves not the honour of so pure a title. Thus we adore virtue, though to the eyes of sense she be invisible. Thus that part of our noble friends that we love, is not that part that we embrace, but that insensible part that our arms cannot embrace. God being all goodness, can love nothing but himself; he loves us but for that part, which is as it were himself, and the traduction of his Holy Spirit. Let us call to assize the loves of our parents, the affection of our wives and children, and they are all dumb shows and dreams without reality, truth, or constancy.

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and as it is what so few people can pretend to, I am particularly glad that I can.

"My drawings are universally admired; especially the shells and flowers; which are beautiful, certainly; besides this, I have a decided taste in all kinds of fancy ornaments.

"And then my dancing and waltzing! in which our master himself owned that he could take me no further! —just the figure for it certainly; it would be unpardonable if I did not excel.

"As to common things, geography, and history, and poetry, and philosophy, thank my stars, I have got through them all! so that I may consider myself not only perfectly accomplished, but also thoroughly well informed.

"Well, to be sure, how much have I fagged through; the only wonder is that one head can contain it all!"

J. T.

Immortality

MAN is a noble animal, splendid in ashes, pompous in the grave.

It is the heaviest stone that melancholy can throw at a man to tell him that he is at the end of his being.

Were the happiness of the next world as closely apprehended as the felicities of this, it were a martyrdom to live; and unto such as consider none hereafter, it must be more than death to die, which makes us amazed at their audacities that durst be nothing, and return to their chaos again.

To subsist in lasting monuments, to live in their production, to exist in their names and predicament of chimeras, was large satisfaction unto old expectations, and made one part of their Elysiums. But all this is nothing in the metaphysics of true belief. To live indeed is to be again ourselves, which being not only a hope but an evidence in noble believers, 'tis all one to lie in St Innocent's church-yard, as in the sands of Egypt; ready to be anything, in the ecstasy of being ever, and as content with six feet as the moles of Adrianus.[1]

* * *

Happiness

THAT wherein God himself is happy, the holy angels are happy, in whose defect the devils are unhappy: that dare I call happiness: whatsoever conduceth unto this, may with an easy metaphor deserve that name; whatsoever else the world terms happiness, is to me a story out of Pliny; an apparition or neat delusion, wherein there is no more of happiness than the name. Bless me in this life with but peace of my conscience, com-

[1] Urn-Burial.

Happiness

mand of my affections, the love of thyself and my dearest friends: and I shall be happy enough to pity Cæsar. These are, O Lord, the humble desires of my most reasonable ambition, and all I dare call happiness on earth; wherein I set no rule or limit to thy hand or providence, dispose of me according to the wisdom of thy pleasure. Thy will be done though in my own undoing.

SECTION IX.

MILTON.

WHEREVER I find a man despising the false estimates of the vulgar, and daring to aspire, in sentiment, in language, and in conduct, to what the highest wisdom through all ages has sanctioned as most excellent, to him I unite myself by a sort of necessary attachment: and, if I am so formed by nature or destiny, that, by no exertion or labour of my own, I can attain the summit of worth and honour, yet no power of heaven or earth shall hinder me from looking with affection and reverence upon those who have thoroughly attained this glory, or appear engaged in the successful pursuit of it.—*Letter to Diodati.*

Of Education

AND seeing every nation affords not experience and tradition enough for all kind of learning, therefore we are chiefly taught the languages of those people who have at any time been most industrious after wisdom: so that language is but the instrument conveying to us things useful to be known. And though a linguist should pride himself to have all the tongues that Babel cleft the world into, yet, if he have not studied the solid things in them as well as the words and lexicons, he were nothing so

much to be esteemed a learned man, as any yeoman or tradesman competently wise in his mother dialect only. Hence appear the many mistakes which have made learning generally so unpleasing and so unsuccessful; first, we do amiss to spend seven or eight years merely in scraping together so much miserable Latin and Greek, as might be learned otherwise easily and delightfully in one year.[1] Of Education

And that which casts our proficiency therein so much behind, is our time lost partly in too oft idle vacancies given both to schools and universities; partly in a preposterous exaction, forcing the empty wits of children to compose themes, verses, and orations, which are the acts of ripest judgment,[2] and the final work of a head filled by long reading and observing, with elegant maxims and copious invention. These are not matters to be wrung from poor striplings, like blood out of the nose, or the plucking of untimely fruit; besides the ill habit which they get of wretched barbarising against the Latin and Greek idiom, with their untutored Anglicisms, odious to be read, yet not to be avoided without a well continued and judicious conversing among pure authors digested, which they scarce taste; whereas, if after some preparatory grounds

[1] Is it not better to have ten ideas in one language, than one idea in ten?

[2] It is a usual practice (but in my opinion somewhat preposterous) that scholars in the universities are too early entered in logic and rhetoric; arts indeed fitter for graduates than children and novices,—the untimely and unripe accession to these arts, hath drawn on, by necessary consequence, a watery and superficiary delivery and handling thereof, as is fitted indeed to the capacities of children.—Bacon's *Advancement of Learning*.

Of Education

of speech by their certain forms got into memory, they were led to the praxis thereof in some chosen short book lessoned thoroughly to them, they might then forthwith proceed to learn the substance of good things, and arts in due order, which would bring the whole language quickly into their power. This I take to be the most rational and most profitable way of learning languages, and whereby we may best hope to give account to God of our youth spent herein.

And for the usual method of teaching arts, I deem it to be an old error of universities, not yet well recovered from the scholastic grossness of barbarous ages, that instead of beginning with arts most easy, (and those be such as are most obvious to the sense,) they present their young unmatriculated novices at first coming with the most intellective abstractions of logic and metaphysics, so that they having but newly left those grammatic flats and shallows where they stuck unreasonably to learn a few words with lamentable construction, and now on the sudden transported under another climate to be tossed and turmoiled with their unballasted wits in fathomless and unquiet deeps of controversy, do for the most part grow into hatred and contempt of learning, mocked and deluded all this while with ragged notions and babblements, while they expected worthy and delightful knowledge; till poverty or youthful years call them importunately their several ways, and hasten them with the sway of friends, either to an ambitious and mercenary, or ignorantly zealous divinity: some allured to the trade of law, grounding their purposes not on the prudent and heavenly

contemplation of justice and equity, which was never taught them; but on the promising and pleasing thoughts of litigious terms, fat contentions, and flowing fees: others betake them to state affairs, with souls so unprincipled in virtue and true generous breeding, that flattery and court-shifts, and tyrannous aphorisms appear to them the highest points of wisdom; instilling their barren hearts with a conscientious slavery; if, as I rather think, it be not feigned. Others, lastly, of a more delicious and airy spirit, retire themselves (knowing no better) to the enjoyments of ease and luxury, living out their days in feasts and jollity; which indeed is the wisest and the safest course of all these, unless they were with more integrity undertaken. And these are the errors, and these are the fruits of mispending our prime youth at schools and universities as we do, either in learning mere words, or such things chiefly as were better unlearned. Of Education

I shall detain you now no longer in the demonstration of what we should not do, but straight conduct you to a hill side, where I will point you out the right path of a virtuous and noble education; laborious indeed at the first ascent, but else so smooth, so green, so full of goodly prospect and melodious sounds on every side, that the harp of Orpheus was not more charming. I doubt not but ye shall have more ado to drive our dullest and laziest youth, our stocks and stubs, from the infinite desire of such a happy nurture, than we have now to hale and drag our choicest and hopefullest wits to that asinine feast of sowthistles and brambles, which is commonly set before them as all

Of Education

the food and entertainment of their tenderest and most docible age.

I call therefore a complete and generous education, that which fits a man to perform justly, skilfully and magnanimously all the offices, both private and public, of peace and war. And how all this may be done between twelve and one and twenty, less time than is now bestowed in pure trifling at grammar and sophistry, is to be thus ordered, &c. &c.[1]

. . .

The Connection between Error and Truth

Good and evil we know in the field of this world grow up together almost inseparably: and the knowledge of good is so involved and interwoven with the knowledge of evil, and in so many cunning resemblances hardly to be discerned, that those confused seeds which were imposed upon Psyche as an incessant labour to cull out and sort asunder, were not more intermixed.[2]

[1] From Milton's Letter to Master Hartlib.

[2] We are much beholden to Machiavel and others, who write what men do, and not what they ought to do; for it is not possible to join serpentine wisdom with columbine innocency, except men knew exactly all the conditions of the serpent; his baseness and going upon his belly: his volubility, and lubricity; his envy and sting.

The connection between truth and error, or rather how error leads to truth, may be seen in tracing the progress of any invention, as the steam engine; or of any science, of astronomy for instance, of which there is to any person desirous to see how light arises out of darkness, a very interesting delineation in the posthumous works of Adam Smith.

Yet surely to alchemy this right is due, that it may be compared to the husbandman, whereof Æsop makes the fable; that, when he died, told his sons, that he had left

I CANNOT praise a fugitive and cloistered virtue unexercised and unbreathed, that never sallies out and sees her adversary, but slinks out of the race, where that immortal garland is to be run for, not without dust and heat. This was the reason why our sage and serious poet, Spenser, describing true temperance under the person of Guion, brings him **Active Virtue**

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unto them gold buried under ground in his vineyard: and they digged over all the ground, and gold they found none: but by reason of their stirring and digging the mould about the roots of the vines, they had a great vintage the year following; so assuredly the search and stir to make gold hath brought to light a great number of good and fruitful inventions and experiments, as well for the disclosing of nature, as for the use of man's life.—BACON.

Good and ill are universally intermingled and confounded;—happiness and misery, wisdom and folly, virtue and vice. Nothing is pure and entirely of a piece. All advantages are attended with disadvantages. A universal compensation prevails in all conditions of being and existence. And it is scarce possible for us by our most chimerical wishes, to form the idea of a station or situation altogether desirable. The draughts of life, according to the poet's fiction, are always mixed from vessels on each hand of Jupiter: or if any cup be presented altogether pure, it is drawn only, as the same poet tells us, from the left-handed vessel.—HUME.

Truth is often covered with heaps of idle and unprofitable traditions: yet may it be worth our while to seek for a few truths under a whole heap of rubbish.—BISHOP TAYLOR.

Nothing tends so much to the corruption of science as to suffer it to stagnate; these waters must be troubled before they can exert their virtues.—BURKE.

There are errors which no wise man will treat with rudeness while there is a probability that they may be the refraction of some great truth as yet below the horizon.—COLERIDGE.

Active Virtue

in with his palmer through the cave of Mammon and the bower of earthly bliss, that he might see and know and yet abstain.[1]

[1] Pythagoras, being asked by Hiero what he was, answered: If Hiero were ever at the Olympian games, he knew the manner, that some came to try their fortunes for the prizes; some as merchants to utter their commodities; some to make good cheer and be merry, and to meet their friends; and some came to look on; and that he was one of them that came to look on: but men should know that, in this theatre of man's life, it is reserved only for God and angels to be lookers on.

LORD BACON.

But according to Swift, even angels are not to be passive: the royal arms of Lilliput are, he says, "An angel lifting a lame beggar from the earth."

Lord Bacon abounds with observations to the same effect: he says,—"A contemplative life, which does not cast any beam of heat or light upon human society, is not known to divinity: and the necessity of advancing the public good, censures that philosophy which flies perturbations. Philosophy which introduces such a health of mind, as was that of Herodicus in body, who did nothing all his life, but intend his health. 'Sustine,' and not 'Abstine,' was the commendation of Diogenes."

Philosophy censures the tenderness of some men, who retire too easily from public life, to avoid indignity: but their solution ought not to be so fine, that every thing may catch in it and tear it.—LORD BACON.

Are we not all passively kind, that is, do we not all, in a greater or less degree, enjoy the pleasures of kindness; and does not the chief difference consist in active and passive kindness. "The cause which I knew not, I searched out," are the words of Job:—"I was an hungred and ye gave me meat; I was thirsty and ye gave me drink; I was a stranger and ye took me in; naked and ye clothed me; I was sick and ye visited me; I was in prison and ye came unto me," is the language of christianity.

Yet even this, this cold beneficence
Seizes my praise, when I reflect on those,

This is not the liberty which we can hope, that no grievance ever should arise in the commonwealth, that let no man in this world expect; but when Liberty

The sluggard pity's vision weaving tribe
Who sigh for wretchedness, yet shun the wretched,
Nursing in some delicious solitude,
Their slothful loves and dainty sympathies.
COLERIDGE.

Of the duty of activity Milton and Bacon are illustrious examples; Milton says, "When that task of answering the king's defence was enjoined me by public authority, being both in an ill state of health, and the sight of one eye almost gone already, the physicians openly predicting the loss of both, if I undertook this labour; yet nothing terrified by their premonition, I did not long balance whether my duty should be preferred to my eyes."

We all remember his noble sonnet descriptive of this blindness:—

Cyriac, this three years day, these eyes, tho' clear
To outward view of blemish or of spot,
Bereft of sight, their seeing have forgot.
Nor to their idle orbs does day appear,
Or sun, or moon, or star, throughout the year,
Or man or woman. Yet I argue not
Against heaven's hand, or will, nor bate one jot
Of heart or hope; but still bear up, and steer
Right onward. What supports me dost thou ask?
The conscience, friend, to have lost them over-ply'd
In liberty's defence, my noble task,
Whereof all Europe rings from side to side.
This thought might lead me thro' this world's vain mask,
Content, tho' blind, had I no other guide.

How deeply Milton felt the sacrifice which he made, may be collected from the following effusion:—

With small willingness I endure to interrupt the pursuit of no less hopes than those, and leave a calm and pleasing solitariness, fed with cheerful and confident thoughts, to embark in a troubled sea of noises and

Liberty complaints are freely heard, deeply considered, and speedily reformed, then is the utmost bound of civil liberty attained that wise men look for.[1]

. . .

Libels I DENY not, but that it is of the greatest concernment in the church and commonwealth, to have a vigilant eye how books demean themselves as well as men; and thereafter to confine, imprison, and do sharpest justice on them as malefactors; for books are not absolutely dead things, but do contain a progeny of life in them to be as active as

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hoarse disputes, put from beholding the bright countenance of truth, in the quiet and still air of delightful studies, to come into the dim reflection of hollow antiquities sold by the seeming bulk, and there be fain to club quotations with men whose learning and belief lies in marginal stuffings.

So, too, Lord Bacon says, "We judge also that mankind may conceive some hopes from our example, which we offer, not by way of ostentation, but because it may be useful. If any one therefore should despair, let him consider a man as much employed in civil affairs as any other of his age, a man of no great share of health, who must therefore have lost much time, and yet in this undertaking, he is the first that leads the way, unassisted by any mortal, and steadfastly entering the true path, that was absolutely untrod before, and submitting his mind to things, may somewhat have advanced the design."

How beautifully does Lord Bacon warn us that we ought not too soon to encounter the world. "As the fable goes of the basilisk, that if he see a man first the man dies; but if a man see him first the basilisk dies; so it is with frauds, impostures and evil arts,—if a man discover them first, they lose their power of doing hurt; but if they are not seen, they are dangerous."

[1] This is true liberty, when free-born men,
Having to advise the public, may speak free.

that soul was whose progeny they are; nay, they do preserve as in a vial the purest efficacy and extraction of that living intellect that bred them. I know they are as lively, and as vigorously productive, as those fabulous dragons' teeth; and being sown up and down, may chance to spring up armed men. **Libels**

. . .

Lest some should persuade thee, lords and commons, that these arguments of learned men's discouragement at this your order are mere flourishes and not real, I could recount what I have seen and heard in other countries, where this kind of inquisition tyrannises; when I have sat among their learned men, (for that honour I had,) and been counted happy to be born in such a place of philosophic freedom, as they supposed England was, while themselves did nothing but bemoan the servile condition into which learning amongst them was brought; that this was it which had damped the glory of Italian wits; that nothing had been there written now these many years but flattery and fustian. There it was that I found and visited the famous Galileo grown old, a prisoner to the inquisition, for thinking in astronomy otherwise than the franciscan and dominican licensers thought.[1] **Licensers of the Press**

. . .

Lords and commons of England! consider what nation it is whereof ye are, and whereof ye are the governors: a nation not slow and dull, but of a quick, ingenious and piercing spirit; acute to invent, subtle and sinewy to discourse, not beneath **England and London**

[1] Would not this be a fine subject for an artist?

England and London the reach of any point the highest that human capacity can soar to. Therefore the studies of learning in her deepest sciences have been so ancient and so eminent among us, that writers of good antiquity and able judgment have been persuaded that even the school of Pythagoras and the Persian wisdom, took beginning from the old philosophy of this island. And that wise and civil Roman, Julius Agricola, who governed once here for Cæsar, preferred the natural wits of Britain, before the laboured studies of the French. Behold now this vast city; a city of refuge, the mansion-house of liberty, encompassed and surrounded with his protection; the shop of war hath not there more anvils and hammers waking, to fashion out the plates and instruments of armed justice in defence of beleagured truth, than there be pens and heads there, sitting by their studious lamps, musing, searching, revolving new notions and ideas, wherewith to present, as with their homage and their fealty, the approaching reformation; others as fast reading, trying all things, assenting to the force of reason and convincement. What could a man require more from a nation so pliant and so prone to seek after knowledge? What wants there to such a towardly and pregnant soil, but wise and faithful labourers, to make a knowing people, a nation of prophets, of sages and of worthies? we reckon more than five months yet to harvest; there need not be five weeks had we but eyes to lift up, the fields are white already.

. . .

Reform Methinks I see in my mind a noble and puissant nation rousing herself like a strong man after

sleep, and shaking her invincible locks; methinks I see her as an eagle muing her mighty youth, and kindling her dazzled eyes at the full mid-day beam: purging and unscaling her long abused sight at the fountain itself of heavenly radiance; while the whole noise of timorous and flocking birds, with those also that love the twilight, flutter about, amazed at what she means, and in their envious gabble would prognosticate a year of sects and schisms. Reform

Error supports custom, custom countenances error: and these two between them would persecute and chase away all truth and solid wisdom out of human life; were it not that God, rather than man, once in many ages calls together the prudent and religious counsels of men, deputed to repress the encroachments, and to work off the inveterate blots and obscurities wrought upon our minds by the subtle insinuating of error and custom; who, with the numerous and vulgar train of their followers, make it their chief design to envy and cry down the industry of free reasoning under the terms of humour and innovation; as if the womb of teeming Truth were to be closed up, if she presume to bring forth aught that sorts not with their unchewed notions and suppositions.[1]

[1] Of prejudice it has been truly said, that it has the singular ability of accommodating itself to all the possible varieties of the human mind. Some passions and vices are but thinly scattered among mankind, and find only here and there a fitness of reception. But prejudice, like the spider, makes every where its home. It has neither taste nor choice of place, and all that it requires is room. There is scarcely a situation, except fire and water, in which a spider will not live. So let the mind be as naked as the walls of an empty and forsaken tene-

Marriage

MARRIAGE is a covenant, the very being whereof consists not in a forced cohabitation, and counterfeit performance of duties, but in unfeigned love and peace; and of matrimonial love, no doubt but that was chiefly meant, which by the ancient sages was thus parabled: that Love, if he be not twin born, yet hath a brother wondrous like him, called Anteros; whom while he seeks all about, his chance is to meet with many false and feigning desires, that wander singly up and down in his likeness; by them in their borrowed garb, Love, though not wholly blind, as poets wrong him, yet having but one eye, as being born an archer aiming, and that eye not the quickest in this dark region here below, which is not Love's proper sphere, partly out of the simplicity and credulity which is native to him, often deceived, embraces and consorts him with these obvious and suborned striplings, as if they were his mother's own sons; for so he thinks them, while they subtilly keep themselves most on his blind side. But after a while, as his manner is, when soaring up into the high tower of his apogæum, above the shadow of the earth, he darts out the direct rays of his then most piercing eyesight upon the impostures, and trim disguises, that were used with him, and discerns that this is not

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ment, gloomy as a dungeon, or ornamented with the richest abilities of thinking; let it be hot, cold, dark or light, lonely or inhabited, still prejudice, if undisturbed, will fill it with cobwebs, and live like the spider, where there seems nothing to live on. If the one prepares her food by poisoning it to her palate and her use, the other does the same; and as several of our passions are strongly characterised by the animal world, prejudice may be denominated the spider of the mind.

his genuine brother as he imagined: he has no longer the power to hold fellowship with such a personated mate; for straight his arrows lose their golden heads, and shed their purple feathers, his silken braids untwine, and slip their knots, and that original and fiery virtue given him by fate, all on a sudden goes out, and leaves him undeified and despoiled of all his force; till finding Anteros at last, he kindles and repairs the almost faded ammunition of his deity by the reflection of a coequal and homogeneal fire. This is a deep and serious verity, shewing us that love in marriage cannot live nor subsist unless it be mutual; and where love cannot be, there can be left of wedlock nothing but the empty husk of an outside matrimony, as undelightful and unpleasing to God as any other kind of hypocrisy. **Marriage**

. . .

I CANNOT better liken the state and person of a king than to that mighty Nazarite, Samson; who being disciplined from his birth in the precepts and practice of temperance and sobriety, without the strong drink of injurious and excessive desires, grows up to a noble strength and perfection with those his illustrious and sunny locks and laws, waving and curling about his godlike shoulders. And while he keeps them about him undiminished and unshorn, he may with the jawbone of an ass, that is, with the word of his meanest officer, suppress and put to confusion thousands of those that rise against his just power.[1] **Government**

[1] Dr Symmons, in his Life of Milton, says,—Abstinence in diet was one of Milton's favourite virtues; which he practised invariably through life, and availed

The Poet's Morning

My morning haunts are, where they should be, at home; not sleeping, or concocting the surfeits of an irregular feast, but up and stirring; in winter, often ere the sound of any bell awake men to labour or to devotion; in summer, as oft with the bird that first rises, or not much tardier, to read good authors, or cause them to be read till the attention be weary, or memory have its full freight.

. . .

Paradise Lost

A work not to be raised from the heat of youth or the vapours of wine, like that which flows from the pen of some vulgar amorist, nor to be obtained by the invocation of Dame Memory and her Syren daughters, but by devout prayer to that eternal

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himself of every opportunity to recommend in his writings.

O madness! to think use of strongest wines
And strongest drinks our chief support of health,
When God, with these forbidden, made choice to rear
His mighty champion, strong above compare,
Whose drink was only from the liquid brook.
Samson Agonistes.

When the Angel of the Lord appeared unto the wife of Manoah, and promised that she who was now childless, should bear a son, he gave to her this strong injunction, "Now therefore beware, I pray thee, drink not wine, nor strong drink." And when Manoah besought the heavenly messenger that he would vouchsafe to shew him, "how to order the child," the angel of the Lord answered, "of all that I have said to the woman let her beware."

"She may not eat of any thing that cometh of the vine, nor drink wine, nor strong drink."

And the woman bare a son, and called his name Samson, and the child grew, and the Lord blessed him. —*Judges* xiii.

Spirit, who can enrich with all utterance and knowledge, and sends out his seraphim, with the hallowed fire of his altar to touch and purify the lips of whom he pleases.[1] Paradise Lost

SECTION X

LORD BACON

Men have entered into a desire of learning and knowledge sometimes upon a natural curiosity and inquisitive appetite; sometimes to entertain their minds with variety and delight; sometimes for ornament and reputation; and sometimes to enable them to victory of wit and contradiction; and most times for lucre and profession; and seldom sincerely to give a true account of their gift of reason to the benefit and use of man. As if there were sought in knowledge a couch whereupon to rest a searching and restless spirit; or a terrace for a wandering and variable mind to walk up and down with a fair prospect; or a tower of state for a proud mind to raise itself upon; or a fort or commanding ground for strife and contention; or a shop for profit or sale; and not a rich storehouse for the glory of the Creator, and the relief of man's estate.—*Advancement of Learning.*

* * *

As water, whether it be the dew of heaven or the springs of the earth, doth scatter and lose itself in Universities

[1] And chiefly thou, O Spirit, that dost prefer
Before all temples, the upright heart and pure,
Instruct me—what in me is dark
Illumine, what low, raise and support.—Milton.

Father of light and life! thou good supreme,
O teach me what is good! teach me thyself;
Save me from folly, vanity, and vice,
From every low pursuit! and feed my soul,
With knowledge, conscious peace, and virtue pure,
Sacred, substantial, never fading bliss.—Thomson.

Universities

the ground, except it be collected into some receptacle, where it may by union comfort and sustain itself; and, for that cause, the industry of man hath framed and made spring-heads, conduits, cisterns, and pools; which men have accustomed likewise to beautify and adorn with accomplishments of magnificence and state, as well as of use and necessity. So knowledge, whether it descend from divine inspiration or spring from human sense, would soon perish and vanish to oblivion, if it were not preserved in books, traditions, conferences, and places appointed, as universities, colleges, and schools for the receipt and comforting the same.

. . .

Libraries[1]

Libraries are as the shrines where all the relics of the ancient saints, full of true virtue, and that without delusion or imposture, are preserved and reposed.

. . .

Patent and Latent Vice

In the law of the leprosy it is said, "If the whiteness overspread the flesh, the patient may pass abroad for clean: but if there be any whole flesh remaining, he is to be shut up for unclean." One of the rabbins noteth a principle of moral philosophy, that men abandoned to vice do not so much

[1] Heinsius, the keeper of the library at Leyden, after being mewed up in it the whole of one year, said, "I no sooner come into the library but I bolt the door after me, excluding lust, ambition, avarice, and all such vices, whose nurse is idleness, the mother of ignorance and melancholy herself; and in the very lap of eternity, amidst so many divine souls, I take my seat with so lofty a spirit and such sweet content, that I pity all the great and rich who know not this happiness."

corrupt manners as those that are half good and half evil.[1]

Patent and Latent Vice

[1] Coleridge, in his Aids to Reflection, says, "Where virtue is, sensibility is the ornament and becoming attire of virtue. On certain occasions it may almost be said to become virtue. But sensibility and all the amiable qualities may likewise become, and too often have become, the panders of vice and the instruments of seduction.

"So must it needs be with all qualities that have their rise only in parts and fragments of our nature. A man of warm passions may sacrifice half his estate to rescue a friend from prison; for he is naturally sympathetic, and the more social part of his nature happened to be uppermost. The same man shall afterwards exhibit the same disregard of money in an attempt to seduce that friend's wife or daughter.

"All the evil achieved by Hobbs and the whole school of materialists will appear inconsiderable if it be compared with the mischief effected and occasioned by the sentimental philosophy of Sterne and his numerous imitators. The vilest appetites and the most remorseless inconstancy towards their object, acquired the titles of the heart, the irresistible feelings, the too tender sensibility; and if the frosts of prudence, the icy chains of human law, thawed and vanished at the genial warmth of human nature, who could help it? It was an amiable weakness!

"About this time too the profanation of the word love rose to its height. The French naturalists, Buffon and others, borrowed it from the sentimental novelists: the Swedish and English philosophers took the contagion: and the Muse of science condescended to seek admission into the saloons of fashion and frivolity, rouged like a harlot, and with the harlot's wanton leer. I know not how the annals of guilt could be better forced into the service of virtue, than by such a comment on the present paragraph, as would be afforded by a selection from the sentimental correspondence produced in courts of justice within the last thirty years, fairly translated into the true meaning of the words, and the actual object and

Philosophizing and Theorizing

THE wit and mind of man, if it work upon matter which is the contemplation of the creatures of God, worketh according to the stuff, and is limited thereby; but if it work upon itself, as the spider worketh his web, then it is endless and brings forth indeed cobwebs of learning, admirable for the fineness of thread and work, but of no substance or profit.

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purpose of the infamous writers. Do you in good earnest aim at dignity of character? By all the treasures of a peaceful mind, by all the charms of an open countenance, I conjure you, O youth! turn away from those who live in the twilight between vice and virtue. Are not reason, discrimination, law, and deliberate choice, the distinguishing characters of humanity? can aught then worthy of a human being proceed from a habit of soul, which would exclude all these and (to borrow a metaphor from Paganism) prefer the den of Trophonius to the temple and oracles of the God of light? can any thing manly, I say, proceed from those, who for law and light would substitute shapeless feelings, sentiments, impulses, which as far as they differ from the vital workings in the brute animals own the difference of their former connection with the proper virtues of humanity; as Dendrites derive the outlines, that constitute their value above other clay-stones, from the casual neighbourhood and pressure of the plants, the names of which they assume; Remember, that love itself in its highest earthly bearing, as the ground of the marriage union, becomes love by an inward fiat of the will, by a completing and sealing act of moral election, and lays claim to permanence only under the form of duty.

Do we not differ chiefly in our sensibility, and may not sensibility be thus contemplated.

1. Rightly directed, or virtue.
2. Wrongly directed, or vice.
3. Sentimentality, or vice under the guise of virtue

Oft he bends
His turret crest, and sleek enamelled neck,
Fawning, and licks the ground.

Logical and Mathematical Parts of Mind

The logical part of men's minds is often good; but the mathematical part nothing worth; that is, they can judge well of the mode of attaining any end, but cannot estimate the value of the end itself.[1]

[1] There is the very same sentiment expressed by Hobbs in his Introduction to the Leviathan. Hobbs was the friend of Lord Bacon; Aubrey says of him, "The Lord Chancellor Bacon loved to converse with him. His lordship was a very contemplative person, and was wont to contemplate in his delicious walks at Gorhambury and dictate to Mr Bushell, or some other of his gentlemen, that attended him with paper ready to set down presently his thoughts. His lordship would often say that he better liked Mr Hobbs taking his thoughts than any of the others, because he understood what he wrote, which the others not understanding, my lord would many times have a hard task to make sense of what they writ." The following is the passage:

"For the similitude of the thoughts and passions of one man, to the thoughts and passions of another, whosoever seeketh unto himself and considereth what he doth, when he does think, opine, reason, hope, fear, &c. and upon what grounds; he shall thereby read and know, what are the thoughts and passions of all other men, upon the like occasions. I say the *similitude of passions*, which are the same in all men, desire, fear, hope, &c. not the *similitude of the objects* of the passions, which are the things desired, feared, hoped, &c. for these the constitution, individual, and particular education do so vary, and they are so easy to be kept from our knowledge, that the characters of man's heart, blotted and confounded as they are with dissembling, lying, counterfeiting and erroneous doctrines, are legible only to him that searcheth hearts."

Give e'en a fool the employment he desires,
And he soon finds the talent it requires.—Cooper.

Look round the habitable world, how few
Know their own good, or knowing it pursue;
How void of reason are our hopes and fears!
What in the conduct of our life appears

Action and Contemplation

THAT will indeed dignify and exalt knowledge, if contemplation and action may be more nearly

So well design'd, so luckily begun,
But, when we have our wish, we wish undone.—DRYDEN.

The architect of his own fortune should rightly use his rule; that is, he should form his mind to judge of the value of things, and to prosecute the same substantially, not superficially.

"Virtue walks not in the high way, though she go per alta, this is the strength and the blood to virtue, to contemn things that be desired, and to neglect that which is feared. Why should man be in love with his fetters though of gold?"—BACON.

As a man thou hast nothing to commend thee to thyself, but that only by which thou art a man, that is by what thou choosest and refusest.—BISHOP TAYLOR.

Men are most busy about that which is most remote, and neglect that which is nearest and most essential to them; for the goods of the body neglecting those of the mind; and for the goods of fortune neglecting those of the body. They will forfeit their conscience to please and serve their body, and hazard their body to get and preserve the goods of fortune, whereas they should follow a clean contrary order, hazarding and neglecting their body, if need be, for the good of the mind, and the goods of fortune for both.—DU MOULIN.

Un philosophe regarde ce qu'on appelle un état dans le monde, comme les Tartares regardent les villes, c'est à dire, comme un prison. C'est un cercle où les idées se resserrent, se concentrent en ôtant à l'ame et à l'esprit leur étendue et leur dévélopment. L'homme sans état est le seul homme libre.

Alas! said an Indian, lamenting over his companion, he was fed with train oil, and the bone of a bird ten inches long hung through the gristle of his nose; what could he want more?

This house is turned upside down, since Robin the hostler died. Poor fellow never joyed since the price of oats rose, it was the death of him.—*Henry the IVth*, *Act* 2, *Scene* 4.

Action and Contemplation

and strongly conjoined and united together, than they have been; a conjunction like unto that of the two highest planets, Saturn the planet of rest and contemplation, and Jupiter the planet of civil society and action; for no man can be so straitened and oppressed with business and an active course of life, but may have many vacant times of leisure whilst he expects the returns and tides of business. It remaineth, therefore, to be inquired, how these spaces and times of leisure should be filled up and spent, whether in pleasures or study; sensuality or contemplation; as was well answered by Demosthenes to Æschines, a man given to pleasure, who, when he was told by way of reproach that his oratory did smell of the lamp, 'Indeed,' said Demosthenes, 'there is a great difference between the things that you and I do by lamplight.'" [1]

* * *

Goodness of Nature

Neither is there only a habit of goodness directed by right reason: but there is in some men, even in nature, a disposition towards it; as on the other

[1] "There are," says Dr Chalmers, "perhaps no two sets of human beings, who comprehend less the movements, and enter less into the cares and concerns of each other, than the wide and busy public on the one hand; and, on the other, those men of close and studious retirement whom the world never hears of save when, from their thoughtful solitude, there issues forth some splendid discovery to set the world on the gaze of admiration."

Pragmatical men should know, that learning is not like some small bird, as the lark, that can mount and sing and please herself, and nothing else: but that she holds as well of the hawk, that can soar aloft, and after that, when she sees her time, can stoop and seize upon her prey.—Bacon

Goodness of Nature

side there is a natural malignity. For there be that in their nature do not affect the good of others. The lighter sort of malignity turneth but to crossness, or frowardness, or aptness to oppose, or difficileness, or the like; but the deeper sort to envy and mere mischief. Such men, in other men's calamities, are as it were in season, and are ever on the loading part; not so good as the dogs that licked Lazarus' sores, but like flies that are still buzzing upon anything that is raw; Misanthropi, that make it their practice to bring men to the bough, and yet have never a tree for the purpose in their garden, as Timon had. Such dispositions are the very errors of human nature, and yet they are the fittest timber to make great politics of: like to knee timber, that is good for ships that are ordained to be tossed, but not for building houses that shall stand firm. The parts and signs of goodness are many. If a man be gracious and courteous to strangers, it shows he is a citizen of the world, and that his heart is no island cut off from other lands, but a continent that joins to them. If he be compassionate towards the afflictions of others, it shows that his heart is like the noble tree that is wounded itself when it gives the balm. If he easily pardons and remits offences, it shows that his mind is planted above, so that he cannot be shot. If he be thankful for small benefits, it shows that he weighs men's minds and not their trash. But above all, if he have St Paul's perfection, that he would wish to be an anathema, from Christ for the salvation of his brethren, it shows much of a divine nature, and a kind of conformity with Christ himself.

Method and Arrangement

As young men, when they knit and shape perfectly, do seldom grow to a farther stature; so knowledge, while it is in aphorisms and observations it is in growth; but when it once is comprehended in exact methods, it may perchance be farther polished and illustrated, and accommodated for use and practice; but it increaseth no more in bulk and substance.

* * *

Connection between Body and Mind

If any man of weak judgment do conceive that from the union of the body and mind, the sovereignty of the mind or its immortality should be doubted, let him be admonished, than an infant in the mother's womb, partakes of the accidents and symptoms of the mother, but, in due season, is separated from her.

* * *

Queen Elizabeth[1]

For a tablet or picture of smaller volume, in my judgment the most excellent is that of Queen Elizabeth; a prince, that, if Plutarch were now alive to write lives by parallels, would trouble him, I think, for to find for her a parallel among women. This lady was endued with learning in her sex singular, and rare even amongst masculine princes; whether we speak of learning, of language, or of science modern or ancient, divinity or humanity; and unto the very last year of her life she accustomed to appoint set hours for reading: scarcely any young student in a university more daily or more duly. As for her government, I assure myself I shall not exceed, if I do affirm that this part of the island never had forty-five years of better

[1] See the Preface to Ascham's Schoolmaster.

Queen Elizabeth

times; and yet not through the calmness of the season, but through the wisdom of her regimen.

For if there be considered on the one side the truth of religion established; the constant peace and security; the good administration of justice; the temperate use of the prerogative, not slackened, nor much strained; the flourishing state of learning, sortable to so excellent a patroness; the convenient estate of wealth and means, both of crown and subject; the habit of obedience, and the moderation of discontents; and there be considered on the other side, the difference of religion, the troubles of neighbour countries, the ambition of Spain, and opposition of Rome? and then, that she was solitary and of herself; these things, I say, considered, as I could not have chosen an instance so recent and so proper, so I suppose I could not have chosen one more remarkable and eminent to the purpose now in hand, which is concerning the conjunction of learning in the prince with felicity in the people.

. . .

Utility

Aristotle thought young men not fit auditors of moral philosophy:—it is not true also that young men are much less fit auditors of politics than morality, till they have been thoroughly seasoned with religion, and the knowledge and manners of duties? lest their judgments be corrupted, and made apt to think that there are no true and solid moral differences; but that all is to be valued according to utility and fortune.[1]

[1] Admitting that utility is the *ultimate* motive of moral conduct, is it the *proximate* motive? why do we eat and drink? why do we marry? why is the constable elated

THE honest and the just bounds of observation by one person upon another extend no further but to understand him sufficiently whereby not to give him

Pleasure of Power

with his employment? why is a lad anxious to be a soldier or a sailor? would the same anxiety exist if all the military were dressed like quakers?

Do we approve of noble actions, from the supposition that they were performed from a calculation of utility, of Socrates, for instance, or of Latimer? are our sentiments upon the plains of Marathon and in the pass of Thermopyle, of the same nature as when passing through a pin-manufactory?

Is there not an aspiring to perfection with which all minds, and particularly ardent minds, sympathise, undisturbed by any calculations of utility?

Do we not dislike great minds attempting to regulate their actions by calculations of utility? Do we admire the intelligent soldier who runs away, "Relicta non bene parmula." The philosopher, who had a petition to Dionysius and no ear given to him, fell down on his knees at the tyrant's feet; whereupon Dionysius staid, heard him, and granted his request; but a little after some person, tender of the power and credit of philosophy, reproved Aristippus that he would offer the profession of philosophy such an indignity as, for a private suit, to fall at a tyrant's feet? To which he replied, "Is it my fault that he has his ears in his feet?" Do we approve of this?

Do preceptors of the mind attempt to instruct by calculations of utility, like Jolter, in Smollet's novel, who endeavoured to persuade his pupil to make love by the rules of geometry?

If we attempt to act by a calculation of utility, as a proximate motive of conduct, will not the attempt thus to calculate end in self-gratification? When we reason under temptation, are we not almost sure to err? Did not Mr Blifil and Joseph Surface thus reason? Agnus was the only word which the wolf could make of all the letters of the alphabet.

Are not all general rules and laws, barriers fixed by society to prevent this self-gratification?

Pleasure of Power

offence; or whereby to be able to give faithful counsel; or whereby to stand upon reasonable guard and caution with respect to a man's self; but to be speculative into another man, to the end

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Is it not the distinguishing mark of a noble and generous mind to act without any such calculations?

Where you feel your honour grip,
Let that aye be your border:
Its slightest touches, instant pause,
Debar a' side pretences;
And resolutely keep its laws,
Uncaring consequences.

If this note should be read by any young man who imagines himself to be so benevolent as to prefer the interests of others to his own, and so intelligent as to be capable, regardless of general rules, to act upon the system of utility, he may be assured that there is nothing new in his opinions. There have, at all times, been Utilitarians. To the objection made by divines to the advancement of learning that "the aspiring to overmuch knowledge, was the original temptation and sin, whereupon ensued the fall of man," Lord Bacon says, "It was not the pure knowledge of nature and universality, a knowledge by the light whereof man did give names unto other creatures in Paradise, as they were brought before him, according unto their proprieties, which gave occasion to the fall; but it was the proud knowledge of good and evil, with an intent in man to give law unto himself, and to depend no more upon God's commandments, which was the form of the temptation." See ante, 173, where South speaks of the Utilitarians of his time, as philosophy speaks to them at all times. See Joseph Andrews, book iii. c. 3, where Fielding speaks of the Utilitarians, of his time, the passage begins, "This sort of life." See Robison's account of the Illuminati, a set of imagined philosophers, who did, or were supposed to exist, during the French Revolution, let him there read the letters of Spartacus to Cato; but particularly see a tract published by Mr Green of Ipswich, and Dr Parr's Spital Sermon.

to know how to work him or wind him, or govern him, proceedeth from a heart that is double and cloven, and not entire and ingenuous. Pleasure of Power

Power to do good is the true and lawful end of aspiring; for good thoughts (though God accept them), yet towards men are little better than good dreams, except they be put in act; and that cannot be without power and place, as the vantage and commanding ground. Merit and good works is the end of man's motion: and conscience of the same is the accomplishment of man's rest: for if a man can be partaker of God's theatre, he shall likewise be partaker of God's rest, "Et conversus Deus, ut aspiceret opera, quæ fecerunt manus suæ, vidit quod omnia essent bona nimis;" and then the sabbath.

. . .

Pleasure of Knowledge

The pleasure and delight of knowledge and learning far surpasseth all other in nature; for shall the pleasures of the affections so exceed the pleasures of the senses, as much as the obtaining of desire or victory exceedeth a song or a dinner? and must not of consequence, the pleasures of the intellect or understanding exceed the pleasures of the affections? We see in all other pleasures there is a satiety, and after they be used, their verdure departeth;[1] which showeth well they be but deceits of pleasure, and not pleasure, and that it was the novelty which pleased and not the quality; and therefore we see that voluptuous men turn friars, and ambitious princes turn melancholy; but of knowledge[2] there is no satiety, but satisfaction and appetite are perpetually

[1] Heaven and earth may pass away, but my words will not pass away.

[2] A perpetual feast of nectar'd sweets,
Where no crude surfeit reigns.—Comus.

Pleasure of Knowledge

interchangeable; and therefore appeareth to be good, in itself simply, without fallacy or accident. Neither is that pleasure of small efficacy and contentment to the mind of man, which the poet Lucretius describeth elegantly;

Suave mari magno, turbantibus æquora ventis, &c.

"It is a view of delight," saith he, "to stand or walk upon the shore side, and to see a ship tossed with tempest upon the sea, or to be in a fortified tower, and to see two battles join upon a plain. But it is a pleasure incomparable for the mind of man to be settled, landed, and fortified in the certainty of truth, and from thence to descry and behold the errors, perturbations, labours, and wanderings up and down of other men." So always that this prospect be with pity, and not with swelling or pride.

* * *

Lover of Truth

Our trumpet doth not summon, and encourage men to tear and rend one another with contradictions; and, in a civil rage, to bear arms and wage war against themselves; but rather that, a peace concluded between them, they may, with joint forces, direct their strength against nature herself:[1] and

[1] Diderot, in his Tract "De l'Interprétation de la Nature," says, "L'intérêt de la vérité demanderoit que ceux qui réfléchissent daignâssent enfin s'associer à ceux qui se remuent, afin que le spéculative fût dispensé de se donner du mouvement; que le manœuvre eût en but dans les mouvemens infinis qu'il se donne; que tous nos efforts se trouvâssent réunis et dirigés en même temps contre la résistance de la nature; et que, dans cette espèce de ligne philosophique, chacun fît le rôle qui lui convient."

Lloyd, in his Life of Wilson, says, "An argument of

take her high towers, and dismantle her fortified holds, and thus enlarge the borders of man's dominion, so far as Almighty God of his goodness shall permit. Lover of Truth

. . .

In Orpheus's theatre, all beasts and birds assembled; and forgetting their several appetites, some of prey, some of game, some of quarrel, stood all sociably together, listening unto the airs and accords of the harp; the sound whereof no sooner ceased, or was drowned by some louder noise, but every beast returned to his own nature; wherein is aptly described the nature and condition of men, who are full of savage and unreclaimed desires of profit, On Government

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a great capacity in a man of his great place, and greater employment; whose candour was yet equal with his parts, ingenuously passing by the particular infirmities of those who contributed anything to the advancement of a general learning; judging it fitter that men of abilities should jointly engage against ignorance and barbarism, than severally clash with one another.

From a community of goods there must needs arise contention, whose enjoyment should be greater, and from that contention all kind of calamities must unavoidably ensue, which, by the instinct of nature every man is taught to shun. Having, therefore, thus arrived at two maxims of human nature, the one arising from the concupiscible part, which desires to appropriate to itself the use of those things in which all others have a joint interest; the other proceeding from the rational, which teaches every man to fly a contra-natural dissolution as the greatest mischief that can arrive to nature; which principles being laid down, I seem from them to have demonstrated by a most evident connection in this little work of mine, first the absolute necessity of leagues and contracts, and thence the rudiments both of moral and civil prudence.—Hobbs.

On Government

of lust, of revenge: which, as long as they give ear to precepts, to laws, to religion, sweetly touched with eloquence and persuasion of books, of sermons, of harangues, so long is society and peace maintained; but if these instruments be silent, or sedition and tumult make them not audible, all things dissolve into anarchy and confusion.[1]

[1] See ante, page 19.

NOTES

NOTE I.—Text p. 48.

Pleasures of the Understanding

See text, pages 133, 134 and 191-195.

Mr Bentham's Work upon the Principles of Morals and Legislation, chap. v. contains a catalogue of the different pleasures which we are capable of enjoying, and the different pains to which we are exposed. Of all pleasures none are more exquisite, none so permanent as the pleasures of the understanding. See Bacon's observations in note, ante 192.

> How charming is divine philosophy!
> Not harsh and crabbed as dull fools suppose;
> But musical as is Apollo's lute,
> And a perpetual feast of nectar'd sweets,
> Where no crude surfeit reigns. Comus.

Hume, in his Life, says, "My family, however, was not rich, and being myself a younger brother, my patrimony, according to the mode of my country, was of course very slender; my father, who passed for a man of parts, died when I was an infant, leaving me with an elder brother and a sister, under the care of our mother, a woman of singular merit, who, though young and handsome, devoted herself entirely to the rearing and educating of her children. I passed through the ordinary course of education with success, and was seized very early with a passion for literature, which has been the ruling passion of my life, and the great source of my enjoyments. My studious disposition, my sobriety, and my industry, gave my family a notion that the law was a proper profession for me; but I found an insurmountable aversion to every thing but the pursuits of philosophy and general learning, and while they fancied I was poring upon Voet and Vinius, Cicero

Pleasures of the Understanding

and Virgil were the authors which I was secretly devouring."

Ascham, speaking of Lady Jane Grey, says, "Before I went into Germany I came to Broadgate, in Leicestershire, to take my leave of the noble Lady Jane Grey, to whom I was exceeding much beholding. Her parents, the Duke and Duchess, with all the household, gentlemen and gentlewomen, were hunting in the park. I found her in her chamber reading Phædon Platonis in Greek, and this with as much delight as some gentlemen would read a merry tale in Boccaccio. After salutation and duty done, with some other talk, I asked her 'why she would lose such pastime in the park?' smiling she answered me, 'I wisse all their sport in the park is but a shadow to that pleasure that I find in Plato. Alas! good folk, they never felt what true pleasure meant.' 'And how came you, Madame,' quoth I, 'to this deep knowledge of pleasure? and what did chiefly allure you unto it, seeing not many women, but very few men have attained thereunto?' 'I will tell you,' quoth she, 'and tell you a truth,'" &c.

(See Sir T. Brown's observations, ante 245, "The Student.")

Against the inconvenience and vexations of long life may be set the pleasures of discovering truth, one of the greatest pleasures that age affords.—Dr Johnson.

Middleton beautifully says, "I persuade myself that the life and faculties of man, at the best but short and limited, cannot be employed more rationally or laudibly than in the search of knowledge: and especially of that sort which relates to our duty, and conduces to our happiness. In these enquiries, therefore, wherever I perceive any glimmering of truth before me, I readily pursue and endeavour to trace it to its source, without any reserve or caution of pushing the discovery too far, or opening too great a glare of it to the public. I look upon the discovery of any thing which is true as a valuable acquisition of society, which cannot possibly hurt or obstruct the good effect of any other truth whatsoever: for they all partake of one common essence, and necessarily coincide with each other; and like the drops of rain which fall separately into the river, mix themselves at once with the stream, and strengthen the general current."

Gibbon says, "La lecture est la nourriture de l'esprit : c'est par elle que nous connoissons notre Créateur, ses ouvrages, et surtout, nous mêmes et nos semblables." **Pleasures of the Understanding**

So Boyle says, "The things for which I hold life valuable are the satisfaction that accrues from the improvement of knowledge and the exercise of piety."

(See page 181, "On the Pleasures of Study and Contemplation," by Bishop Hall.)

The following are observations by Lord Bacon : "As the eye rejoices to receive the light, the ear to hear sweet music ; so the mind, which is the man, rejoices to discover the secret works, the varieties and beauties of nature. The inquiry of truth, which is the love-making or wooing it ; the knowledge of truth, which is the presence of it ; and the belief of truth, which is the enjoying it, is the sovereign good of our nature. The unlearned man knows not what it is to descend into himself or to call himself to account, or the pleasure of that 'suavissima vita indies sentire se fieri meliorem.' The mind of man doth wonderfully endeavour and extremely covet that it may not be pensile ; but that it may light upon something fixed and immoveable, on which, as on a firmament, it may support itself in its swift motions and disquisitions. Aristotle endeavours to prove that in all motions of bodies there is some point quiescent ; and very elegantly expounds the fable of Atlas, who stood fixed and bore up the heavens from falling, to be meant of the poles of the world whereupon the conversion is accomplished. In like manner, men do earnestly seek to have some Atlas or axis of their cogitations within themselves, which may, in some measure, moderate the fluctuations and wheelings of the understanding, fearing it may be the falling of their heaven."

The discovery of the different properties of creatures, and the imposition of names was the occupation of Adam in Paradise.

Knowledge is "pabulum animi," says Bacon ; and the nature of man's appetites is as the Israelites in the desert, who were weary of manna, and would fain have turned "ad ollas carnium."

See from the two following anecdotes the difference between the statesman who is so unwise as to neglect intellectual improvement and the philosopher. The

Pleasures of the Understanding

biographer of Sir Robert Walpole tells us that "though he had not forgotten his classical attainments, he had little taste for literary occupation." Sir Robert once expressed his regret on this subject to Mr Fox in his library at Houghton. "I wish," he said, "I took as much delight in reading as you do, it would be the means of alleviating many tedious hours in my present retirement; but, to my misfortune, I derive no pleasure from such pursuits."

One day, Lord Bacon was dictating to Dr Rawley some of the experiments in his Sylva. The same day, he had sent a friend to court, to receive for him a final answer touching the effect of a grant which had been made him by King James. He had hitherto only hope of it, and hope deferred; and he was desirous to know the event of the matter, and to be freed, one way or other, from the suspense of his thoughts. His friend returning, told him plainly, that he must thenceforth despair of that grant, how much soever his fortunes needed it. "Be it so," said his Lordship; and then he dismissed his friend very cheerfully, with thankful acknowledgments of his service. His friend being gone, he came straightway to Dr Rawley, and said thus to him, "Well, sir, yon business won't go on, let us go on with this, for this is in our power." And then he dictated to him afresh, for some hours, without the least hesitansie of speech, or discernible interruption of thought.

NOTE II.—Text p. 117.

Idle Curiosity

This note contains a few observations upon—

1. Useful knowledge.
2. Connection between Error and Truth.
3. Different Sorts of Knowledge.
4. All Knowledge is valuable.
5. Excessive Attachment to Particular Studies.

Useful Knowledge.

The utility of two species of knowledge is indisputable.

First—The knowledge by each member of Society, of that subject or science by which he is to gain his sub-

sistence,—as by a lawyer, of law, or by a physician, of medicine—and

Idle Curiosity

Secondly—The knowledge of ourselves. In the importance of knowledge of man, all authors, ancient and modern, concur. Among the precepts or aphorisms admitted by general consent, and inculcated by frequent repetition, there is none more famous, among the masters of ancient wisdom, than that compendious lesson, "Be acquainted with thyself:"—ascribed by some to an oracle, and by others to Chilo of Lacedemon. Lord Bacon, in his entrance upon human philosophy, says:—"Now let us come to that knowledge whereunto the ancient oracle directeth us, which is the knowledge of ourselves; which deserves the more accurate handling by how much it toucheth us more nearly. This knowledge is to man the end and term of knowledge; but of nature herself, a portion only."

Connection between Error and Truth.

This is noticed by many philosophers and divines, by whom we are admonished, that Truth and Error, Good and Ill, are constantly intermingled and confounded.

See ante 262.

"Good and evil," says Bishop Taylor, "in the field of this world grow up together, almost inseparably, and the knowledge of good is so involved and interwoven with the knowledge of evil, and in so many cunning resemblances hardly to be discerned, that those confused seeds which were imposed upon Psyche, as an incessant labour to cull out and sort asunder, were not more intermixed."

The connection between truth and error, or rather how error leads to truth, may be seen in tracing the progress of any invention, as the steam-engine; or of any science; of astronomy for instance, of which there is, to any person desirous of seeing how light arises out of darkness, a very interesting delineation in the posthumous works of Adam Smith.

Connection between Different Sorts of Knowledge.

Upon this subject the works of Bacon abound with observations. "The partition of science is not," he says, "like several lines that meet in one angle; but rather like

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branches of trees that meet in one stem, which stem for some dimension and space is entire and continued before it break, and part itself into arms and boughs."

In shewing this connection in another part of the work, he says, "The quavering upon a stop in music gives the same delight to the ear that the playing of light upon the water, or the sparkling of a diamond, gives to the eye."

"Splendet tremulo sub lumine Pontus."

So the Persian magic, so much celebrated, consists chiefly in this: to observe the respondency and the architectures, and fabrics of things natural, and of things civil. Neither are all these whereof we have spoken, and others of like nature, mere similitudes only, as men of narrow observation may perchance conceive, but one and the very same footsteps, and seals of nature printed upon several subjects or matters.

Acting upon this opinion, Bacon predicts that the mode of discovering the law of the celestial bodies, will, from the uniformity of all the laws of nature, be by observing the laws of bodies terrestrial. His words are:—

"Whoever shall reject the feigned divorces of superlunary and sublunary bodies, and shall intentively observe the appetences of matter, and the most universal passions, which in either globe are exceeding potent, and transverberate the universal nature of things, he shall receive clear information concerning celestial matters from the things seen here with us: and, contrariwise, from those motions which are practised in heaven, he shall learn many observations which are now latent, touching the motion of bodies here below, not only so far as their inferior motions are moderated by superior, but in regard they have a mutual intercourse by passions common to them both."

"We must openly profess," Bacon says, "that our hopes of discovering the truth with regard to the celestial bodies, depends upon the observation of the common properties, or the passions and appetites, of the matter of both states; for as to the separation that is supposed betwixt the etherial and sublunary bodies, it seems to me no more than a fiction, and a degree of superstition mixed with rashness, &c. Our chiefest hope and dependance in the consideration of the celestial bodies is, therefore, placed in

physical reasons, though not such as are commonly so called; but those laws which no diversity of place or region can abolish, break through, disturb, or alter." Idle Curiosity

So, too, Diderot says: "Et je dis, Heureux le Géomètre en qui une étude consommée des sciences abstraites n'aura point affoibli le goût des beaux-arts, à qui Horace et Tacite soient aussi familières que Newton; qui saura découvrir les propriétés d'une courbe, et sentir les beautés d'un poëte; dont l'esprit et les ouvrages seront de tous les temps, et qui aura le mérite de toutes les académies."

It is rather an interesting fact, that what Bacon theorised Newton is said to have practised. The story is:—"Newton retired from the university to avoid the plague which raged with great violence. Sitting under a tree in an orchard, an apple fell upon his head. As there is motion, there must be a force which produces it. Is this force of gravity confined to the surface of the earth, or does it extend to the heavenly bodies?"

"Let this be a rule therefore," Bacon says, "that all divisions of knowledge be so accepted and applied, as may rather design forth and distinguish sciences into parts; than cut and pull them asunder into pieces; that so the continuance and entireness of knowledge may ever be preserved. For the contrary practice hath made particular sciences to become barren, shallow, and erroneous; while they have not been nourished, maintained, and rectified, from the common fountain and nursery. So we see Cicero the orator complained of Socrates and his school; that he was the first that separated philosophy and rhetoric: whereupon rhetoric became a verbal and an empty art. And it is also evident, that the opinion of Copernicus, touching the rotation of the earth (which now is maintained) because it is not repugnant to the phenomena, cannot be reversed by astronomical principles: yet by the principles of natural philosophy, truly applied, it may. So we see also that the science of medicine, if it be destitute and forsaken of natural philosophy, it is not much better than empirical practice.

All Knowledge is Valuable.

As error may thus lead to truth, and as there is this union between different sciences, it seems to follow that all knowledge is valuable, and that a well ordered mind may out of

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every evil extract some good, with no other chemistry than wisdom and serenity.

There is an interesting illustration of this position in a sermon published by Dr Ramsden, assistant professor of divinity at Cambridge, who, in shewing the tendency of all knowledge, to form the heart of a nation, says:

"We will venture to say how in the mercy of God to man, this heart comes to a nation, and how its exercise or affection appears. It comes by priests, by lawgivers, by philosophers, by schools, by education, by the nurse's care, the mother's anxiety, the father's severe brow. It comes by letters, by science, by every art, by sculpture, painting, and poetry; by the song on war, on peace, on domestic virtue, on a beloved and magnanimous king; by the Iliad, by the Odyssey, by tragedy, by comedy. It comes by sympathy, by love, by the marriage union, by friendship, generosity, meekness, temperance, by virtue, and example of virtue. It comes by sentiments of chivalry, by romance, by music, by decorations and magnificence of building, by the culture of the body, by comfortable clothing, by fashions in dress, by luxury and commerce. It comes by the severity, the melancholy, the benignity of the countenance; by rules of politeness, ceremonies, formalities, solemnities. It comes by rites attendant on law, by religion; by the office, by the venerable assembly, by the judge's procession and trumpets, by the disgrace and punishment of crimes; by public fasts, public prayer, by meditation, by the Bible, by the consecration of churches, by the sacred festival, by the cathedral's gloom and choir. Whence the heart of a nation comes, we have, perhaps, sufficiently explained. And it must appear to what most awful obligation and duty we hold all those from whom this heart takes its nature and shape, our king, our princes, our nobles, all who wear the badge of office or honour; all priests, judges, senators, pleaders, interpreters of law, all instructors of youth, all seminaries of education, all parents, all learned men, all professors of science and art, all teachers of manners. Upon them depends the fashion of the nation's heart. By them is it to be chastised, refined and purified. By them is the state to lose the character and title of the beast of prey. By them are the iron scales to fall off, and a skin of youth, beauty, freshness,

and polish, to come upon it. By them it is to be made so tame and gentle, as that a child may lead it." Idle Curiosity

If there is any truth in these observations, there results a rule of Lord Bacon's of considerable importance. Let not the mind be fixed: but keep open to receive continual amendment, that mind alone being in a perfect state for the acquisition of knowledge which is capable at any time to acquire any sort of knowledge; the defects of the understanding from this cause, being an inability at particular times, to acquire knowledge; or an ability to acquire particular sorts of knowledge. He says, "Certainly custom is most perfect when it beginneth in young years; this we call education, which is in effect but an early custom. So we see in languages, the tongue is more plaint to all expressions and sounds; the joints are more supple to all feats of activity and motions in youth than afterwards: for it is true, that late learners cannot so well take the ply, except it be in some minds that have not suffered themselves to fix, but they kept their minds open and prepared to receive continual amendment, which is exceeding rare."

Excessive Attachment to Particular Studies.

"That different men are attached to different studies is a truth too obvious to require illustration. 'Attachment to particular studies is,' says Lord Bacon, 'an idol of the understanding:' 'men,' he says, 'are fond of particular sciences and studies, either because they believe themselves the authors and inventors thereof, or because they have bestowed much pains upon them, and principally applied themselves thereto.'"

NOTE III.—Text p. 123.

1. *There is through all nature a regular succession of events.* Cause and Effect

If a spark be put to gunpowder it will explode. If a stone strike a panel of glass it will break; if ice be exposed to heat it will melt. It is thus we see that certain events regularly succeed each other in the *inanimate* world, and there is the same succession of events in bodies *animate*.

Take a frozen snake with some of the snow around it

Cause and Effect

and place it before a small fire; take a lupin or any other seed and place it early in the month of May in the ground, or take some new laid eggs and place them in due warmth, and you may perceive the snake to move, to open its eyes, and soon to quit the snow in which it was shrouded: the lupin will rise above the surface of the earth, and you will see branches and leaves and flowers: the egg will open and a small bird appear. It is thus we see that there is a regular sequence of events by the action of inanimate upon animate bodies.

There is the same sequence of events attendant upon the action of animate bodies on each other: of mind upon mind. Take, for instance, the effect of distress upon the female mind. In some book of Travels, I think it is Mungo Park's in Africa, he says, "I never when in distress and misery applied for relief to a female without finding pity, and if she had the power, assistance." Griffith in his Travels, says,—

On the northern side of the plain we had just entered, was a large encampment of these people, composed of brown and white tents, which, though low and small, wore an aspect even of comfort as well as regularity. Being in absolute want of milk, I determined to solicit the assistance of these Turcomans. Approaching the tent therefore with gradual step and apparent indifference, I passed several without observing any probability of succeeding; children only were to be seen near the spot where I was, and men with their flocks at a certain distance. Advancing still further, I saw a woman at the entrance of a small tent, occupied in domestic employment: convinced that an appeal to the feelings of the female sex, offered with decency by a man distressed with hunger, would not be rejected, I held out my wooden bowl, and reversing it, made a salutation according to the forms of the country, urging my suit by gestures. The kind Turcomaunee covered her face precipitately and retired within the tent,—she was alone, I did not advance a step, until that curiosity which it were ungracious in me to disapprove, induced her to peep from behind her coarse retreat. She saw me unassuming: my inverted bowl still explained my wants, and a salutation repeated seemed to be addressed to her hospitality. The timidity of her sex,

the usages of her country, and even the fear of danger, gave way to the benevolence of her heart. She went to the tent again, returned speedily with a bowl of milk, and advancing towards me with a glance more than half averted, filled my bowl to the brim and vanished." **Cause and Effect**

II. *All the order and happiness in the world depends upon the regular sequence of events.*

All things that are, have some operation not violent or casual. Neither doth anything ever begin to exercise the same, without some fore-conceived end for which it worketh. And the end which it worketh for is not obtained unless the work be also fit to obtain it by. For unto every end every operation will not serve. That which doth assign unto each thing the kind, that which doth moderate the force and power, that which appoints the form and measure of working, the same we term a law. So that no certain end could ever be attained, unless the actions whereby it is attained were regular, that is to say, made suitable, fit, and correspondent unto their end, by some canon rule of law.—Hooker's Ecclesiastical Politie.

The blessings which result from the regular sequence of events will be evident by a moment's consideration of the misery attendant upon an interruption of this regularity; —suppose, for instance, that calculating upon the nutritious effects of food it was to have the effect of poison, or that sugar had the effect of arsenic; or that fire, instead of exhilarating by a genial warmth, had the violent effects of gunpowder; or that, at the moment of attack, gunpowder ceased to be inflammable, is it not obvious what misery must result?

III. *Our power depends upon our knowledge of the sequence of events.*

Archimedes by his knowledge of optics was enabled to burn the Roman fleet before Syracuse, and baffle the unceasing efforts of Marcellus to take the town.—An Athenian admiral delayed till evening to attack, on the coast of Attica, a Lacedemonian fleet, which was disposed in a circle, because he knew that an evening breeze always sprung up from the land. The breeze arose, the circle was

Cause and Effect disordered, and at that moment he made his onset. The Athenian captives by repeating the strains of Euripides were enabled to charm their masters into a grant of their liberty.

IV. *When two events, both of which are perceptible, follow each other without any connection between them, and the cause of the succeeding event is latent, there is a tendency to ascribe the succeeding event to the improper cause.*

The anecdote from Bishop Latimer as to Tenderden steeple is an instance of this species of error, ante 122.

A common instance of this species of error is in the love-note of the spider, called the death watch. Sitting by the bed of a sick or dying friend, when all is still, the noise of the spider is heard a short time, perhaps, before the death of the sufferer; and the events are, therefore, supposed to be connected. Astrology is, perhaps, founded upon this delusion.

V. *When the connection of events is unknown, Ignorance refers the event to what is called "Chance;" and Superstition, which is Ignorance in another form, to the immediate agency of some superior benevolent or malevolent being: but Philosophy endeavours to discover the antecedent in the chain of events.*

See the anecdote respecting the Spectre of the Broken, in note, ante 196, as to the different conclusions of ignorance and philosophy.

Dr Arnot, in his work on Physics, says, "It happened once on board a ship sailing along the coast of Brazil, 100 miles from land, that the persons walking on deck, when passing a particular spot, heard most distinctly the sounds of bells, varying as in human rejoicings. All on board listened and were convinced; but the phenomenon was mysterious and inexplicable." The different ideas which this would excite in the minds of ignorance and intelligence may be easily conceived. "Some months afterwards," continues Dr Arnot, "it was ascertained that, at the time of observation the bells of the city of St Salvador, on the Brazilian coast, had been ringing on the occasion of a festival: the sound therefore, favoured by a gentle wind, had travelled over 100 miles of smooth water; and striking the wide-spread sail of the ship, rendered concave

by a gentle breeze, had been brought to a focus, and rendered perceptible." Of the consternation occasioned in uninformed minds by lightning we are all aware. How different is the effect upon uninformed minds, and upon the mind of the philosopher in his quiet retreat. Dr Franklin, speaking of conductors, says, "A rod was fixed to the top of my chimney, and extended about nine feet above it. From the foot of this rod, a wire the thickness of a goose-quill came through a covered glass tube in the roof, and down through the well of the staircase; the lower end connected with the iron spear of a lamp. On the staircase opposite to my chamber door the wire was divided; the ends separated about six inches, a little bell on each end, and between the bells a little brass ball suspended by a silk thread, to play between and strike the bells when clouds passed with electricity in them." Instances of the same nature may with a little observation be constantly discovered. Dreams are to the ignorant, often objects of terror; to the intelligent they are evidence of some diseased state of the body, or agitated state of the mind.

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VI. *Ignorance, by stopping at second causes has a tendency, forgetting the prime cause to be sceptical; but philosophy looks through to the cause of all things.*

"Look through Nature, up to Nature's God."

Lord Bacon says, "For certain it is that God worketh nothing in nature but by second causes; and if they would have it otherwise believed it is mere imposture, as it were, in favour towards God: and nothing else but to offer to the Author of truth the unclean sacrifice of a lie. But farther, it is an assured truth, and a conclusion of experience, that a little or superficial knowledge of philosophy may incline the mind of man to atheism, but a farther proceeding therein doth bring the mind back again to religion; for in the entrance of philosophy, when the second causes, which are next unto the senses, do offer themselves to the mind of man, if it dwell and stay there, it may induce some oblivion of the highest cause; but when a man passeth on further, and seeth the dependence of causes and the works of Providence: then, according to the allegory of the poets, he will easily believe that the

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highest link of nature's chain must needs be tied to the foot of Jupiter's chair."

And to the same effect, David Hume in his general corollary at the conclusion of his Essays, says, "Though the stupidity of men, barbarous and uninstructed, be so great, that they may not see a sovereign author in the more obvious works of nature, to which they are so much familiarized, yet it scarce seems possible that any one of good understanding should reject the idea, when once it is suggested to him. A purpose, an intention, a design, is evident in everything; and when our comprehension is so far enlarged as to contemplate the first rise of this visible system, we must adopt, with the strongest conviction, the idea of some intelligent cause or author.

So, too, Browne, in his beautiful work on Cause and Effect, says, "Wherever we turn our eyes, to the earth, to the heavens, to the myriads of beings that live and move around us, or to those more than myriads of worlds, which seem themselves almost like animate inhabitants of the infinity through which they range; above us, beneath us, on every side, we discover with a certainty that admits not of doubt, intelligence and design, that must have preceded the existence of every thing which exists." The power of the Omnipotent is indeed so transcendent in itself, that the loftiest imagery and language which we can borrow from a few passing events in the boundlessness of nature, must be feeble to express its force and universality.

It seems, therefore, that

1. There is through all nature a regular sequence of events.

2. All the order and happiness in the world depends upon the regular sequence of events.

3. Our power depends upon our knowledge of the sequence of events.

4. When two events, both of which are perceptible, follow each other without any connection between them, and the cause of the succeeding event is latent, there is a tendency to ascribe the succeeding event to the improper cause.

5. When the connection of events is unknown, Ignorance refers the event to what is called "Chance:" and Superstition, which is ignorance in another form, to the immediate

agency of some superior benevolent or malevolent being: but Philosophy endeavours to discover the antecedent in the chain of events. Cause and Effect

6. Ignorance, by stopping at second causes, has a tendency, forgetting the prime cause, to be sceptical: but philosophy looks through to the cause of all things.

NOTE IV.—Text p. 235.

I. *The mind aspires to perfection.*

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This world is inferior to the soul, by reason whereof there is, agreeable to the spirit of man, a more ample greatness, a more exact goodness, and a more absolute variety than can be found in the nature of things.—Bacon.

The soul during her confinement within this prison of the body, is doomed by fate to undergo a severe penance. For her native seat is in heaven; and it is with reluctance that she is forced down from those celestial mansions into these lower regions, where all is foreign and repugnant to her divine nature. But the Gods, I am persuaded, have thus widely disseminated immortal spirits, and clothed them with human bodies, that there might be a race of intelligent creatures, not only to have dominion over this our earth, but to contemplate the host of heaven, and imitate in their moral conduct the same beautiful order and uniformity, so conspicuous in those splendid orbs.

Cicero.

This purifying of wit, this enriching of memory, enobling of judgment, and enlarging of conceit, which commonly we call learning, under what name soever it come forth, or to what immediate end soever it be directed, the final end is to lead and draw us to as high a perfection, as our degenerate souls, made worse by their clay-lodgings, can be capable of. Some give themselves to astronomy; some to be natural and supernatural philosophers; some an admirable delight drew to music; and some the certainty of demonstration to the mathematics; but all, one and

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other, having this scope to know, and by knowledge to lift up the mind from the dungeon of the body, to the enjoying his own divine essence.—Sir Philip Sydney.

If there be a radical propensity in our nature to do that which is wrong, there is on the other hand a counteracting power within it, or an impulse by means of the action of the Divine spirit upon our minds, which urges us to do that which is right. If the voice of temptation, clothed in musical and seducing accents, charms us one way, the voice of holiness, speaking to us from within in a solemn and powerful manner, commands us another. Does one man obtain a victory over his corrupt affections? an immediate perception of pleasure, like the feeling of a reward divinely conferred upon him, is noticed. Does another fall prostrate beneath their power? a painful feeling, and such as pronounces to him the sentence of reproof, and punishment is found to follow.

Whatever the Deity may have bestowed upon me in other respects, he has certainly inspired me, if any ever were inspired, with a passion for the good and fair. Nor did Ceres, according to the fable, ever seek her daughter Prosperine with such unceasing solicitude, as I have sought this perfect model of the beautiful in all the forms and appearances of things I am wont, day and night, to continue my search; and I follow in the way in which you go before.

Milton's Letter to Deodati

The highborn soul
Disdains to rest her heaven-aspiring wing
Beneath its native quarry. Tir'd of earth
And this diurnal scene, she springs aloft.—Akensjde.

Our hearts ne'er bow but to superior worth,
No ever fail of their allegiance there.—Young.

Though I have lost
Much lustre of my native brightness—lost
To be beloved of God—I have not lost
To love, at least contemplate and admire,
What I see excellent in good, or fair,
Or virtuous.—Milton.

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Spite of despondence, of the inhuman dearth
Of noble natures:
In spite of all,
Some shape of beauty moves away the pall
From our dark spirits.—KEATS.

II. *Does not the mind delight in the Invisible and the Obscure?* See ante, pages 254-257.

Ask the faithful youth,
Why the cold urn of her whom long he loved
So often fills his arms; so often draws
His lonely footsteps at the silent hour,
To pay the mournful tribute of his tears?
Oh! he will tell thee, that the wealth of worlds
Should ne'er seduce his bosom to forego
That sacred hour, when, stealing from the noise
Of care and envy, sweet remembrance soothes
With virtue's kindest looks his aching breast,
And turns his tears to rapture.

III. *Does not the Mind delight in its creative powers*—of Imitation,—of Extension,—of Personification,—of Combination, &c.?

Do not the pleasures of imagination enable the mind to indulge its delight in aspiring to perfection?

In regions mild of calm and serene air,
Above the smoke and stir of this dim spot,
Which men call earth, and with low thoughted care
Confined, and pestered in this pinfold here,
Strive to keep up a frail and feverish being, &c.

Do not the pleasures of imagination enable the mind to indulge its love of the invisible, and its creative powers?

There is a spirit within us, which arrays
The thing we dote upon with colourings
Richer than roses—brighter than the beams
Of the clear sun at morning, when he flings
His shower of light upon the peach, or plays
With the green leaves of June, and strives to dart
Into some great forest's heart,
And scare the Sylvan from voluptuous dreams.
BARRY CORNWALL.

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ON THE NIGHTINGALE.

The voice I hear this passing night was heard
In ancient days by emperor and clown:
Perhaps the self-same song that found a path
Through the sad heart of Ruth, when, sick for home,
She stood in tears amid the alien corn.—KEATS.

SATURN.

Deep in the shady sadness of a vale
Far sunken from the healthy breath of morn,
Far from the fiery noon, and eve's one star,
Sat grey-hair'd Saturn, quiet as a stone,
Still as the silence round about his lair;
Forest on forest hung about his head
Like cloud on cloud. No stir of air was there,
Not so much life as on a summer's day,
Robs not one light seed from the feather'd grass,
But where the dead leaf fell, there did it rest.
KEATS.

It is a stormy night, and the wild sea,
That sounds for ever, now upon the beach
Is pouring all its power. Each after each,
The hurrying waves cry out rejoicingly,
And, crowding onwards, seem as they would reach
The height I tread upon. The winds are high,
And the quick lightnings shoot along the sky,
At intervals. It is an hour to teach
Vain man his insignificance; and yet,
Though all the elements in their might have met,
At every pause comes ringing on my ear
A sterner murmur, and I seem to hear
The voice of Silence, sounding from her throne
Of darkness mightier than all—but all alone—
BARRY CORNWALL.

Two voices are there; one is of the sea,
One of the mountains; each a mighty voice:
In both from age to age thou didst rejoice,
They were thy chosen music, liberty!
There came a tyrant and with holy glee

Thou fought'st against him; but hast vainly striven: Pleasures of Imagination
Thou from thy Alpine holds at length art driven,
Where not a torrent murmur's heard by thee.
Of one deep bliss thine ear hath been bereft:
Then cleave, O cleave to that which still is left;
For high soul'd maid, what sorrow would it be
That mountain floods should thunder as before,
And ocean bellow from his rocky shore,
And neither awful voice be heard by thee!

WORDSWORTH.

Does Fiction exceed Reality?

Bacon, speaking of Magic, says, "Surely he shall not much err, who shall say, that this kind of magic is as far differing in truth of nature, from such a knowledge as we require, as the Books of the Jests of Arthur of Britain, or of Hugh of Burdeaux, differs from Cæsar's Commentaries in truth of story. For it is manifest, that Cæsar did greater things 'de vero,' than they durst feign of their Heroes; but he did them not in that fabulous manner." And, in his Novum Organum, Art. 87, after having mentioned various vain imaginations, he says, "The truth is, there seems to be the same difference in the doctrines of philosophy, between these vanities, and the real arts; as there is between the historical narrations of the exploits of Julius Cæsar, or Alexander the Great, and the achievements of Amadis de Gaul, or Arthur of Britain. For those celebrated emperors are found, in fact, to have accomplished greater things, than the other shadowy heroes are even feigned to have done; and yet this by such means as are no way fabulous or monstrous."

William Wordsworth, in his preface to the Lyrical Ballads, says, "Whatever portion of this faculty we may suppose even the greatest poet to possess, there cannot be a doubt but that the language which it will suggest to him, must, in liveliness and truth, fall far short of that which is uttered by men in real life, under the actual pressure of those passions, certain shadows of which the Poet thus produces, or feels to be produced, in himself."

In a modern novel there is the following passage:—"Were a thousandth part of the *living* romances of the time to be given to the world, those inventions which

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have staggered credulity would be pronounced tame and insipid, and all would declare what every one can vouch from his own experience, that *romance* is the mere commonplace of life, and, like some of the general phenomena of nature, is incredible only to those who do not examine into that which forms the very essence of their own being."

Which are the greatest, the pleasures of imagination or of reality?

In the address to the reader in the Sylva Sylvarum, Bacon thus concludes: "This work of Natural History is the world, as God made it, and not as men have made it, for it hath nothing of imagination."

That there are pleasures of imagination, who can doubt? Who can think, without delight, of the Lady in Comus, or of Ariel?

> Where the bee sucks, there suck I,
> In a cowslip's bell I lie.

So far from doubting the existence of these pleasures, it is obvious that they are so intense, as, without the greatest caution, to absorb and mislead the mind.

"Great pleasures," says Philosophy, "are only for extraordinary occasions." "May I," says the old maxim, "be wise enough to write one poem, and wise enough not to write more than one."

> I thought of Chatterton, the marvellous boy—
> The sleepless soul that perished in his pride:
> Of him who walked in glory and in joy,
> Following his plough along the mountain side.
> By our own spirits we are deified:
> We poets, in our youth, begin in gladness,
> But thereof comes in the end despondency and madness
>
> WORDSWORTH.

The question, therefore, not whether there are pleasures of imagination, or whether these pleasures, when properly directed, that is when they are real, are not exquisite, but whether, when excessive or erroneous, they are not exceeded by the real delights of the same nature for which they are substituted.

Are not the delights of true more exquisite than the

delights of false religion, of the Christian than of the Turk? Are not the delights of real affection and love more exquisite than all such delights conceived by imagination? Take any specimen of imaginary love, and contrast it with reality. Take, for instance, the milkmaid's song from Marlowe: **Pleasures of Imagination**

We will sit upon the rocks,
And see the shepherds feed our flocks
By shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

And I will make thee beds of roses,
And twine a thousand fragrant posies:
A belt of straw and ivy buds,
With coral clasps and amber studs.

Contrast this with the description of real affection:

For five campaigns.
Did my sweet Lucy know
Each hardship and each toil
We soldiers undergo.
Nor ever did she murmur,
Or at her fate repine,
She thought not of her sorrow,
But how to lessen mine:
In hunger, or hard marching,
Whate'er the ill might be,
In her I found a friend,
Who ne'er deserted me:
And in my tent when wounded,
And when I sickening lay,
Oft from my brow, with trembling hand.
She wiped the damps away.
And when this heart, my Lucy,
Shall cease to beat for thee, &c.

Can this reality be contrasted with the fiction from Marlowe, without acknowledging the truth of Sir W. Raleigh's answer:

Thy belt of straw and ivy buds,
Thy coral clasps and amber studs,
All these in me no means can move
To come to thee and be thy love.

Pleasures of Imagination

What should we talk of dainties then,
Of better meat than's fit for men?
These are but vain, that's only good,
Which God has blest, and sent for food.

Again, let any imagination exceed the grief of a family as described in the following verse from an old song:

"His mother from the window look'd,
With all the longings of a mother—
His little sister, weeping, walk'd
The green wood path to meet her brother.
They sought him east, they sought him west,
They sought him all the forest thorough;
They only saw the cloud of night,
They only heard the roar of Yarrow!"

Take again the pleasures of kindness. We all remember the account in the beginning of Tom Jones, of Mr Allworthy's return from London, when he retired much fatigued to his chamber. "Here, having spent some minutes on his knees, a custom which he never broke through on any account, he was preparing to step into bed, when, upon opening the clothes, to his great surprise, he beheld an infant, wrapt up in some coarse linen, in a sweet and profound sleep, between his sheets." The servants were summoned. When Mrs Deborah came into the room, and was acquainted by her master with the finding the little infant, her consternation was rather greater than his had been; nor could she refrain from crying out, with great horror of accent as well as look, "My good sir! what's to be done? If I might be so bold as to give my advice, I would have it put in a basket, and sent out and laid at the churchwarden's door. It is a good night, only a little rainy and windy; and, if it was well wrapt up, and put in a warm basket, it is two to one but it lives till it is found in the morning." Mr Allworthy had now got one of his fingers into the infant's hand, which by its gentle pressure seeming to implore his assistance, out-pleaded the eloquence of Mrs Deborah.

Let any imaginary pleasure of kindness be contrasted with this; or if this be supposed imaginary, take the following extract from an account published some years

since by a person who, at midnight, was intrusted in London with a respite for two men, who were to be executed in the country, at the distance of sixty miles, the next morning at eight o'clock. He says, "The horse guards' clock struck eleven as I entered Whitehall; before twelve o'clock I, with the respite in my pocket, was in a post-chaise on my road; between five and six in the morning, just at the dawn of day, I was within fourteen miles of Huntingdon. The sun rose in all its splendour; and it was not, I thought, the last time that it would rise upon these poor men." Pleasures of Imagination

Let any Poet describe the joy of this traveller. It is the same with every other pleasure which we are formed to enjoy. The creations of man are not better than the creating of the Almighty.

Effect of the Progress of Knowledge upon Imagination.

By the progress of knowledge erroneous notions are eradicated. The stream is filtered. The atmosphere is purified. Vain fears and vain imaginations are dissipated; false notions of pleasure are destroyed, and real delights increased.

Effect of the Progress of Knowledge upon Imagination in General.

As the pleasures of imagination are very prevalent, and much cultivated during youth, so, if we consider mankind as one great individual, advancing in age perpetually, it seems natural to expect, that in the infancy of knowledge, in the early ages of the world, the taste of mankind would turn much upon the pleasures of this class. And agreeably to this it may be observed, that music, painting, and poetry, were much admired in ancient times; and the two last brought to great perfection.—Hartley.

Ignorance and credulity have ever been companions, and have misled and enslaved mankind; philosophy has in all ages endeavoured to oppose their progress, and to loosen the shackles they had imposed; philosophers have on this account been called unbelievers; unbelievers of what? of the fictions of fancy, of witchcraft, hobgoblins, apparitions, vampires, fairies; of the influence of stars on human actions, miracles wrought by the bones of saints, the flights of ominous birds, the predictions from the bowels

Pleasures of Imagination

of dying animals, expounders of dreams, fortune-tellers, conjurors, modern prophets, necromancy, chieromancy, animal magnetism, metallic tractors, with endless variety of folly? These they have disbelieved and despised, but have ever bowed their heads to truth and nature.

DARWIN'S ZOONOMIA.

It cannot be concealed, however, that the progress of knowledge and refinement has a tendency to circumscribe the limits of the imagination, and to clip the wings of poetry. The province of the imagination is principally visionary, the unknown and undefined: the understanding restores things to their natural boundaries, and strips them of their fanciful pretensions.—HAZLET.

Knowledge diminishes the Pains of Imagination.

See ante 195, and the note.
See also ante 146, as to Sorrow.

Knowledge regulates the Pleasures of Imagination.

——— Do not all charms fly
At the mere touch of cold philosophy?
There was an awful rainbow, once in heaven:
We know her woof, her texture: she is given
In the dull catalogue of common things.
Philosophy will clip an angel's wings,
Conquer all mysteries by rule and line,
Empty the haunted air, and gnomed mine,
Unweave a rainbow:———

So says the poet, ought it not to be—"Does not folly fly at the mere sight of sweet philosophy:" take for instance the very image which the poet has selected. Has the man of science less pleasure in contemplating this beauty of nature than is enjoyed by ignorance?

Akenside, in his poem on the Imagination, says—

——— Nor ever yet
The melting rainbow's vernal tinctur'd hues
To me have shone so pleasing, as when first
The hand of science pointed out the path
In which the sun-beams gleaming from the west
Fall on the watery cloud.

So, too, Wordsworth says— Pleasures of Imagination

> My heart leaps up when I behold
> A rain-bow in the sky:
> So was it when my life began:
> So is it now I am a man;
> So be it when I shall grow old, &c.

Of the miseries attendant upon acting on imaginations, as if they were realities, life abounds with instances. How truly does Sir W. Raleigh say, in answer to the sweet ballad, "Come live with me and be my love:"

> Thy gowns, thy shoes, thy beds of roses,
> Thy cap, thy kirtle, and thy posies
> Soon break, soon wither, soon forgotten,
> In folly ripe, in reason rotten.

The most common source of misery from this species of delusion is in marriage, of which there is an admirable description by Dr Johnson in his Rasselas, the passage begins, "What can be expected." In a very interesting novel, entitled Marriage, there is the following dialogue between the couple. Douglas saw the storm gathering on the brow of his capricious wife, and clasping her in his arms:— "Are you indeed so changed, my Julia, that you have forgot the time when you used to declare, you would prefer a desert with your Henry, to a throne with another?"

"No, certainly, not changed: but—I—I did not very well know then what a desert was; or at least, I had formed rather a different idea of it." "What was your idea of a desert?" said her husband, laughing; "do tell me, love?" "Oh! I had fancied it a beautiful place, full of roses and myrtles, and smooth green turf, and murmuring rivulets, and though very retired, not absolutely out of the world, where one could occasionally see one's friends and give *déjeûnés* and *fêtes champêtres*."

Such are the miseries resulting from erroneous notions respecting love: misery of the same nature, although less in degree, attends erroneous notions respecting friendship. The advantages of friendship are peace in the affections, counsel in judgment, and assistance in distress; the heart,

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the hand, the head.[1] Is it a cause of astonishment that disappointments attend most youthful friendships? Those truths are not confined to our affections, but extend to every event in life, when we venture to act either by supposing, non-existences to be existences; or by omitting to take into consideration the want of some real cause of comfort. How truly is this described by Cowper in the story of the Peasant's Nest, in the Task:

> Oft have I wish'd the peaceful covert mine,
> Here I have said at least I should possess
> The poet's treasure—silence, and indulge
> The dreams of fancy tranquil and secure;
> Vain thought, the dweller in that still retreat
> Dearly obtains the refuge it affords,
> Its elevated scite forbids the wretch
> To drink sweet waters of the crystal well,
> He dips his bowl into the weedy ditch,
> And heavy laden brings his beverage home;
> So farewell envy of the peasant's nest.

Let us think for a moment of the sweet poet, Robert Burns, whose life was passed

> So sweetly in the morning
> Young fancy's rays the hills adorning,

but when addressing us from his grave in his epitaph, he says,

> The poor inhabitant below
> Was quick to learn and wise to know,
> And keenly felt the friendly glow
> And softer flame;
> But thoughtless follies laid him low
> And stain'd his name.
> Reader, attend, whether thy soul
> Soars fancy's flights beyond the pole,
> Or darkling grubs this earthly hole,
> In low pursuit,
> Know, prudent, cautious, *self-control*
> Is wisdom's root.

[1] See ante 56-67.

Let us, therefore, enjoy the pleasures of imagination, but be not unmindful of their limits. Let us not be Pleasures of Imagination

Misled by fancy's meteor ray,
By passion driv'n;
Although the light that leads astray
Is light from heaven.

THE END

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